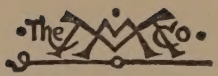
26-3018

For
Miss Alice Georgina Doe
in appreciation of her
kindness on January 25, 1928.

Naval Hospital
Boston, Mass.
1 Feb. 1928.

LIFE AND WORKS
OF
EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY



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I am Sir
very Respectfully &c
Edw.d Coote. Pinkney.
Mid. U.S. Navy.

THE LIFE AND WORKS

OF

EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY

A MEMOIR AND COMPLETE TEXT OF HIS POEMS AND LITERARY PROSE, INCLUDING MUCH NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

PREPARED BY

THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT, PH.D.

AND

FRANK LESTER PLEADWELL

CAPTAIN, MEDICAL CORPS, U. S. N.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1926

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Set up and electrotyped,
Published January, 1926.

Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

42637

PREFACE

Edward Coote Pinkney has a strong claim to the title "the first of American lyrists," which Poe was inclined to award him. A critic of peculiar insight wrote, on Pinkney's death in 1828, "he has left some remains which are inferior, in their kind, to none of the most inspired effusions of contemporary genius. Without disrespect to those who have gone before him, we believe he is the first American poet of whom this can be said with perfect truth."

Pinkney's position as one of the leading poets of his day, perhaps as *the* leading poet of *his* day in this country, can hardly be denied, for Freneau had retired into the obscurity of his later years, and only Bryant of the greater poets of the second quarter of the century had written anything of note when Pinkney published his tiny volume in 1825.

The importance historically of the first of the Southern lyrists, Poe's most immediate forerunner, and of the most noted poet of the United States Navy is evident enough. But Pinkney's verses have more claim to attention than their historical interest alone would entitle them to hold; they are in themselves poetry "of the first water," at their best "perfect chrysolites," as Willis has called them, at their worst never what any poet need blush to own. True, like every young poet, Pinkney

had masters, though unlike many a young man he was of catholic taste, and numbered among his models poets ancient and modern, not only Tom Moore, but also the Cavalier lyrists; not only Byron, but Wordsworth as well. If some poems are imitative, others are strikingly original, and all have more or less a markedly individual flavor, unlike that of any other verse, distinctive, and in itself the sign of the true poetic gift. One of the fragments, *Cornelius Agrippa*, a palpable imitation of *Don Juan*, will illustrate this point. Compare it, in subject and treatment, with *Don Juan* and any other imitation of Byron, and the poet's innate originality is at once revealed. Then read one of the finest of the lyrics, "Look out upon the stars my love," or the tremendous closing quatrain of *The Voyager's Song*, or the gallant *Health*, and the poet's power rings out clear. Distinguished particularly for enthusiasm, warm and vivid imagery, and what Hubner terms "classic elegance of diction" Pinkney may be considered a worthy predecessor of the three other great Southern poets, Poe, Timrod, and Lanier; while his absolute preëminence in his own special field of English literature is perhaps as notable as that of Poe himself in his. Yet, except for the selections in the Anthologies, few have read Pinkney's poems; the slight bulk of his work, published before his early death, militated against his reputation; and of late years copies of the early editions of his *Poems* have become so scarce that many a student who desired to read other poems by the author of *A Health* has found it impossible to procure them outside of the very largest libraries.

In preparing this new, and it is hoped complete collection of Pinkney's poetry, the editors have not merely

reprinted the poet's own little volume, but have gathered up his later contributions to periodicals, and by good fortune, have recovered several compositions from the poet's manuscript Notebook now in the Aldis Collection at Yale, and from Mrs. Pinkney's Album, in the collection of one of the editors. Most of these new poems belong to the poet's latest years, and he would doubtless have published them himself had he lived longer. No apology is needed for presenting these to the public; but even the few earlier pieces of admittedly slight poetical value are included because they may throw some light on the man who wrote them.

For Pinkney not only wrote of romance, he lived it; and if his life was brief and tragic, it was also honorable and brave. In the *Life* which precedes the poems, we have attempted to record every fact known to-day about the poet, whose career has been so long shrouded in obscurity, and we have included in it the full text of all of his letters now known to survive. The more personal of his few prose articles have also been reproduced in the *Life*, and the others, excepting only a few purely political (and it may be added derivative and ephemeral) unsigned editorials, have been collected at the end of the volume. In other words, all of Pinkney's verse and literary prose is here made accessible in book form, much for the first time.

Rather copious notes have been added throughout, for Pinkney, like Catullus and Sir Thomas Wyatt, could write a simple lyric at one time and a very learned poem at another. Occasionally his allusions could be understood, as the earliest reviewer of his poems complained, only after a good deal of search through works

of reference, when they might be more pleasantly and quickly explained in a foot-note. This deficiency is now supplied by the editors, who have, however, placed all their notes in brackets.

Our text in every case follows the latest version of each poem certainly authorized by the author, and all verbal variations have been recorded.

In preparing this work, we have been assisted by a great many persons, who have courteously answered our queries, and in some cases proffered suggestions of great value to us. To all we return our very sincere thanks, and take this opportunity of thanking collectively, those who have been able to aid us only by good will and negative information, and individually, those who have assisted us definitely in our search for everything relating to Pinkney.

In particular we may mention our gratitude to Mr. L. H. Dielman, of the Peabody Institute and the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore; to Professor Andrew Keogh, Librarian of Yale University; to Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, himself a devoted student of Pinkney; to Mr. V. H. Paltsits and Mr. H. M. Lydenberg of the New York Public Library; to the Librarian of Congress and his assistants, especially Mr. Engel of the Music Division; to Mr. Bunford Samuel, of the Ridgway Library, Philadelphia, who located the first edition of *Rodolph;* to Mr. A. J. Wall of the New York Historical Society; Mr. A. L. Bailey of the Wilmington Institute Free Library; to the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum; to Mr. Clarence S. Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society; the librarians of the Pennsylvania

and Wisconsin Historical Societies; the Newberry Library, Chicago; of the Navy Department Library at Washington; and of the Boston Public Library.

For valuable and varied information, we are indebted to Mrs. Fannie Albert (Chester M.) Smith, and Miss Harriet P. Marine of Baltimore; to Miss Esmeralda Boyle of Grand Island, Nebraska; Miss Georgie G. Stewart of San Antonio; and Miss Kate Louise Roberts; as well as to two pupils of one of the editors, Miss Frances Upham, who located Neal's *Errata*, and Miss Margaret Hogan, who helped gather critical opinions of Pinkney, (among which her own on the *Picture Song* we have adopted).

George Edward Woodberry gave us valuable counsel when we began work; it was Professor William Peterfield Trent who brought the two editors together; and we have been aided in many ways by Professor John C. French, and two of his pupils at Johns Hopkins University, Messrs. Mulligin and Small; by Professor W. W. Lawrence; by Professor Samuel C. Chew, who located most of the Byron quotations; and Prof. W. E. Peck. Most valuable assistance came from Prof. Stanley T. Williams, and his pupil Dr. Nelson F. Adkins, (who is preparing a biography of Fitz-Greene Halleck), these gentlemen aided in examining the Yale MSS., and Dr. Adkins has helped read our proofs.

Among those who have written on Pinkney we corresponded with Mr. George C. Perine and Prof. W. F. Melton; and we have been helped, too, by Surgeon Rear-Admiral C. Marsh Beadnell, Dr. George C. Peachey, Dr. S. Barton Jacobs of Baltimore, S. P. Vivian of Lon-

don, Mr. Oscar Wegelin and Mr. W. R. Benjamin of New York; while a great debt is owed to Mr. W. S. Irvine of Atlanta, (now preparing an edition of T. H. Chivers,) who sent us a bibliography prepared by him with a view to editing Pinkney; while J. Lewis Brown sent us a copy of his own musical setting of *Serenade.*

We have been helped in annotating by the kind contributions of Professor Edward Bensly of Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, England, now engaged on an edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy;* of Mr. S. Foster Damon the authority on Blake; of Dr. Henry W. Wells; of Prof. T. M. Parrott; of Prof. Edwin Mims; Mr. Charles Cheney Hyde; Mr. Archibald Sparke; and among others of Mrs. Joseph Whyte.

Thanks are due several periodicals which published our appeals for information about Pinkney, namely *The New York Times*, *The New York Herald-Tribune*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Literary Supplement of the London Times*, *The New York Evening Post*, *The Boston Transcript*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The Publishers' Weekly*, *The Writer*, *The Collector;* and *Notes and Queries*, the last-named having published several particular queries on puzzling points.

Finally we would record the courtesy of Vice-President Charles G. Dawes, who was approached in an effort to find the papers of Rufus Dawes, the poet; and that of Mr. Oliver R. Barrett who permitted us access to a manuscript of Pinkney's in his collection. Mention should also be made of help received from Miss Hallie Day; and from the Rev. Edward C. Starr of Cornwall,

Conn., who is writing a history of that town; as well as from Dr. E. Hoffmann-Krayer of Basle, Switzerland, the authority on European folklore.

To one and all our gratitude is due.

T. O. M.
F. L. P.

November 19, 1925.

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LIFE AND WORKS
OF
EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY

THE LIFE OF EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY

EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY[1] was born in London on the first of October, 1802. He was the seventh of ten children of a distinguished father, William Pinkney of Maryland, jurist, statesman and diplomatist, who had arrived in Great Britain in July, 1796, as one of the commissioners appointed by President Washington to adjust for the United States claims for which settlement was provided under the seventh article of the Jay Treaty of 1794. Edward's mother, Ann Maria Rodgers Pinkney, was the daughter of John Rodgers of Havre de

[1] Pinkney's middle name and surname are often misspelled Coate and Pinckney, but fortunately his full autograph signature to a letter of April 15, 1822, is perfectly clear, and is confirmed by annotations of his wife in her album, now owned by one of the editors. The family surname Pinkney, says S. Baring-Gould *(Family Names and Their History)* Phila., 1910, (pp. 236 and 263), is originally derived from Picquigny a French town near Amiens in Picardy. Less remotely, according to Henry Wheaton's *Life of William Pinkney* (New York, 1826, p. 26 f) both Pinkneys and Pinckneys came from Durham in England. The family has been often distinguished. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney was a connection, and Edward's brother Frederick (1804-1873) also was a poet whose verses achieved popularity during the Civil War period and were in part collected in Esmeralda Boyle's *Sketches of Distinguished Marylanders,* Baltimore, 1877. His sister Isabella, a noted belle of her day, married Joseph White, son of John Campbell White (ultimately Whyte), who came to Baltimore from Ireland shortly after the Irish Rebellion of 1798. The two sons of Edward's uncle Ninian, Sr., were William, who became Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, and Ninian, Jr., who was a celebrated surgeon in the Navy.

The name Coote is not to be found in the Pinkney or Rodgers genealogies. Was it given in honor of Sir Eyre Coote (1762-1824) and perhaps little used by the poet because of Coote's disgrace in 1815?

Grace, Maryland, and sister of Commodore John Rodgers of the Navy. Until late in 1801 or early in 1802, the family appears to have resided in "the new house at Upper Guilford Street, No. 5," of which William Pinkney wrote to his brother Jonathan[1] he had taken a short lease, August 26, 1796. Between 1801 and 1804 the family probably lived at No. 16 Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London. Mrs. Joseph Whyte possesses a letter directed by Samuel Chase of Baltimore to William Pinkney at that address on July 13, 1802, and if, as seems evident this was Pinkney's residence, it is probable that the poet was born there. William Pinkney in 1804 completed his service as commissioner, and returned to the United States. Shortly after the return the family residence was moved from Annapolis to Baltimore, from this time on their home except for the periods of diplomatic service abroad.

In April, 1806, William Pinkney again journeyed to England, this time to be associated with James Monroe, the minister resident, to treat with the British Government concerning the capture of neutral ships in time of war. When Monroe went back to the United States in 1807, Pinkney remained as minister extraordinary to the Court of St. James's. Most of Edward's earliest years were thus spent in London, and he was sent to a school in that city, where his brother Charles had prepared to enter Eton. From one of William Pinkney's

[1] *See* Wheaton, *Life of William Pinkney, N. Y.*, 1826, pp. 26-27. In 1798 "No. 5 Upper Guilford Street," became "No. 28 Guilford Street" and exists as this address at present.

The editors have had no success in a search for the baptismal record of the poet. According to Louise Manly (*Southern Literature*, Richmond, 1895, p. 231), Charles Weathers Bump, Ph.D., had seen it and said the middle name was there written Coote.

letters to his brother Ninian[1] we learn that Edward too was destined for Eton; but the decision of Mr. Pinkney to resign his post as minister, in 1811, when the boy was nine years old, prevented his being sent. Unfortunately no reference to the name of Edward's first school has been found; even the Eton records[2] are silent as to where Charles prepared, but we may assume that the boy was taught Latin and Greek, and perhaps some mathematics. Probably he was at this time taught to draw, for in his Notebook at Yale is what seems to be a child's drawing "By Mr. E. Pinkney" (as he printed in pencil) of Borthwick Castle.

One or two of William Pinkney's letters to his brothers[3] reflect his keen appreciation of the value of early education, and none of the children apparently was suffered to go without proper instruction. Those not old enough for school or college had masters at home. A letter[4] to Mr. Pinkney from Lord Holland, the noted Whig politician and littérateur, in June, 1810, when relations between the two countries were approaching the breaking point, and Pinkney was preparing to go home, contained a generous offer to care for "the son at school," and supervise his studies, should it be decided to leave him in England to pursue his edu-

[1] Wheaton, p. 97. Mrs. Joseph Whyte tells us the Pinkneys' address from 1808 to 1811 was No. 1 Great Cumberland Place.

[2] The Rev. Cyril Argentine Alington, Head Master of Eton College, in a communication (May 6, 1924) to the editors, states that no information could be located by the librarian of Eton save that "The Head Master's Entrance Book, in which new boys wrote their names, records: Sept. 6th, 1809. Charles Pinkney, aged 12 on Feb. 4th."

[3] *See* Bishop Pinkney's *Life of William Pinkney, N. Y.*, 1853, pp. 57, 369-371.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 60.

cation. To which of the sons this letter refers is not plain, but it was more probably Charles than Edward, the younger, the subject of this sketch. The offer, in any case, was not accepted.

The Pinkney family sailed for home from Cowes, Isle of Wight, in the Frigate *Essex* and arrived in June at Annapolis, whence they proceeded to Baltimore. There Edward was entered at something more than ten years of age as a day student in St. Mary's College. This institution, originally established for French and Spanish seminarists, had been opened to American students in the fall of 1803. It was raised to the rank of a University in 1805 and began to confer academic degrees at the commencement in 1806.[1]

Pinkney is said to have made rapid progress in his studies, and to have shown even at this early age marked literary attainments. Indeed his precocity is said to have excited the surprise and admiration of his instructors[2] in Baltimore College. How long he remained at this school is uncertain, but since no mention is made of his attending any other, it may be assumed that he probably stayed until 1815, when, just after he passed his thirteenth birthday, he expressed a desire to enter the Navy. The stirring naval victories of the War of 1812 had fired many a youth with a similar ambition, and Edward's uncle, Commodore Rodgers, perhaps encouraged the boy, and was influential in obtaining his

[1] *See* the *Memorial Volume of the Centenary of St. Mary's Seminary of St. Sulpice,* Baltimore, 1891. Although the list of students given therein shows the name of Edward's brother Frederick, it does not mention the poet. Probably less care was taken to record names of day scholars.

[2] *See* William Leggett's notice of Pinkney, N. Y. *Mirror,* January 26, 1828, later revised in *The Critic,* New York, January 31, 1829.

appointment as midshipman. His warrant bore date of November 21, 1815. The family seems to have approved thoroughly; a letter from William Pinkney to the Secretary of the Navy is preserved in the naval archives. After expressing thanks for prompt and favorable action in the case, the father concludes: "I feel sure that [Edward] will perform the terms of that oath [of allegiance] faithfully, and that he will never disgrace himself or bring reproach to those who have appointed him." [1]

Of Pinkney's first duties in the Navy there is no record, but in March, 1816, the father was again called into the diplomatic service of his country, and accepted the appointment as minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia and special minister to that of Naples. On June 1, 1816, the elder Pinkney wrote a letter to Commodore Isaac Chauncey relative to the proposed passage to Naples of the diplomatic party in the ship of the line *Washington*. Since the 16th of May this ship had been moored off Annapolis, and had been inspected by many distinguished visitors from the neighboring cities. Among these, on May 21st, according to the ship's log, was "His Excellency James Madison, the President, and Lady, accompanied by the Secretary of the Navy and the Commissioners of the Navy . . . on which occasion the yards were manned, and they were saluted with 19 guns and three cheers." These ceremonies must have been witnessed by Midshipman Pinkney since he had joined the *Washington* on May 15th. From Mr. Pinkney's letter it appears that family, suite,

[1] William Pinkney to the Hon. B. W. Crowninshield, Nov. 25, 1815; MS. in *Miscellaneous Letters*, Navy Library, Vol. V, 1815, p. 61.

secretaries, and servants numbered no less than eighteen persons exclusive of the poet, whom his father singled out for special mention: "My son Edward goes in the ship, but as he goes as a midshipman, I have not included him in the number of my family."[1]

Leaving the Capes of the Chesapeake on June 8, the *Washington* made a very rapid crossing, arriving in Gibraltar on July 2nd. Thence she proceeded on the ninth of July and reached Naples five days later, the actual time occupied in sailing from the United States to Naples being only 29 days. At Naples the authorities imposed a twenty-one days quarantine, which was later reduced to twelve days. When pratique was finally granted on the 26th of July, Mr. Pinkney and his party lost no time in seeking more commodious quarters ashore, probably as much to his own satisfaction as to the joy of the Commodore, who described the ship in one of his letters as "much crowded." Indeed, when we recall the limited space in these old vessels, we wonder how they managed to stow away so many additional people.

Mr. Pinkney believed that a "show of force" might have a favorable effect on his negotiations with the Neapolitan government, and at his suggestion Chauncey assembled many of the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron in the port of Naples. On August 27, 1816, the squadron was dispersed, the *Washington* sailing for Messina. Edward Pinkney did not sail with her, for he seems to have received orders to join the Frigate *Java*. That vessel now visited Tripoli, Algiers, Malaga, Port Mahon and Gibraltar. In January, 1817, when the *Java* was sent home, Pinkney joined the sloop *Pea-*

[1] MS. copy in *Captains' Letters*, Navy Library, Vol. II, 1816, p. 142.

cock, then at Port Mahon, Minorca. Probably the poet had been permitted to spend much of his time with his family during the stay of the *Washington* in Naples. The elder Pinkney left Naples on October 7th, and spent some time in Rome before setting out for St. Petersburg by way of Vienna; in any case one feels that the younger man came to know Italy fairly well, for his fine poem on that country shows personal feeling, and a vivid impression of the land's beauty, rather than any conventional awe. He came naturally by this love of Italy; his father before leaving the United States wrote to his brother Jonathan, "I want to see Italy . . . to visit that classic land, the study of whose poetry and eloquence is the charm of my life; I shall set foot on its shores with feelings I cannot describe, and return with new enthusiasm."[1]

With such a companion as guide shall we wonder that the boy's imagination was fired, and his sight sharpened even to the degree that he later could write those splendid lines which describe the solemn smoke rising in the cloudless skies, from Vesuvius and Aetna, the "altars of the world"?

The *Peacock*, aboard which Pinkney remained from January 10th, 1817, until June 28th, 1819, returned to the United States in February of the latter year. Leave was freely granted and no doubt the young midshipman visited Baltimore and enjoyed a reunion with his family, for William Pinkney had returned from his Russian mission in 1818. One could wish for more definite information about the early and formative years our poet spent on shipboard in the Mediterranean and the

[1] Wheaton, pp. 147-148.

West Indies. We may be sure that they were not without their influence upon his mind.

On the occasion of John Pendleton Kennedy's retirement from the office of Secretary of the Navy in 1853, his friend Washington Irving was present at the farewell reception, which many naval officers attended, and Irving having looked at them awhile turned to Kennedy and said, "What fine fellows they are!" Then referring to the Navy itself, he added, "There is so much poetry in its material and incidents."[1] Despite the obvious truth of this saying, few poets have arisen to sing this poetry; Pinkney is the foremost one, and strangely enough in later years[2] he seems to have expressed on one occasion the opinion that life at sea was not conducive to poetic creation. But we cannot read his poems, with their constant references to the sea, (less frequent but almost as pervasive as Swinburne's), without believing that it exerted a profound influence on the young man, and perhaps served to strengthen a somewhat fatalistic attitude towards life, which he gained from the ancient philosophers.

Probably Pinkney wrote long letters home, to family, friends, a sweetheart perhaps, but they seem lost in the Night of Time. We have appealed to the poet's nearest relatives, distant connections now, but all available sources yield little information. Even the relations on whom earlier biographers relied are no longer living, and their papers have passed from view. The official records are a little better, but for some periods are sadly meagre, and we can only conjecture what books the

[1] Tuckerman (H. T.) *Life of John Pendleton Kennedy,* N. Y., 1871, p. 235.

[2] *See* the suppressed *Preface,* p. 41.

boy read (in English, French, and the ancient tongues) or what sights impressed themselves upon him.[1]

But in a general way we can indicate the character of the cruise in the Mediterranean. The American naval force there during the period of Pinkney's service was sent to watch the conduct of the Barbary powers and give protection to the commerce of the United States. Its mission involved showing the flag in various ports, giving moral, and if required, active support to our diplomatic representatives, adjudicating claims, and even assisting in making treaties. The naval force in those days was not merely what its name suggests to modern ears, but a diplomatic agency. Cruising was constant and general, therefore young Pinkney, first in a larger vessel, later in a smaller one, visited many ports and saw many famous places and strange peoples.[2]

[1] The rarity of Pinkney's autograph is proverbial. Brantz Mayer wrote on a fragment of Churchill's poem *Night,* copied by Pinkney, and now in the Etting Collection, Penna. Hist. Society, "The above extract from Churchill's 'Night,' in the handwriting of Edward C. Pinkney, the poet, only one of whose autograph letters is known to be in existence. (Sgd.) Brantz Mayer, Baltimore, 25 April, 1867"; and he is perhaps responsible for the similar statement on a prose fragment inserted in the 1825 edition of the *Poems* of Pinkney in the Aldis Collection at Yale, "In the very rare autograph of Edwd. Coate Pinkney, only one A. L. S. known." Strangely enough, though the editors have located several autograph letters of the poet, we have not found one yet that could easily have been known to Mayer. He was, by the way, at one time the owner of the *Album,* now in the Collection of one of the editors (and with the Aldis notebook a chief source for the present book) as we learn from his grand-daughter, Mrs. Chester M. (Fannie Albert) Smith. From Mayer also came the MS. of the *Song* "The Smile That Now Is Bright'ning," formerly in the collection of Lewis J. Cist of Cincinnati, and now owned by Mr. Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago.

[2] The log of the *Peacock* shows that from Jan. 15, 1817, to Jan. 6, 1818, Port Mahon, Barcelona, Malaga, Gibraltar, Tangiers, Tunis, Naples, Palermo, Messina, Tripoli, and Carthagena were visited.

Except for a few weeks in May, 1820, from June 29, 1819, to December 14, 1820, Pinkney's name is found on the rolls of the *Constellation*, which from about the beginning of the year until April 23, 1820, was cruising in the West Indies. At this period began that series of disputes into which Pinkney was constantly led by his high spirit, and uncompromising jealousy of his honor. During the northward passage of the *Constellation* home to Norfolk from Martinique, in March, 1820, one day about seven bells (half-past eleven o'clock in the morning) Commodore Morris sent a message down to the steerage that he wished several of the midshipmen to come on deck with their quadrants to assist him in making a lunar observation for determining longitude, (from which the position of the ship was derived). Only two of the midshipmen responded, and a few hours later an order was issued by the commanding officer, at the direction of the Commodore, which placed all the midshipmen on board in two watches, so that the "off duty" interval between watches was much curtailed, and even when "off watch," they were obliged to "stand by" for other duty. This watch and watch routine, especially at sea, is looked upon as being rather severe, and six of the midshipmen, Pinkney among them, feeling that the order was virtually a punishment, though not announced as such, and hence illegal under the regulations, signed the following protest [1]:

March 19th, 1820.

Sir:

We the subscribers deeply sensible of the injustice attending the punishment which they are at present subjected to, take the

[1] *Records of Court Martials,* Navy Department, Case No. 358.

liberty of remonstrating with due respect against its continuance, and of also stating their total ignorance of any offence committed by them, which could possibly subject their conduct to the slightest reprehension. The form of the message by which they were called upon deck, entirely prevented any individual from applying it particularly to himself, and it was delivered at a time when it was particularly disagreeable to leave the steerage. In conclusion we have to submit to you, Sir, the total illegality of the punishment alluded to, both in itself essentially and in its application to what has been considered an offence, tho' in reality not amounting to the slightest infringement of either the regulations of the Navy, or the internal regulations of the ship.

Edwd. Pinkney.
[Five other names follow.]

Inasmuch as the order had been issued at the Commodore's request, he construed this protest as disrespectful to him, and summoned the signers, at first collectively and then individually, that they might retract. All declined, and Commodore Morris ordered a court-martial on the charge of "disrespect to a superior officer."

Pinkney was no doubt a ring-leader in this affair, for as he had been the first to sign the protest, so he acted as spokesman for the group, and interrogated the witnesses before the court convened on the frigate *United States* at Gosport Navy Yard, Virginia, on May 4, 1820. A spirited defence was offered, and Pinkney's individual statement to the court reveals considerable eloquence and forensic ability in a boy of 17, and is surely a credit to him from the literary point of view[1]:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

If, in the course of a few remarks which I have now to address to you, I should slightly transgress against the rules which custom and propriety have alike imposed for the regulation of conduct

[1] MS. copy in *Court Martials,* Case No. 358, Navy Department.

on these occasions, I trust that I shall not be considered an intentional offender, and that the novelty of my situation will plead for me a sufficient apology. With full confidence on this head I shall now proceed to the subject in question.

Before I commence any justification of the expressions which Commodore Morris has deemed disrespectful, I pray you to believe, Mr. President and Gentlemen, that I have been prompted to act as I did, by a sense of duty, by a desire to resist encroachment on the most material privilege of an officer, which undoubtedly is exemption from punishment by a superior, otherwise than by suspension or arrest.

Impressed with the idea that I was put into watch and watch by the Commodore for the purpose of punishing imaginary offenses, a fact which still appears to me glaring and undeniable, which I hope Mr. Carr's evidence has sufficiently established, I applied to him for redress, and in what other manner I could make this application intelligible, than by stating the nature of the grievance of which I wished to complain, I am at a loss to imagine.

To effect this statement the words injustice and illegality or their equivalent occurred. It is true that I might have expressed its illegality by mentioning its contrariety to the 30th article of the Naval Regulations, and its injustice by asserting that it was undeserved, but it is equally true that those expressions would be analogous, and strictly equal to those in the letter before you. I have been thus diffuse in these terms, as it was to them that the Commodore particularly objected, and I have therefore concluded that on them he has founded the present charge.

Permit me now to call your attention to Midn. Richardson's and Potter's evidence; it thence appears that I have received no order, consequently have disobeyed none, and have therefore committed no offence. This I think is a sufficient exposition of the injustice attending the punishment imposed on us, and a vindication of its assertion. Its illegality is a necessary consequence of its denunciation, and of its injustice, as all unjust punishments must be oppressive, and, if oppressive, illegal. I have been, you will perceive, Mr. President and Gentlemen, more assiduous in defending the style of our remonstrance than in sub-

stantiating the grounds which produced it, as I apprehend that the Com'd'r. by simply laying it before the court has acknowledged their correctness, and as I have no doubt that the due construction will be founded on the evidence offered by us.

I have thus addressed to you, Mr. President and Gentlemen, the few comments which my case seems to require, and with confidence in the justice and wisdom of the Court, I now submit my cause to its decision.

E. Pinkney.

We can hardly wonder however that the court was not wholly convinced of the midshipmen's innocence, or that they were adjudged guilty and sentenced to be "publicly reprimanded and dismissed their ship." The letter of the Secretary of the Navy, in part, follows:[1]

Navy Department, May 17th, 1820.

Gentlemen:

. . . it becomes my duty publicly to censure your conduct. . . . This altho' a painful and unpleasant task for me to perform must be vastly more so for you to hear. To honourable and high minded men . . . public censure must be a severe punishment. . . . Believing however that your conduct in this instance proceeded rather from an erroneous judgement . . . than any intentional violation of your duty, I feel disposed to view it in the most favourable light, and shall, if requested by you, restore you to your former situations on board the *Constellation*. . . .

Smith Thompson.

Pinkney was paid off from the *Constellation* on May 3rd, 1820. As just related, the trial followed, and afterwards, taking advantage of the offer contained in the Secretary's letter of reprimand, he sought and obtained restoration to duty. His letter of request reads as follows:[2]

[1] *Letters, Officers' of Ships of War.* (Navy Library) No. 14, p. 1.
[2] MS. in *Officers' Letters,* Vol. 2, 1820, p. 163.

Baltimore, May 24th, 1820.

Sir:

My wish to remain in active service in conjunction with motives which I need not mention, induce me to apply for orders once more to the Constellation, availing myself of your promise relative to them.

If I have acted under the influence of an error, it has been an error of the head and not of the heart, and I am convinced that you do me the justice to suppose so.

I am, &c.,
Edw. Pinkney.

When Pinkney resumed his former duty, early in July, the ship, under command of Captain Charles G. Ridgely, was under orders to proceed, by way of Cape Horn, to the west coast of South America. How much the beauties of the tropics, of Rio harbor, and of other places visited impressed Pinkney must be left to conjecture, although a reference in *Rodolph* to the Magellanic clouds, seen only in the southern hemisphere, may be definitely traced to this voyage. But that the relations between Ridgely and his officers were often strained is only too clear. The archives reveal an excessive number of court-martials.

A letter from one of Pinkney's shipmates, also a fellow prisoner before the court, to the Secretary of the Navy, survives, and throws some light on conditions aboard the ship. Midshipman Starr says,[1]

"I have the honor to inform you that I arrived in this place [Norfolk, Va.] the day before yesterday [Feb. 7, 1821] from Rio de Janeiro, where I left the Frigate Constellation . . . having obtained permission to return home.

From the conduct of Captain Ridgely towards me, I had every reason to believe I had in some unaccountable manner incurred his displeasure which was afterwards confirmed by his refusing

[1] MS. in *Officers' Letters* (Navy Library) Vol. 1, 1821, p. 90.

me among a *few* others permission to visit the shore without pledging my word and honor not to be engaged . . . in a duel during the cruize. To have given the pledge, I conceive would have been an unpardonable weakness in me inasmuch as I should have been subjected to insults without the possibility of resenting them. You are doubtless sufficiently aware of the situation of the steerage officers generally to know that quarrels amongst them are numerous; how easily then can you imagine the unpleasant situation in which I should have been placed had I remained on those conditions."

From what we know of Pinkney's later career, it can be conjectured that he would not have cared to promise to refrain from duels, but whether his differences with his commanding officer arose over this or some other matter, the fact that he soon desired to leave the ship is apparent. He seems to have gained permission to do so only with great difficulty, and then proceeded home, probably in company with Midshipman Starr, by merchant vessel.[1] Upon his arrival in the United States he wrote two letters,[2] which survive and are self-explanatory, as follows:

March 8th, 1821
Washington.

Sir:

In compliance with your directions, I submit to your notice the particulars of my difference with Capt. Ridgely, with as much brevity as their nature admits of.

Previous to our second arrival at Rio de Janeiro (and even throughout my whole stay in the Frigate Constellation) I attributed to Capt. Ridgely a dislike of myself; caused by, I knew not

[1] The last entry of the names of Pinkney and Starr on the ship's rolls is dated December 14, 1820, the *Constellation* then being at Rio. The state of their accounts shows that both had been overpaid, so they may have been under the necessity of "working" their way home on some merchant craft.

[2] MSS. in *Officers' Letters* (Navy Library), 1821, Vol. 2, pp. 22 and 49.

what, and which I was far from feeling that I merited. This, together with some permanent restrictions on our visits to the shore, and what, I considered an unjust decision between one of the Lieutenants and myself, induced me to apply for permission to leave the ship; the application was unnoticed. Such a permission had been promptly accorded to others, and I again requested it, through the 1st Lieutenant. I was answered with a denial.

The following conversation passed between us (Capt. Ridgely, and myself) to the best of my recollection; on this occasion, viz.

"I have taken the liberty of waiting on you to ask if you will receive my warrant. You refuse to let me return on other terms."

"No, Sir, I did not give you your warrant and I cannot receive it."

"Will you permit me Sir, to enquire your reasons for refusing me permission to return?"

"Your services are wanted, and that is enough."

"I believe Capt. Ridgely, that I have incurred your displeasure, I know not how."

"If that Sir, is your opinion, you had better remain on board, and endeavour to gain my good opinion."

"I am not, Sir, in sufficient need of it to think such a step necessary."

What followed, is not mentioned in the specification of my charge; I therefore will not detail it.

I have the honor to be

With profound respect, etc.,
Edw. C. Pinkney.

Hon^{ble} Smith Thompson
Secretary of the Navy
Washington

[Endorsed]:—

"Mids. Edw^{d} C. Pinkney submits particulars of his differences with Capt. Ridgely."

March 16th, 1821,
Washington.

Sir:

I am prompted by the advice of my friends, and my own consciousness of having overstepped the limits of due subordination,

to make an acknowledgment of error in my late conduct towards Capt. Ridgely; and I trust, Sir, that this acknowledgment, when accompanied by assurances that my endeavours shall be exerted in future, better to restrain my feelings, will warrant in your opinion my restoration to duty, and active service.

Having now said (as I conceive, and as I flatter myself your known sense of justice, and propriety will admit) all that it would become a gentleman to say, on this subject; it only remains for me to assure you, that I shall never cease to regret having given you so much trouble.

I have the honor to be

With profound respect,
etc. etc.
E. C. Pinkney.

Hon^ble^ Smith Thomson [*sic*]
Secretary of the Navy
Washington
[Endorsed]
"Upon this apology he may be returned to duty, and receive orders for the Schooner Porpoise."

Certain former biographers of Pinkney have referred to the poet's attempt to force a duel with Captain Ridgely, but the affair is so obscure that we have relegated discussion of it to a footnote.[1]

[1] Miss Esmeralda Boyle in her *Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Marylanders,* Balt., 1877, p. 228, states that Pinkney resigned from the Navy because of his difficulties with Ridgely, to whom he sent a challenge, which was disdained, and thereupon Pinkney posted him as a craven. Miss Boyle in letters to the editors, Dec. 18, 1923, and April 6, 1924, says that she obtained her account from relatives of the poet, now deceased, namely Judge Campbell Pinkney White and his sister Miss Cornelia White. There are several difficulties with this account. Pinkney's resignation is ostensibly for another cause (see his letter, below), and is many months later. The posting is perhaps that of John Neal, to which Miss Boyle's informants never referred, and those familiar with verbal traditions in families will be prone to see here a telescoping of the Neal and Ridgely affairs into one story. No absolute decision can be reached, however, in the complete absence of contemporary evidence.

In September, 1821, Pinkney was transferred to the 12-gun schooner *Porpoise*, then in command of Lieut. James Ramage. The log of this ship is in the Navy Department, and from it we learn that she was in the harbor of Pensacola about the time that Pinkney reported for duty. The *Porpoise* apparently operated under a roving commission, and during the year the poet was aboard, she touched at such ports of the West Indies as Havana, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas, and Curaçoa, as well as St. Mary's, Georgia, New Orleans, Thompson's Island (now Key West) and Charleston. Stationed most frequently off the northwest coast of Cuba, she made frequent excursions westward around Cape San Antonio to the Isle of Pines and eastward to Cape Maysi, the extreme eastern end of Cuba, and probably to Hayti. Like several other small vessels of the Navy, she was engaged largely in suppressing piracy and the slave trade, and in convoying merchant vessels through the pirate-infested waters of these parts of the world. A daily routine of chasing and boarding strange vessels, occasionally diversified by a brush with pirates, must have proved sufficiently interesting to one of adventurous disposition; and that there were occasionally other diversions than rescuing prisoners and restoring stolen goods is proved by the record in the log of Sept. 20, 1821, of a visit to the vessel paid by General Andrew Jackson and two Indian Chiefs.

A vivid picture of an exciting affair is given in a letter from Ramage to the Secretary of the Navy, in which Pinkney is cited for bravery, as follows: [1]

[1] MS. in *Miscellaneous Letters*, 1822, Vol. 1 (117), p. 73; also printed by Caspar F. Goodrich, *Our Navy and the West Indian Pirates, U. S. Naval Institute*, Vol. xliii (167) p. 92.

U. S. Schooner "Porpoise,"
Sir: Off the North Coast of Cuba, 20th January, 1822.

Having completed the necessary equipments of this vessel, at New Orleans, on the 7th inst. and previously given public notice that I should sail from the Balize on the 10th, with convoy, I have now the honor to inform you that I proceeded to sea on the day appointed, with five sail under my protection. On the 15th, having seen the vessels bound to Havana and Matanzas safe to their destined ports, I made all sail to the westward, and on the following day boarded the brig *Bolina*, of Boston, Gorham, master, from whom I received the following information: That, on the day previous, his vessel was captured by pirates, and robbed of every material they could carry away with them, at the same time treating the crew and himself with inhuman cruelty. After supplying him from this vessel with what necessaries he required, I made sail for the land, and early the following morning, (Saddle Hill, twelve miles southwest of Bahia Honda, on the north coast of Cuba, then bearing S. by E.) I despatched our boats, with forty men, under command of lieut. Curtis, in pursuit of these enemies of the human race. The boats having crossed the reef, which here extends a considerable distance from the shore, very soon discovered, chased, and captured, a piratical schooner, the crew of which made their escape to the woods. Lieut. Curtis very judiciously manned the prize from our boats, and proceeded about ten miles to leeward, where it was understood, the principal depot of these marauders was established. This he fortunately discovered and attacked. A slight skirmish here took place, but, as our force advanced, the opposing party precipitately retreated. We then took possession, and burnt and destroyed their fleet, consisting of five vessels—one of them a beautiful new schooner, of about sixty tons, ready for sea, with the exception of her sails. We also took three prisoners; the others fled to the woods.

In the affair just mentioned, the officers of the expedition state the enemy's loss to be severe. Only one man was wounded in our boats—and it is worthy of remark, that this man was one of their own gang, then a prisoner in our possession, and surrounded by our people.

The destruction of this place will, I trust, be of some service. From information by me received, it was their principal depot, from whence they dispatched squadrons to Cape Antonio. These returning, loaded with plunder, it was transshipped to Havana in vessels sent from there for that purpose. Stores and materials were collected on the spot, not only for repairing but building vessels.

The prisoners now on board are recognized by a seaman in my possession, who was one of the crew of the English ship *Alexander*, of Greenock, lately burnt by these pirates; and, not content with destroying the vessel, they inhumanly butchered her unfortunate commander. The seaman in question, I retain as an evidence in the case.

Lieut. Curtis speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry and good conduct of midshipmen Pinkney, Kingston and Morris; as also of doctor Terrill, and every other officer and man employed in the expedition. Nothing could exceed their ardor in pursuit but their enthusiasm in attack; and both affording abundant proof that more would have been done had more been required.

I have manned one of the schooners taken, a very fine fast sailing vessel, and keep her with me. She will prove of great service in my farther operations on this coast.

I cannot close this letter, sir, without naming to you lieut. Curtis, whose conduct, not only in the present instance, but in every other respect, during the period he has been under my command, has merited my warm and decided approbation.

I have the honor to be &c.

James Ramage.

Honorable
Smith Thompson
Secretary of the Navy.

It was customary for the officer who stood the watch to make up his notes of the principal events in the rough log, and then verify and initial the entries made by the quartermaster in the smooth log. In the log of the *Porpoise* Pinkney's initials begin to appear about Sept. 20,

1821, and all the entries for which he *was responsible* are collected below.

Sept. 20th. [1821] Discovered at some time of the last night O[ordinary] Sea[man] Nathaniel Hopkins, a prisoner, had voluntarily departed this life.
Oct. 15th. Beating into Bay of Pensacola. At 8.30 grounded on E. edge of Mid. ground. Made sail and forced her off.
Oct. 22. Charles Howell fell overboard: rounded to, sent a boat and picked him up.
Nov. 3rd. At 11 fired a gun, brought to and boarded the nearest sail. She proved to be the schooner Gen. Jackson, from Balt. to Havana.
Nov. 9th. At 2 discovered a sail bearing E. At 3 hove to, beat to quarters, and boarded the stranger, which proved to be the schooner Louisiana from St. Jago to New Orleans.
Jan. 15th. [1822] At sunset beat to quarters and mustered the crew.
March 3rd. Mustered the crew and read the articles of war.
March 6th. (Off Cape Maysi, E. end of Cuba.) At 1 discovered a sail under the land; beat up the chase and came to [blank] examined and took possession of the chase [blank].

Writing the log was not his only literary occupation;—in it, at the entry for January 15 was found a folded piece of paper, the corrected but unfinished draft of a letter to some unknown person, in what seems to be Pinkney's hand. The two paragraphs deal with chivalry towards women, and are in Pinkney's elaborate and balanced prose style. The letter reads as follows:

Dear Sir:

Nothing could have given me more pleasure or excited feelings more congenial [a] with those which I imagine warm your [b] bosom than the subject you introduced [c] in your last. The high [d] sense of honor [e] I am confident you entertain for the Fair Sex; and the strict propriety of our deportment while enjoying the pleasure [f]

of female society marks a superior taste and refinement of[g] delicacy.[h]

Respect[j] to woman has ever been considered a duty incumbent[k] on man and although not claimed by the former a natural degree of civility[l] and attention is expected from the latter, however rude may be[m] their education and habits of life.[1]

There is no evidence that the letter was ever finished, copied out, or sent. However, it gives us a curious view of the formal and aristocratic youngster, who already seems to have been dallying also with the Muse, for *The Grave* is dated 1822. And there is some reason to think that the *Boat Song* (printed in the Appendix), was not wholly the composition of the now untraceable John Dixon to whom Pinkney ascribed it—though whether his share extended beyond revision nobody can now tell. And one suspects that the naval officer of nineteen was not without experience of the refined pleasures of female society to which his letter refers.

On March 25th the *Porpoise* entered the port of Havana, Cuba. Under date of the 27th Ramage granted Pinkney leave, the order reading, "Permission is hereby granted you to return to the United States, on your arrival there you will report yourself to the Navy Department,"—and the midshipman at once returned. Probably the reason for this homecoming was news of his father's death which had occurred on February 27th, for

[1] The original is much revised; the canceled readings are:
(a) Congenial/reciprocal; (b) warm your/perhaps yours[elf]; (c) introduced/touched on; (d) high/nice; (e) honour/delicacy; (f) pleasure/*written over two (?) readings, of which the latter seems to be* "friendship"; (g) of/of a; (h) delicacy/delicacy which dignifies the man; (j) respect/*second reading rejected,* "Respect to and attention"; (k) incumbent on/on; (l) civility/*first reading,* "nobility," *and second reading,* "attention"; *third,* "civility and attention"; (m) may be their/their.

upon his arrival he wrote as follows[1] to Secretary Thompson:

Baltimore, April 15th, 1822.

Sir:

Agreeable to the enclosure, I have the honor to report myself at this place. As the circumstances which occasioned my return, render a stay at home desirable, I would solicit orders to this station.

I am Sir

Very respectfully etc.

Edw[d] Coote Pinkney,
Mid. U. S. Navy.

Hon. Smith Thomson [*sic*]
Sec't of the Navy.

Pinkney remained on duty in Baltimore during the rest of his career in the Navy. In October, 1822, he seems to have wished to be assigned to duty in the Frigate *Congress*, perhaps because several of his former shipmates had gone to the vessel, but the letters which follow suggest that he was not successful, nor did his name ever appear on the rolls of the ship.[2]

Oct. 20th, 1822.

Sir:

I have the honour to solicit orders to the Frigate *Congress*. The indulgence I have ever experienced from the Navy Department

[1] MS. in *Officers' Letters* (Navy Library), 1822, Vol. II, p. 124. This letter is extremely important as the only one in which Pinkney is known to have written his middle name in full. This signature is reproduced in the frontispiece. The endorsements on the letter indicate that the request was granted April 16. The enclosure was no doubt Ramage's authorization for leave.

[2] MSS. in *Officers' Letters* (Navy Library), 1822, Vol. 5, p. 107; and *General Letter Book No. 14*, p. 385.

and which I have ever duly appreciated, makes me bold in preferring my request.

I am, Sir,

Most respectfully, &c.
Edw[d] C. Pinkney,
Mid[n] U. S. N.

Hon[ble] Smith Thompson
Sec[y] of the Navy.

Navy Department,
21st Oct., 1822.

Sir:

The complement of officers for the U. S. S. Frigate Congress being completed, you will obtain the consent of Captain Biddle to give you a birth [1] on board that ship before you will receive an order from this Department agreeably to your letter of the 20th inst.

I am

Respectfully &c
By Order
B[enjamin] H[omans].

About this time came Pinkney's first serious love affair, and before the shrine of Miss Mary Hawkins [2] he seems to have "poured out his heart with the ardor of youthful affection." To her were dedicated the *Serenade*, "Look out upon the stars, my love," and the *Song* with the refrain, "Mary." The first, one of the finest of American love-songs, is really extraordinary in its passionate enthusiasm, and a very remarkable production for a man only twenty years old. Set to music by H. N. Gilles, a teacher of music popular with the best society of the day, the *Serenade* was published anonymously in

[1] "birth," was the usual spelling at this period.
[2] Boyle, l. c., p. 229.

January, 1823,[1] and seems to have established Pinkney's reputation as a poet among those who knew the author. But the lady was not won by the poetry, and became the bride of David McKim, not however before she proved the inspiration for the two long poems, "*From the Portfolio of H—*," which will be discussed later. Pinkney seems to have taken his rejection very much to heart for a time, despite his stoic philosophy, and there is a great sincerity in the melancholy expressed, especially in the line, "my life has been a stifled sigh." But he was young, and we will soon find him again more happily in love. A more lasting cause for melancholy perhaps, was the death of his father. This, coupled with Pinkney's proud spirit, explains amply his quarrel with John Neal.

Neal was an eccentric man of letters, now chiefly remembered as the friend of Jeremy Bentham, and for his early encouragement of Edgar Allan Poe; but in 1823 known as a novelist, poet, and journalist of great energy and vigor, and the associate of the literary group at Baltimore called the Delphian Club.[2] Already this Maine Yankee, for such Neal was, had published a number of poems and one or two novels, in one of which, *Randolph*,[3] he ventured upon a description of William Pinkney, by no means flattering. *Randolph* did not appear (anonymously) until after the death of the statesman, but the

[1] *See* Bibliography, Nos. 1 and 1A. All Pinkney's separate publications are described in the Bibliography, and copies of the originals located.

[2] For some account of this club, see John Neal's *Wandering Recollections,* Boston, 1869, p. 173. It included John Pierpont, Paul Allen, William Gwynn and other good livers who told facetious stories over port and punch.

[3] *Randolph,* a novel. . . . By the author of *Logan*—and *Seventy-Six.* In two volumes . . . published For whom it may concern. 1823; Vol. ii, pp. 235-244, esp. 238, 241. The publisher was really Stephen Simpson of Philadelphia.

author added a footnote to the effect that the passage was written before Pinkney's death, and that he had decided to retain it, as fair. While Neal gave much praise as well as blame, his claim that the attack was not personal is not borne out by the sentence, "All the training in the world would not make a gentleman of him," or the vague story, left half untold, of "deluding an associate counsel. . . . It was (an action) of treachery and legerdemain, utterly beneath the manhood of William Pinkney's nature . . . and for which he ought to have been shot." Naturally there was a storm of protest. John Cole, the bookseller,[1] who had been the publisher of *Serenade*, gave Pinkney a copy of the book with the passage marked. Neal was soon waited upon by Mr. [G. L.] Dulany [2] evidently chosen by Edward Pinkney as his second, who presented the following letter:

Sir:

You are reputedly the author of a work lately published, and styled Randolph; for this reason you will readily understand why the son of William Pinkney requires you to disavow unequivocally in writing, any agency in the publication of the work in question. I await your answer.

And am Sir,

Very respectfully, &c.

John Neal Esq. Edw. C. Pinkney.
Oct. 10, 1823.

Neal immediately wrote the following reply:

Sir:

I do not admit the right of any man, whether he be the son of Mr. Pinkney, or not, to call upon me for an answer, either one way or the other, in the matter in question. I shall neither own,

[1] For some account of Cole, see John H. Hewitt, *Shadows on the Wall*, Baltimore, 1877, p. 71.

[2] Neal calls him merely Mr. Dulaney, but see footnote p. 64.

nor deny the authorship of Randolph, for the present, at least, whatever I may be disposed to do, hereafter.

However, I do not hesitate to say, that I have read the work in question; and that the portrait, of Mr. Pinkney, is altogether true, in its general features, according to my own observation; and that, if it be not so, there are enough to contradict the author, and confound him, whoever he may be.

Yours with sincere respect,

John Neal.

Mr. Edward C. Pinkney
Oct. 10th, 1823.

Dulany asked permission to read this; upon doing so declared it unsatisfactory, and handed Neal the following, which he had brought ready with him,

Sir:

As you refuse to comply with my former demand, be pleased to make arrangements with my friend, for the alternative usual in such cases. It were well that they should be speedy. I am, sir,

Very respectfully,

Edw. C. Pinkney.

John Neal Esq.
Oct. 10th, 1823.

Neal then informed Dulany that he would answer at once,—if he refused the cartel, by his friend Charles F. Mayer, who knew Pinkney and had been a pupil of William Pinkney; if he accepted, by another hand (that of M. Trenck, the fencing master). But very quickly Neal decided not to fight, and wrote:—

Sir:

Your last note would not seem to require much consideration; but I have given it a good deal; and my reply is, that I cannot accept a challenge under the circumstances of this case, whatever I might do, where I held myself amenable to the laws of honour, or society, for any outrage upon either. Yours with respect

John Neal.

Mr. Edw. C. Pinkney,
Balt., 10th Oct., 1823.

This Mayer delivered the next day, and Pinkney at once replied,

Sir: I have received your singular answer to my note. Reconsider its subject—and write more to my satisfaction before the evening, or I will post you, in the worst terms that contempt can devise.

I am &c.
Edw. C. Pinkney.

To John Neal Esq.
Oct. 11, 1823.

On the 14th Pinkney distributed about the city a number of small printed handbills[1] which read as follows:

THE undersigned, having entered into some correspondence with the reputed author of "Randolph;" who is, or is not, sufficiently described as JOHN NEAL, a gentleman by indulgent courtesy; —informs honourable men, that he has found him unpossessed of courage to make satisfaction for the insolence of his folly.

Stating thus much, the undersigned commits this Craven to his infamy.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

Baltimore, Oct. 11, 1823.

The incident was then closed, so far as Pinkney was concerned, but Neal printed a full account of the affair, with all the correspondence as an Appendix to his novel *Errata*,[2] then passing through the press, and seems to have taken great pride in his conduct. Neal, who himself says he had published a novel, *Keep Cool*,[3] against

[1] *See* Bibliography, No. 2, for description of the original handbill; it is reproduced in type facsimile, in Neal's *Errata*, ii, 353; and reprinted in his *Wandering Recollections*, p. 233.

[2] *See* Bibliography, at end, for full description of this, which was published on Nov. 18, 1823, according to *Wandering Recollections*, p. 238.

[3] *Keep Cool*, a novel. Written in hot weather, by Somebody, M. D. C. &c., &c., &c. . . . Baltimore, Joseph Cushing. . . . 1817. 12 mo., 2 vols., Copy in N. Y. P. L.

THE undersigned, having entered into some correspondence with the reputed author of "Randolph;" who is, or is not, sufficiently described as JOHN NEAL, a gentleman by indulgent courtesy:—informs honourable men, that he has found him unpossessed of courage to make satisfaction for the insolence of his folly.

Stating thus much, the undersigned commits this Craven to his infamy.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

Baltimore, Oct. 11, 1823.

duelling, undoubtedly acted consistently with his own beliefs, as did Pinkney with his.[1]

During 1823 Pinkney wrote a number of minor poems,[2] and completed the first version of his most ambitious work, *Rodolph, A Fragment.*[3] This was published, anonymously, as an octavo pamphlet, at twenty-five cents, by Joseph Robinson, and received in January, 1824, from the *North American Review*, the following notice; parts of which were thought favorable enough to be used in the publisher's advertisement in the *Baltimore American* of January 17:

[1] Our account of the affair is based on two versions published by Neal,—the first in his *Errata* (N. Y. 1823, vol. ii, pp. 353-358), the second in his *Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life* (Boston, 1869, p. 230 f.)—Neal's honesty leaves no doubt as to the substantial truth of his relation, and the Craven broadside text is verified from an original. Anyone reading this text carefully will see how absurd were the stories that Pinkney beat Neal or even threatened to do so, though in his later book Neal seems to indicate that he "defied assault" by showing himself on the streets despite warnings that he would be shot, etc. The danger must have been imaginary, since Pinkney felt the posting cleared his honor, and in it indicated that the incident was closed. Neal informs us that Lieutenant Hall (a friend of Pinkney's) was most courteous to him in Washington and that nobody regarded him as disgraced by his refusal to fight. Many years later, according to an article by J. H. Whitty (quoted in Woodberry's *Life of Poe,* ii, 444), Poe told Richmond friends of this adventure of Pinkney's.

[2] Pinkney ascribes his *Prologue Delivered at the Greek Benefit* to 1823, but the *Baltimore Patriot and Mercantile Advertiser,* Dec. 31, 1823, contains a letter criticising Baltimore's failure to give a Benefit for the Greek cause. Such meetings at Philadelphia, Dec. 11, and Wilmington, Dec. 12, were mentioned in the Baltimore *Federal Gazette.* On Jan. 12, 1824, Mr. Wm. George Read delivered an oration in Baltimore, for the cause, and a ball was held on Feb. 7. At the latter Charles Carroll spoke, and there were poems by Mr. Frisch, and J. H. B. Latrobe, but contemporary accounts in the *Baltimore American* do not mention Pinkney. Of course there may have been an obscure benefit, or perhaps Pinkney mixed his dates in ascribing his *Prologue* to 1823.

[3] *See* Bibliography, No. 3. The price is known from an advertisement in the 1825 edition of Pinkney's *Poems.*

This modest title promises nothing to the reader, and the little poem itself, to which it is prefixed, comes upon us with no extravagant pretensions, which render it obnoxious to the scrutiny or censure of criticism. It is marked, however, with very decided characteristics. Defects and beauties are mingled and set at times in pretty bold relief. The author evidently has much of the genuine spirit of poetry; his thoughts are occasionally bold and striking; some passages are wrought with much felicity of conception, and clothed with a rich and glowing imagery; and, notwithstanding the obscurity, which we have mentioned, and a few minor imperfections, a highly poetical vein runs through the whole performance. Obscurity is the general fault of the piece. In a 'Fragment' this may be thought a venial defect, yet even in a fragment the poet's purpose should be obvious, if he would fix the attention and gain the hearts of his readers.[1]

This criticism of course applied to the earlier version of *Rodolph*, which is very much shorter than that given in our text, though the scholar may reconstruct the first from our footnotes. In general Pinkney's revision the next year consisted in little save additions, often of high merit, and tending to make the story clearer, but little affecting the original conception of the piece, so that it may well be dealt with here.

Rodolph is a Byronic production, in a sense; but by no means the pure imitation of Byron's verse romances which it may seem at first sight. Byron and Moore, it is true, gave Pinkney his form, and had perhaps set the fashion for learned and passionate poetry, but the poet was akin to many poets very unlike the two popular favorites of the day. Pinkney later described the piece as "a fragment on the passion of love," and his own interest was very evidently not primarily in the rather bald story of lawless love and murder, but in the philo-

[1] *N. A. Review*, Vol. XVIII, 217.

sophical consideration of passion, crime, and resultant madness in the breast of his hero. Pinkney made rather careful studies for this work, and in the Yale Notebook are one or two marked passages from Churchill's *Epistle to Hogarth* and Coleridge's drama *Remorse*, on the subject of insanity. But *Rodolph* [1] reveals far more, showing in particular the poet's close observation of the mental processes and his great talent in selecting novel but highly poetical facts and fancies from a wide field of ancient and modern lore for his elaborate similes and learned allusions. In his intellectual interest, his learning, his passion and study of passion, as well as in his careful verse, Pinkney shows himself consciously or unconsciously the American representative of the school of poetry called Alexandrian by the ancients, the school of Callimachus, and the Roman Catullus. Through Pinkney's influence even more than through Moore's, this tradition flowered again in Poe's neglected but really wonderful *Al Aaraaf*. Certain critics have objected to the lack of morality in *Rodolph*, and especially to Pinkney's characterization of a murder as merely "unwise." As a matter of fact, the poet, who shows a constant interest in ancient philosophy, undoubtedly used this word as Cicero used its Latin equivalent, to characterize a deed inexcusable from a reasonable point of view.

Rodolph was dedicated to a certain "sweet promiser," undoubtedly the lady who the next year married the poet. That they were acquainted at the time is shown by the slip of paper which accompanied his Christmas

[1] Rodolph's madness is in some degree probably modeled on that in Coleridge's *Remorse*, IV, i, especially passages beginning 106 and 135 which Pinkney marked in a clipping in his Notebook.

gift of candy, and is carefully preserved in the lady's album. It reads "To the Right Beautiful Miss G. McCausland.—"Sweets to the sweet!"—E. C. P. Christmas anticipated," [1] and must date from 1823, since she was married before the next Christmas. 1823 is also the date added by her to the two earliest of his poems to be written in her album, versions of the verses, *To*————, with Wordsworth's "She was a phantom of delight," and *On Parting*.

The lady was the daughter of Marcus McCausland, a highly respected citizen. He was born at Fruit-Hill, in the county of Londonderry, Ireland,[2] and settled in 1798 in Baltimore,[3] where he built a brewery in Holliday Street in 1800.[4] Georgiana had several sisters, all of whom she is said to have surpassed in grace and beauty. She had dark hair and blue eyes, "of a deep violet color" but unfortunately no picture of her has survived. The many poetical tributes in her album show that she had talented admirers. Tradition states that she "played on the harp and sang divinely," [5] and an unnamed lady once told Didier she remembered seeing Georgiana seated at that instrument, and attended by her future husband, together with Charles Carroll Harper and Charles Carroll, (grandson of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence) who were Pinkney's rivals for her hand.

[1] Pinkney quotes *Hamlet,* V, i., as many another lover has done.

[2] Clipping and MS. note in Album.

[3] Scharf, *Chronicles of Baltimore,* Balt., 1874, p. 209.

[4] *Ibid.,* p. 291. According to a notice in the Baltimore *North American,* Aug. 11, 1827, vol. 1, p. 108, Mr. McCausland, "one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of our city," died Monday, August 6, 1827.

[5] See Didier's article *The Social Athens of America,* in *Harper's Magazine,* June, 1882, vol. lxv, p. 29.

To her from this time on most of Pinkney's shorter poems were addressed.

Little is known of what Pinkney did during the early months of 1824. Though still officially in the Navy, he had since the death of his father devoted much time to the study of law. It seems also to have been the period of his greatest poetical activity. Not only may the composition of some of his finest lyrics be assigned to this year, a copy of *A Health* in the Album is dated August 10, 1824, but it seems probable that he was publishing some of these writings in local periodicals, which have so far escaped our search. *The Saturday Herald*, Paul Allen's paper, contained original poetry, and so, probably, did the Baltimore namesake of the *Saturday Evening Post*, but only two numbers of the former and mere references to the latter, seem to have survived. J. Thomas Scharf [1] wrote that Pinkney contributed to the *Portico*, but that magazine ceased publication in 1818, and its files contain nothing that could be assigned to Pinkney.

Probably a desire to marry, and impatience with the slight financial rewards of the Navy, and a distrust of the breadwinning powers of his muse led Pinkney to enter his father's profession of the law, and finally, in the following letter to resign his commission as midshipman.

Sir:

About to engage in another profession I am obliged to tender my resignation of the warrant which I have held for some years

[1] *Chronicles of Baltimore,* Baltimore, 1887, p. 93, Scharf, perhaps, mixed his notes, as he mentions within a few lines the *Emerald,* which did print posthumous poems of the poet. *The Saturday Herald* of Jan. 1, 1825, vol. 1, No. 32, and that for Dec. 16, 1826, have no Pinkney material. See also the suppressed *Preface,* and a statement that his brother Frederick contributed to the same periodicals as he, in Miss Boyle's *Biographical Sketches,* p. 294.

as a midshipman in the Navy. In doing so I cannot but express my sense of the indulgence that allowed me to retain it so long after I ceased to render the humble services imposed by its tenure.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obed^{t}. Serv.
Edw. C. Pinkney,
Sept. 30th, 1824,
Baltimore.[1]

The Hon^{ble}
The Secretary of the Navy.

His resignation was accepted on the ninth of October, and on Tuesday evening, the 12th of that month, he was married to Georgiana by the Reverend Mr. Richards.[2]

Another cause for Pinkney's abandoning his naval career was that given by William Leggett and John I. Mumford [3] who say the poet resigned from the Navy, in order that he might be with and console his widowed mother. Since Pinkney's name never appeared in the Baltimore Directories, it is conjectured that both before and after the marriage he lived at 5 Waterloo Row, N. Calvert St., which is given as the residence of Mrs. Ann Maria Pinkney, widow of William.

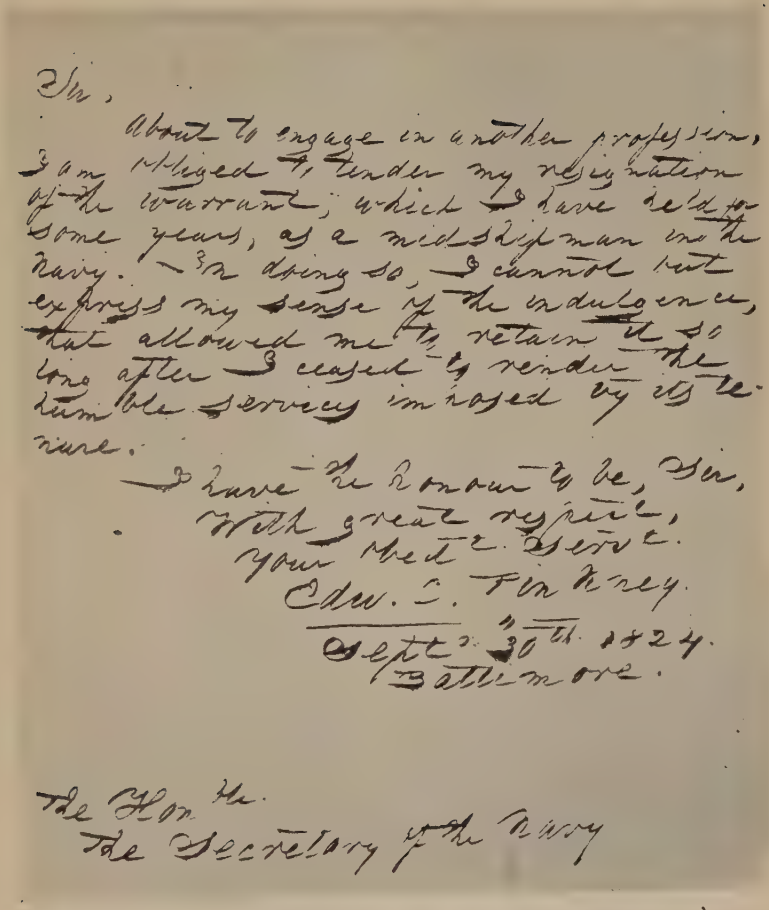
Shortly afterwards, the poet was admitted to the Bar,[4] where unfortunately his reputation as a poet is said to have been a decided drawback to his rapidly gaining a

[1] MS. in *Naval Records, Resignations, L-Y,* 1810-1825. The letter is inscribed in other hands, "Accept it"; "Sherburne file for the Secretary," and, "Accepted 9th Oct. 1824."

[2] Notice in the *Baltimore American and Commercial Advertiser,* Oct. 14, 1824. Probably this was the Rev. Lewis Richards, from 1785 to 1818 Pastor of the Baptist Church at Front and Fayette Streets. (See Scharf, *Chronicles,* etc., p. 120f.)

[3] Leggett's notice in *The Mirror,* N. Y., January 26, 1828; Mumford's in *Merchant's Telegraph,* N. Y., April 16, 1828.

[4] No record of the exact date has been found. From this point on, much information about Pinkney comes from his obituary in *The Marylander,* April 16, 1828, not specifically credited in footnotes in all cases.



Sir,

About to engage in another profession, I am obliged, under my resignation of the warrant, which I have held for some years, as a midshipman in the Navy. In doing so, I cannot but express my sense of the indulgence, that allowed me to retain it so long after I ceased to render the humble service imposed by its tenure.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With great respect,
Your Obt. Servt.
Edw. C. Finney.

Sept. 30th 1824.
Baltimore.

The Hon.ble
The Secretary of the Navy

LETTER OF RESIGNATION FROM THE NAVY

large clientele, but his leisure was sometimes employed for the benefit of the world, at least, in the composition of his poems.

Even after his resignation, the naval records contain a few references to Pinkney. Late in 1824, charges were preferred by Pinkney's old commander, Lieut. Ramage, of the schooner *Porpoise*, against his second in command, Lieut. Wolbert, whose alleged offence related to some action in connection with the salvage of a ship stranded on a sandbar at the mouth of the Mississippi River. Wolbert in turn brought counter-charges against Ramage, alleging various derelictions of duty during the operations of the *Porpoise* in the West Indies in 1822.

From the Navy Department, Nov. 15, 1824, the Secretary, Samuel L. Southard, writes Pinkney,[1]

> I have to request the favor of you to proceed to New York and report yourself to Capt. William Bainbridge, President of a General Court Martial now sitting on board the U. S. Ship Washington, as a witness in the case of Lt. Frederick G. Wolbert, U. S. Navy.

To this request, for such it is, not a summons, the poet replied,

> Sir:
>
> I have the honour to acknowledge your letter of the 15th inst., requiring my attendance upon a court-martial sitting at New York, as a witness in the case of Lieut. Wolbert. Permit me to suggest in reply that I can only leave this city, at present, with great inconvenience, and that a written deposition to interrogatories proposed and forwarded as usual would probably answer every purpose, as well as my personal appearance. My testimony, I may add, can be of little importance as the circumstances

[1] *General Letter Book*, No. 14, p. 484 (Navy Library).

of the case in question (of which I have already had some notice) subsist very imperfectly in the memory of, Sir, Your Obed. Serv.

Edw. C. Pinkney
Nov. 20th—1824, Baltimore.

The following [1] were,

"The answers of Edw. C. Pinkney to the interrogatories."

Do you know Lieutenant James Ramage and Lieutenant Frederick G. Wolbert, of the United States Navy?

"I do know Lieutenants James Ramage and Frederick G. Wolbert. I served with both on board the Porpoise, nearly one year."

Is it true as represented by Lieut. Wolbert in regard to Lieut. James Ramage that while on board the United States Schooner Porpoise cruizing to the westward of the Havana . . . they several times had suspicious or piratical vessels in sight which they could have captured, and that altho' . . . importuned by the officers to dispatch boats in pursuit, Lieut. Ramage would not do so, and that when on a certain occasion the boats were dispatched they were recalled . . . ? Declare the truth and all you know in relation to said matters.

"My recollections on the subject of the first part of this interrogatory are very indistinct and uncertain. I can not depose that Lieut. Ramage ever refused or neglected to pursue suspicious or piratical vessels, which he could have captured, when requested or importuned to do so. I do remember perfectly that when on a certain occasion, the boats, with a guide, were dispatched under the command of Lieut. Curtis, in pursuit of piratical vessels (some of which were in sight, and in fact presently afterwards captured; but others plausibly reported to be har bound,[2] at no great distance), they were recalled, as I think, unnecessarily, by two

[1] MS. in *Court Martial Records,* Navy Department, No. 422, (in Volume "414-424").

[2] Har bound, i.e., sheltered within an harbor, in this instance probably inside a protecting reef.

successive signals, when probably within five miles of the vessels har bound as aforesaid. I was engaged in the expedition and saw that Lieut. Curtis was, like myself, much dissatisfied. The Porpoise sailed the same night, I think, for Havanna."

Did you ever know the said Lieut. Wolbert and Mr. James T. Curtis to ask permission to go in pursuit of vessels supposed to be piratical? If yea what were the replies of Lieut. Ramage thereto and what was his conduct on such occasions?

"I do not recollect, but may have forgotten any particular occasion, or circumstances of the kind in question. I mean to say that they may have happened, and yet have escaped my memory, by reason of the time since elapsed, and an entire change, on my part, of company, scenes, and studies."

State any other matters within your knowledge in relation to the charges preferred against Lieut. Wolbert.

"Not having seen the charges preferred against Lieut. Wolbert I can only conjecture their character after the foregoing interrogatories, and a late letter from that gentleman. I know nothing further, of moment, in relation to them."

"Edw. C. Pinkney."

"Answers of the said Edw. C. Pinkney to the Cross Interrogatories."

Is it not the acknowledged duty as well as right of the commanding officer to direct such movements as he may in his discretion conceive proper, and to refuse such applications made by those under his command as he may think wrong?

"Certainly—subjecting himself however, in the exercise of it, to a proper responsibility for his judgment."

Is it not the duty of inferior officers if they ascertain their commanding officer to have exhibited in his conduct a defect of personal courage, or any behaviour derogatory to the character of an officer or gentleman to report the same to the proper authority that it may be investigated and punished.

"In strong or extreme cases I conceive that such is the duty of inferior officers."

Has any complaint ever been preferred to your knowledge by any of the officers under the command of Lieut. Ramage . . . implicating the character of Lieut. Ramage as an officer and a gentleman. If yea, state the particulars.

"No such complaint, so far as I know, has been preferred."

"Edw. C. Pinkney."

[Duly sworn to and attested in Baltimore Nov. 29th, 1824.]

Wolbert was sentenced to be cashiered, and the sentence was approved by the President, John Quincy Adams.

In July of the following year Lieut. Ramage too was court-martialed, and once again Pinkney was asked to testify, but no reply to the request from the Secretary of the Navy [1] has been traced, and the court-martial records of the trial, in which Ramage was "most honourably acquitted," do not show that Pinkney appeared as a witness or submitted a deposition.[2]

From this time on the naval records tell no more of the poet.

Pinkney's life at Baltimore meanwhile was by no means uneventful; he had become the law partner of Robert Wilson, Jr., of Baltimore, a connection by marriage of "the late Chancellor Kilty," and himself Deputy of the Attorney General of Baltimore County. Wilson, being in company with another lawyer, William Frick, took offense at some observations made by the latter. Frick offered an explanation which was rejected, high words were interchanged, before the men parted, and Wilson determined to challenge Frick. Pinkney was the

[1] *General Letter Book, No. 15,* p. 179 (Navy Library).
[2] *Court Martial Records,* Navy Department, Case No. 435.

bearer of the challenge, which Frick refused to receive, making at the same time some remark which Pinkney considered offensive. Pinkney immediately challenged Frick himself, and was in turn refused. In consequence Pinkney and Wilson were both bound over to answer a criminal charge.

Beneath the formal phraseology of the official letters we can read a great anxiety on the part of the young men's friends on their behalf. Realizing that Wilson's conviction upon the charge would have prevented his holding office under the state, and that Pinkney's family would be deeply distressed by the prosecution, several gentlemen of great influence appealed to the Governor of Maryland to grant a *nolle prosequi* in the case before the session of the criminal court of Baltimore. Theodorick Bland, Wm. Kilty, and Reverdy Johnson, (the last wrote poetry in Mrs. Pinkney's Album), appealed on behalf of the defendants, urging their youth, repentance, and high connections, happily with success.[1] What must have been the relief of Georgiana at this escape we can only imagine, but mention in one of the letters of the poet's "young family," indicates that about this time she bore her husband a son.[2] The boy was named W[illiam] E[dward], and a silhouette, dated March 31,

[1] Our sources are three MS. letters from the files of the Executive Department of the State of Maryland and now in the Maryland Historical Society. They are addressed to Governor Samuel Stevens, the first by Theodorick Bland of Annapolis, Aug. 20, 1825, on Pinkney's behalf; the others from Reverdy Johnson, from Baltimore, Aug. 23, for Wilson; and Wm. Kilty, from Annapolis, Aug. 29, for both. The phraseology of Bland is adopted, supplemented by additional information from the other letters, all of which were discovered and communicated to us by Mr. L. H. Dielman.

[2] Miss Boyle, *Biographical Sketches*, p. 232, says he was still alive in 1877.

1840, by Dr. J. C. Gosewisch,[1] is preserved in the Album, and shows a boy of fourteen or fifteen. For him, too, his mother marked his father's poems in the Album, but he is said to have been "afflicted with an incurable disease of the brain from childhood," and certainly died without issue, though just when is not known.

Pinkney continued to write, and seems to have felt enough encouraged by the reception of his *Rodolph* to plan a new volume. A slip of paper in the Yale Notebook with the address of the Harpers in New York suggests that he desired them to be his publishers. At any rate he wrote a Preface, for a publication outside of Baltimore. It is now printed for the first time.[2]

PREFACE

"Poetry is a kind of ingenious nonsense." Such, we all know, is the definition, rather more sounding than sound, which Barrow[3] made, and Newton approved. Its faultiness consists

[1] Gosewisch was the first homeopathic physician in Delaware where he settled in 1839, and died in 1854. See Scharf's *History of Delaware,* Phila. 1888, i, p. 499. He is listed as living on King St. in the Wilmington *Directory* of 1845, and in 1853 at 120 King St., probably the same place.

[2] Printed complete, including Pinkney's dashes from a MS. preserved in the Yale Notebook. It is a fair draft, with only one cancellation, the word "some" after the word "matter" in the second paragraph, where Pinkney perhaps originally meant to say at once, "some of the poems have appeared before."

[3] For Barrow's saying see the following passage, pointed out to us by Prof. Edward Bensly in the Rev. Joseph Spence's *Anecdotes* (London 1820, p. 368). "A friend once said to him [Newton] 'Sir Isaac, what is your opinion of poetry?'—His answer was; 'I'll tell you that of Barrow, he said, that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense.'" Singer, Spence's editor, says this came from Lord Radnor, whom Prof. Bensly identifies as living from 1686-1757 and a member of the Royal Society (see Doyle, *Official Baronage of England,* iii, 94)—Barrow more probably said than wrote this. See also notes on *Evergreens* and *Cornelius Agrippa.*

in being too general; describing with perhaps equal justness all products of human meditation. At present, however, I will abide by it, and am content to confess the nonsense of the following trifles, in the hope that others will not deny their ingenuity.

It may not concern my readers to know, but it concerns me to inform them, that the earlier years of my youth were passed in the practice of a profession very unfavorable to literary pursuits; and that on leaving it, I engaged in the study of another, which does not allow of the leisure, that I would gladly devote to poetry.——But, to write in a manner more germane to the matter, and consonant with the purpose of this advertisement. The principal piece [1] in this volume, a fragment on the passion of love, was published nearly a year ago in Baltimore: it has been subsequently somewhat altered and enlarged. Most of the minor pieces (less than little)[2] have also, in different ways, appeared before.

But attempts to get an out-of-town publisher failed, and when the collected edition appeared, late in 1825, it was, like *Rodolph*, published by Joseph Robinson.[3] The volume was without preface, was a 24 mo. bound in greenish boards with printed label, and sold at 62½ cents. The book seems to have been printed in time to be noticed by the *North American Review* for October, 1825,[4] copies were on sale on October 15th in New York,

[1] *Rodolph* is meant.

[2] From Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, II, iii, 14.

[3] *See* Bibliography, No. 4. The actual *text* exclusive of half titles, etc. fills a scant 58 pages; a full page has 32 lines of verse, but there are few full pages.

[4] *N. A. Review*, XXI, 368; it is said that this notice is by F. W. P. Greenwood. A far less favorable notice, blaming Pinkney for obscurity, and other faults, appeared in the *U. S. Literary Gazette*, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1826. Samuel Fleet reprinted *Italy* in *The Long Island Journal of Philosophy and Cabinet of Variety*, Huntington, L. I., Dec. 25, 1825, vol. 1, No. 8, pp. 380-381. *The London Magazine* for February, 1826 (n. s. vol. iv, 224 f), notices unfavorably the *North American Review's* favorable notice.

according to the *American* of that city, and to be had of the booksellers in Baltimore and Philadelphia, about November first.[1]

Upon the scanty contents of this little volume, Pinkney's reputation has rested almost entirely, for a century, for good or for evil, since no later edition (before the present) has included any additional poems.[2] And the poet's reputation has suffered, like that of William Collins, from the very slight bulk of his accessible work. Yet the 1825 selection included almost everything the poet had written up to the time of its publication, and upon it, if judged fairly, a very considerable reputation may deservedly rest. In the volume of 1825 Pinkney seems to have done everything he was capable of at the age of twenty-three, and almost everything he ever was to do as a poet is pretty clearly indicated.

Of his later writings, most sustain his reputation; only two or three may really be said to advance it—and these, the unfinished *Cornelius Agrippa* and *Cleonice*, are small portions of unfinished works of some length. But they will be dealt with in their proper place, and we may return to the poems of 1825, dealing first with those pure lyrics which are the finest products of Pinkney's muse. Because of them he has often been compared to the Cavalier poets of the Caroline period, though somewhat unjustly. For while enthusiasm, and a certain love of

[1] Advertisements in *Baltimore Patriot and Mercantile Advertiser*, Friday evening, Nov. 4, 1825 (quoting from *N. A. Review*), and Philadelphia *National Gazette and Literary Register*, Nov. 3. The second advertisement bears date Nov. 2.

[2] Certain personal poems like *To a Friend*, inferior pieces like *The Grave*, and a number of fragments were omitted for obvious reasons. The *longer* poems first collected in the present edition are pretty surely of later date.

strange images make him seem akin to the "metaphysical poets," and the other gentlemen of King Charles' time, he was very different from them in spirit, and his product is only superficially like theirs. They were gallant men, as was Pinkney; but passionate, where he was enthusiastic; and we need hardly suppose that he shared their insincerity. For, in the old court, Fickleness was itself a goddess bowed to like Fortune, while Pinkney was brought up in a school where rigid honor was the rule, and purity prevailed; and the perfect respect of his love songs cannot be surpassed.

Greatest of all, probably, is *A Health*, the best known poem of Pinkney, which enriched the world with that splendid line of pervasive devotion, "When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's but hers." So famous is it that the identity of the lady to whom it was addressed is subject of some controversy. Georgiana believed herself the subject of the poem; she so indicated in her album, and years later it was published in Wilmington with a note hinting she was the "original." Many critics, including the present editors, are on the whole inclined to agree with her. But there is a certain tone (the melancholy Poe seems to have sensed) about the poem which makes some readers wonder if it might not have been written for another bride than Georgiana, although the date of the copy in the *Album* supports her claim.

At least two traditions[1] otherwise identify the lady,

[1] It is absurd to connect this poem with Mary Hawkins, of course. A very improbable story that Peggy O'Neill, later Mrs. John H. Eaton, was the poet's inspiration appears occasionally in the newspapers; but Kate Louise Roberts, who records it in *Hoyt's Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations* writes us that she merely followed a statement of R. L. C. White in the *N. Y. Times*. The editors include this tale only for the sake of completeness.

one as Mrs. Rebecca Somerville,[1] another as Miss Cresap (later Mrs. Ord), whose son General Edward Otho Cresap Ord always regarded his mother as the subject of the poem.[2] Probably Pinkney was called on often to recite his lines, and who shall wonder at several ladies desiring the honor of having inspired the poem which won the admiration of Poe for its "brilliancy and spirit," and the declaration that "the poetic elevation which it induces, we must refer chiefly to our sympathy in the poet's enthusiasm. We pardon his hyperboles for the evident earnestness with which they are uttered." [3]

If the *Health*, and the *Serenade* (the clear sweetness of which Pinkney never surpassed), are his most famous poems, the darker, but singularly earnest lines beginning, "We break the glass," which show the spirit of reflective poetry mingled with the love lyric, should not be underestimated. In *The Widow's Song*, and "Those starry eyes," the reflective vein is almost Wordsworthian, while in "Day departs this upper air" we have a perfect expression of gallant and daring love in a delightfully appropriate metrical form and the first hint of Pinkney's dramatic power. *A Picture Song* too deserves admiration. Its final stanza is a finished little poem in itself. *On Parting* represents a kind of lyric moralizing which is

[1] *See* Didier, *Harpers,* lxv, 36, (followed by Weber).

[2] MS. letter of Mrs. Georgie G. Stewart, San Antonio, Texas, May 9, 1924 to the editors.

[3] Poe's *Poetic Principle* (1847). *See* Harrison's edition (1903) XIV, 281. Of *A Health* the critic of the *North American Review* (xxi, 372) wrote as follows:—"If he who reads it is a lover already, it will make him love the more, and if he is not, he will determine to become one forthwith." With less of hyperbole and more subtlety Mr. Carl Holliday says that the poem "cannot be forgotten in a day." (See his *History of Southern Literature,* p. 209). The poem was *parodied* within the year of its publication—the parody is reprinted in our Appendix.

better done in *Evergreens* (another favorite with the anthologists), but such things are not in Pinkney's most characteristic vein and may be passed over rapidly. These poems may conduct us to *Elysium*, with its foretaste of Tennyson's *Sleeping Beauty;* and the fine picture of *Italy*, based remotely on a song of Goethe's, but strikingly different from its inspiration, and including the often praised passage beginning,

> "The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
> The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
> Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
> And solemn smokes, like altars of the world."

Another poetical picture, *To* ————— ("Twas eve"), the amplification of an earlier poem called *The Lover's Dream*, seems to have had a good deal of influence on some of Poe's earlier lyrics, and one of its couplets was pretty surely the inspiration for two lines in *Al Aaraaf*.[1] The two odes, *Lines from the Portfolio of H* ————, are very characteristic of Pinkney, distinguished for learning and tenderness, and passion bridled by philosophy. In one sense unsurpassed for directness and compressed emotion are the lines

> "Unwise, or most unfortunate
> My way was; let the sign,
> The proof of it, be simply this—
> Thou art not, wert not mine."

The Indian's Bride is a noble reflective poem, inspired by a wedding much talked of at the time. It shows great sympathy but might well have concluded with the dignified lines:

[1] See below, page 87.

"She humanizes him and he
"Educates her to liberty."

The Voyager's Song, that splendid poem, brings before us the superhuman ecstasy with which Ponce de Leon contemplated an earthly but unending happiness. Later Pinkney began work on a companion piece, *The Immortal*, to portray unhappy immortality; but the *Voyager's Song* is a pure burst of joyous triumph, ending in four lines of perfect enthusiasm:

"For me,—this world hath not yet been a place
Conscious of joys so great as will be mine,
Because the light has kissed no face
Forever fair as thine."

At least one critic has been found to lament the absence of typically Southern scenery and customs in the material of Pinkney's poetry. It is true that he did not write plantation songs—they were to be best done by Stephen C. Foster, of Pittsburgh. But it is equally true that Pinkney, educated by travel and the classics, the son of an Attorney General of the United States, in choosing themes of universal rather than local significance, reflected faithfully the tastes and interests of the urbane society of Baltimore in a day when the consciousness of the Northern and Southern sections of the country had not yet become very strong. It was in this more or less homogeneous English-speaking society that the high ideals of the early Republic were formed.

Under very slightly different circumstances recognition of Pinkney's gifts would have been universal. As it was, he received the warm praise of his contemporaries, but he had come too soon to take his place among the

notable poets who were to arise in a few years. While his preeminence over the relatively unimportant writers of his own time has been recognized, the degree of that preeminence has not been realized owing to the inaccessibility of the poems, except to specialists.

In recognition of his poetic genius, Pinkney, according to *The Marylander* obituary, received, early in 1826, an appointment as Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres from the University of Maryland, but the position was without emolument, and the poet soon relinquished it. At that time the institution was not in a flourishing condition. Certain Acts of the Legislature had recently attempted to transfer control of the University from one ruling body to another, and resulted in legal struggles that lasted many years. Perhaps in this case the combined poetical and legal talents of the new professor were found useful, though not to a paying client. But since there were no lectures given at the time in the Academic Department, Pinkney's duties must have been solely in connection with the deliberations of the Faculty. On May 21, 1826, a Committee, of which Pinkney was a member, rendered a report, and seems to have obtained the aid of Daniel Webster, William Wirt and John P. Purviance, to defend the Faculty's rights.[1] Possibly this connection may explain the otherwise cryptic note in the Yale Notebook, on the style of "Mr. Purviance" [2] which the poet seems not to have admired.

The only composition definitely to be assigned to 1826 is the *Song*, "The smile that now is bright'ning," but per-

[1] Eugene Fauntleroy Cordell in his *University of Maryland 1807-1907*, N. Y. and Chicago, 1907 (vol. 1, p. 62), tells of the Committee Report, but gives no other information about Pinkney.

[2] See *Scraps*, No. ix.

haps *The Immortal*, *Cornelius Agrippa* and *Cleonice* belong to this period. They are evidently later work than the 1825 *Poems*, and yet hardly belong to the poet's last few months of life, and they may perhaps be dealt with conveniently here. *The Immortal* has already been mentioned. It is a rather conventional though effective portrayal of a ruined house, being a part of a poem on the theme (familiar in the stories of *The Flying Dutchman* and *The Wandering Jew*) of a person cursed with immortality. It is altogether inferior to the other two fragments.

These half-planned poems furnish silent testimony of the writer's troubled life, which gave him too little profitable employment to permit of the proper enjoyment of his leisure. *Cornelius Agrippa* and *Cleonice* however, show something more. They reveal that Pinkney's development and growth were not completed when he wrote *A Health*, but that he was finding new modes of expression, and displaying talents unsuspected before. Following the fashion for the serio-comic, set by Byron, Pinkney's *Cornelius Agrippa* has much of the romantic quality associated with Scott's mediaeval stories, together with a certain amount of healthy humor, and a wild yet intellectual lyric and reflective strain, which all combine to give it a flavor of its own. The elaborate conceit of the stanza on honor is especially characteristic. *Cleonice* is a mere beginning upon a subject which seems wholly neglected by poets of our tongue, and yet has the most striking qualities for dramatic presentation. In the lines spoken by the shade of Cleonice we find an ease and tragic force that stamp the writer as a great poet, and suggest that greater works might have been written had more

years of life been granted him. But it was not to be. Few of his remaining days, crowded as they were with activity, were to be given to poetry.

"Pinkney's fame was not such as was likely to increase his legal business," says the writer of the poet's obituary, "Clients passed his office, as they would a temple of the muses." But he was not absolutely without clients. In the archives of the Executive Department of the State of Maryland was found the following letter,[1] to Governor Joseph Kent:

June 26th, 1825,
Baltimore.

May it please your Excellency,

I beg leave, as attorney of the within-mentioned John Williams, convicted of Grand Larceny, at the present term of Baltimore City-Court, to submit to your consideration the enclosed papers, trusting that they will recommend him to your Excellency's clemency.

I have the honour to be, With the utmost respect, Your Excellency's most obed^{t}. and humble servant,

Edward C. Pinkney
Attorney at Law.

This accompanies a petition (also in Pinkney's hand):

"The undersigned Jurors in the case of John Williams, convicted of larceny at the present term of Baltimore City Court, beg leave for various reasons, with which it does not seem necessary to trouble your Excellency, to recommend him respectfully to the clemency of the Executive."

This is signed by ten jurors, and bears an endorsement,

[1] These documents, discovered and communicated by Mr. L. H. Dielman, are now in the Maryland Historical Society, which acquired them not earlier than 1910.

"The Court unite with the Jury in recommending John Williams within named as a fit object of Executive clemency and for a pardon.

N. Brice
C[ircuit] Judge

with the approbation of his associates present in court."

A second endorsement records that the pardon was granted on July 3rd.

During these years of hardship, Pinkney finally resolved to abandon, for a while at least, his legal career, and poetry. Relying on his experience in the United States Navy, he offered his services to Commodore Porter, who had taken command of the Mexican sea forces, but he was unable to obtain an appointment after he reached Mexico, and he shortly returned to Baltimore, not however before he had contracted some disease in the noxious climate of the Mexican coast. Perhaps this illness alone was the reason for his failure; perhaps it was mere impatience with the delays caused by the lack of vacancies in the Mexican Navy and the natural opposition to foreigners;[1] perhaps Porter (who differed politically from Pinkney, a supporter of John Quincy Adams) opposed him on personal grounds,[2] or perhaps there is some truth in the romantic story that he fled the country after killing a Mexican officer in a duel.[3] In any case, the journey was a most unfortunate one for Pinkney, and probably the cause of his untimely death.

[1] *The Marylander* obituary, supported by Griswold, *Poets & Poetry of America,* Phila., 1842, 1st ed., p. 231.

[2] Griswold's footnote, l. c., mentions this rumor, but calls "Porter," "Rodgers"—but the error is corrected in later editions.

[3] The duel story lacks contemporary authority, but is recorded by Miss Esmeralda Boyle.

After his return to this country, he was only a shadow of his former self. A description of the poet in his days of health by a contemporary may be inserted here. He was "above the common height of men (well proportioned) . . . the ample forehead—the mild yet piercing eye—the happy blending of colour in his countenance—its placid, yet melancholy and intelligent expression, rendered him an object of interest to every beholder." [1] His temper is described as having been mild, save when his honor was impeached. Scrupulous himself in all matters of this nature, and careful to apologize for even the slightest error on his own part, Pinkney demanded of others the same standards he himself conformed to, and who shall wonder at his frequent quarrels in the unchivalrous period in which he was born. Yet it must be said he did not seek the quarrels in any of the cases where we know all the facts, and it is only fair to assume that he had at least the laws of his code on his side in the other affairs in which he was concerned.

Pinkney, after his return from Mexico, seems to have never enjoyed good health, and there is reason to believe his spirits were at times extraordinarily depressed, which may account for the misanthropic tone of one of the jottings found in his commonplace book, and for the depth of pathos and self-reproach in his lines on *Self-Esteem*. His situation was indeed a tragic one; young, possessed of talents far above his fellows, and with every seeming advantage of birth and education, he was yet prevented from adequately supporting his family by the strange prejudice against a poet lawyer, and the fell hand of disease.

[1] The descriptions are from *The Marylander* obituary.

Making his home with his mother may indeed have saved him from actual want, but Miss Boyle[1] says the poet, to aid those who seemed poorer than himself, pawned his jewelry on at least one occasion, so that he may well have been very glad to enter the doors of Journalism when that hospitable friend of poets in need opened them. The opportunity came in December, 1827, when the supporters of the administration of President John Quincy Adams determined to found in Baltimore a paper as an organ of their cause, and Pinkney "was unanimously chosen to be editor" of the paper, which was named *The Marylander*. From the time he assumed the duties of this post, the poet became a public character and the records of his life are more easily discovered. Also, the paper caused him to turn his attention more to prose than he had formerly done, while it does not seem wholly to have put an end to his writing of verse.[2]

The choice of so young a man as editor of an important paper may seem strange, but Pinkney was experienced beyond his years, and the appointment was neither ill-considered nor unwise. He was a man of energy and intellectual power, and decidedly a man of education. His notebook in the Aldis Collection at Yale shows his familiarity with English and French literature; he was deeply versed in the classics, and if he was no philologist he had the philologist's virtue of accuracy. The editors, in testing his allusions have found those traced to be correct, that is, corresponding to some authority. His high standard of loyalty, his ardent temperament, his devotion to

[1] *Biographical Sketches*, p. 231.

[2] Fortunately, there are several existing files of *The Marylander*, some quite complete—especially those in the Maryland and Wisconsin Historical Societies.

President Adams' cause, his mental attainments, and probably his reputation as a poet were of decided value to him in gaining this new position.

The Marylander commenced publication on December 5, 1827, and was issued twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at four dollars per annum. The publisher was Edward P. Roberts, who was located in Water Street, the third door from Gay, but the paper was printed by Samuel Sands, whose establishment was at the corner of Gay and Water Streets. Pinkney's office was doubtless with the publisher, and although the poet is named as sole editor, Roberts probably helped with the work. Like most of the papers of the day, *The Marylander* was a "folio of four pages"—in this case with five columns to the page, and with the last page almost wholly given over to advertisements.[1]

Pinkney's *Prospectus*, published in the first issue of the paper, follows:

PROSPECTUS

Of a Semi-weekly Paper, to be published in the City of Baltimore,

by EDWARD P. ROBERTS, *and*

EDITED BY EDWARD C. PINKNEY,

to be entitled

THE MARYLANDER

[1] Pinkney alone was named as editor, and there can be little doubt that he wrote most of the editorials. Still he may have had help from Roberts, or someone else in a few of the articles. Some say Frederick Pinkney, the poet's brother, assisted him on the paper. One "campaign issue," Jackson's participation in duels, is never mentioned in *The Marylander*. The editorials are not signed however, and for this reason and because of their slight literary value we have not attempted to

Deeming the general aspect of the political condition of the United States, peculiarly propitious to the publication of a paper devoted to sound doctrines of public policy, and the advancement of the Commercial, Agricultural, and Manufacturing interests of the nation, the Editor is induced to engage in such an enterprise, and to solicit the support of his fellow-citizens.

A singular and interesting crisis has arrived. The old distinctions of party have disappeared, and given place to a contest not less fierce in its character, than dangerous in its tendency. This has arisen from an attempt to elevate to the head of the government, a man greatly, but solely, distinguished by his martial achievements; and equally remarkable for his disregard of that Constitution, which a President of the United States must swear to support. No means have been left untried, to inflame the passions of the multitude in his favor, and blind the mental eye of the people to his notorious want of all the proper qualifications of a statesman.

To contend against the recognition of principles hostile to the maintenance of that peaceful policy, under the benign influence of which our country has prospered, and risen to a high rank among the nations, seems to have become emphatically the duty of those who regard the precepts of prudence, monitions of history, and the evidence of experience. The ascendency of civil principles, in the theory of our government, and the necessity of civic qualifications to its officers, constitute the most efficient safeguards against the melancholy fate which so constantly attended the prevalence of a military spirit among the republics of the old world, and those of the middle ages. Entertaining such a creed, and feeling a persuasion that the period has arrived at which it behoves us to resist the illusions, without detracting from the merits, of a gallant soldier's well-won fame: confiding implicitly in the patriotism, talents and integrity of the present National Administration, and in the perfect purity of the means by which its members came into office;—the Marylander will lend its

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collect them. However, the article on *The Chestertown Resolutions* in the issue for December 29, 1827 contains a quotation from *King Lear* used also in *Cornelius Agrippa* by Pinkney—and may be ascribed with certainty to his pen. In the article he also quotes Terence *Andria* I, ii, 23.

humble, but earnest support, to the judicious policy they have hitherto pursued, and will zealously advocate the re-election of the illustrious statesman, *John Quincy Adams*, to the Presidency of the United States.

Of the rival candidate's pretensions, and of the violent party whose chief he is, the Editor in a spirit of fair investigation, and all possible courtesy, will speak freely and fearlessly. A firm opposition to the success of General Jackson and his heterogeneous supporters, will be offered in the shape of legitimate arguments and stated facts. Every thing in short, within the power of the Editor, will be done, to enlighten the people with respect to the principles which should govern the choice and conduct of their agents.

The Marylander will assert and comment upon the wisdom of the administration in giving great and constant encouragement to the cause of Internal improvement. The interests of the community at large, are so intimately inwoven with it, and the people of the state, so particularly and deeply concerned in its promotion, that the Editor will bestow upon it a large share of his attention.

That Congress is empowered by the Constitution to promote domestic industry by protecting duties; and to appropriate the national means to the formation of roads and canals, is believed to be a just construction of that instrument. The Marylander will maintain such position and support the measures founded thereon.

Commercial, Agricultural, and Mechanical affairs, will meet with regular notice, and mention be duly made of such improvements in the arts and sciences, whether of European or American origin, as may from time to time be expedient.

The Belles Lettres will also, it is hoped, be no strangers to our columns, and liberal criticism will be welcome to them.

The Marylander will be published on Wednesday, the 5th instant, and be continued regularly every *Wednesday* and *Saturday* Morning, in each week, on a fair sheet of Imperial Paper, at Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted on the usual terms and, as the Marylander will probably have a very extensive circulation, those

engaged in Commerce, and others, will find it to their advantage to favour it with a portion of their patronage.[1]

Immediately below Pinkney printed the following paragraphs.

We do not offer our sheet to-day as a fair specimen of what it will be; it has been gotten up under many disadvantages and untoward circumstances, which we trust will not operate hereafter. All our correspondencies are yet to form; and it will probably take us a week or two to get into regular operation.

We have struck off an *extra* number of copies to provide against mistakes in serving; and should any of our subscribers be missed, they can be supplied by applying at the office.

Such of our friends as have not already subscribed, will be waited upon in a day or two for their names; and as it should be the wish of all, at a crisis like the present, to have the *truth* spread before the people, we hope no friend to it, or the cause of the country, will withhold his support.

The establishment of the new paper in support of Adams seems to have been made the occasion for a political celebration, in Concert Hall, Commerce Street, where John Shoemaker Tyson delivered an address, which was later printed.[2]

Tyson was the son of the Quaker philanthropist, Elisha Tyson, whose life [3] he wrote, but so far departed from the tenets of the Society of Friends as to call himself the

[1] It is not improbable that copies of this *Prospectus* were issued separately before the actual commencement of the paper. But no copy of a broadside or leaflet issue has been located.

[2] Speech delivered by John S. Tyson in Concert Hall, Commerce Street, in the City of Baltimore . . . in ushering in of a new press called *The Marylander*. N. P. n.d. [Baltimore, 1827], 8 vo., 8 pp., copy in L. of C. The speech was also printed in *The Marylander* January 9, 1828.

[3] [John Shoemaker Tyson], Life/of/Elisha Tyson,/the Philanthropist,/By a Citizen of Baltimore:/Baltimore:/Printed by B. Lundy—24, S. Calvert St./—/1825. 12 mo., [8]+142 pp.

"fighting Quaker." According to John Neal, Pinkney at an unknown date acted as Tyson's second in an affair of honor following the giving of the lie by the latter, and subsequent fisticuffs. The duel however never took place.[1] In his speech Tyson confined himself to political generalities and made no mention of the editor of *The Marylander*.

The tone of the paper was conservative, but its opposition to Jackson was determined, and Pinkney's talent for invective was not wasted in a day when rather less courtesy was demanded in the writings of journalists than now. If Pinkney's editorials were characterized by vigor of expression and strong party feeling, it must be said that the poet never sank to the depths of personal abuse found in some contemporary sheets. But these editorials, (and it must be remembered that editorials and news items were not sharply differentiated as to-day, and that there was a decided preponderance of political news), were decidedly ephemeral in character, and dealt with the principal issues of the campaign with monotonous regularity. These old-time struggles are not wholly without interest to-day, but the responsibility of General Jackson for the execution of the six militiamen, his other alleged cruelties and unfitness for civil office, and the refutation of all sorts of charges levelled against the administration of John Quincy Adams, which fill the columns of *The Marylander*, may well be left there, especially since the poet did not sign his work, and may often have merely followed the arguments of others with slight verbal changes. Nevertheless, the occasional articles of lit-

[1] See *The Yankee*, Mar. 5, 1828 (i, 78), for Neal's chaotic and perhaps garbled account, which is the only one discovered.

erary interest which can be traced to Pinkney's pen, have been collected in this edition, less for their merit (Pinkney's style is respectable but somewhat labored) than for the light they throw on the man, and because they include the only surviving specimens of his work as a critic, and a writer of short essays.

In Pinkney's day most of the papers contained a quantity of selected literary matter. *The Marylander* gave its readers less of this than might have been expected, but the selections of poetry especially are interesting as reflecting Pinkney's taste, modified of course by what he thought his readers would like. Among the quotations, prose and verse, may be noted selections from DeQuincey's *Opium Eater*, Edgeworth's *Memoirs*, Scott's *Life of Napoleon* (he indulges in a criticism of *The Chronicles of Canongate*), J. Malcolm on Persia, Thompson on Southern Africa, Barrow's *Travels*, and from that famous literary forgery "Laurence Sterne's" *Koran*, of Richard Griffith. There are also songs from a periodical called *The Etonian*, from Mrs. Hemans, from Hood, from Josiah Conder, two lyrics by George Croly *(Star of Eve* and a *Song)*, a translation by Morrison from the Malay tongue, Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*, and, most interesting of all, that marvellous Caroline lyric, Carew's *Ask Me No More.*

It may not be out of place here to discuss Pinkney's reading, which was extensive and of a broadly varied character. A survey of it must, in the absence of any complete list from the poet's own hand, be in large measure fragmentary and conjectural. But as evidence we have his fairly numerous quotations and allusions, and the extracts preserved in his *Notebook*, as well as the selections

in *The Marylander* just recorded. Of course the problem of secondary sources arises—the poet had access to the third edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to Bayle's *Dictionary* and other compilations; and was a faithful reader of periodicals—at least of the *North American Review*, *The American Quarterly Review*, *The London Magazine*, and the newspapers. He seems however to have known most of the following books at first hand.

Brought up in an Episcopal family, he no doubt knew the Bible fairly well, and in or out of school made the acquaintance of the greater classical authors; Homer (at least in Pope's version), Herodotus, Plutarch, and some philosophers among the Greeks, and among the Romans, Terence, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Livy (whom he quotes in Baker's translation), Suetonius, Pliny Jr. and perhaps the elder Pliny.[1]

Among the great masters of English poetry, we believe he knew Chaucer, at least *The Knight's Tale;* Milton; and Shakespeare, certainly *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Henry IV*, *Macbeth* and *Measure for Measure*. Once he seems to echo Marlowe, once Shirley; he quotes from Fletcher, and in the *Notebook* from Dryden's *Don Sebastian*. Pinkney's acquaintance with the seventeenth century writers to whose work his own is akin, is a matter of conjecture. Beyond the reprint of Carew's lyric mentioned above, no facts can be cited, but probably the source for Carew's poem yielded him other Cavalier poems, some of which should have appealed to his

[1] The editors have occasionally cited as sources, for convenience, authors like Pausanias, perhaps not studied by the poet, whose secondary sources are not traced in all cases.

taste, if we judge of it rightly. But we cannot speak dogmatically.

Of the Eighteenth Century he knew Pope; and Spence's *Anecdotes of Pope* seems to have been a favorite book with him, while he shows considerable knowledge of Swift, and Sterne. From Dr. Johnson's letters he quotes a gloomy passage on the rarity of human happiness; and from Tucker one on the uselessness of learning, save to heal the wounds its acquirement has given. Churchill he evidently admired; as a lawyer he knew his Blackstone; he seems to have read Burns and Cowper, and was familiar with at least one farce by Foote, and Robertson's *History of America.*

Most of the contemporaries from whom he quoted have been listed from *The Marylander*, but his devotion is apparent to Byron, to Wordsworth, to Scott, and in lesser degree to Tom Moore. Coleridge he admired—he echoes *The Ancient Mariner*, a clipping of *Youth and Age* is preserved in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*, and in the *Notebook* are clippings of extracts from a review of *Remorse.* He read the then obscure Shelley, Mrs. Shelley's novels, and Beckford's magnificent *Vathek.* And two Americans, Neal and Halleck were certainly known to him.

The poet knew French and quotes in the *Notebook* from Furet de Londres, De Levis, Madame du Deffaud, and under the heading "An amusing fact" gives a paragraph from Niebuhr's *Description of Arabia* as cited by Buckingham. For works of travel he had an evident fondness indeed, and seems to have been familiar with Parry's *Voyage* to the Arctic, Pallas's and perhaps Lyall's travels in Russia, and Elphinstone's *Caubul* as well as Barrow on Cochin-China. And his taste for the curious

led him to preserve a clipping of "a record of an eclipse" from the *Shee-King* in Chinese, in his *Notebook*.[1]

He also seems to have been interested in stories of alchemy, and refers several times to legends of alchemists and their art.[2]

In *The Marylander* Pinkney published no original poetical contributions save his own. In one issue he printed the following note: "We are sorry to be under the necessity of declining to publish the verses of R. D., as well as those of other poetical contributors. In doing so, we can do them no disservice." [3] To fill space also, he occasionally included select paragraphs from his commonplace book, including a very few pithy notes of his own composition, which are now collected. But most important of all, the paper gave Pinkney an opportunity to publish four of his poems, and secured him a position of influence.

For recognition was coming to the poet. The New York *Mirror*, the most respected vehicle of light literature in the country, then presided over by the genial song-writer, General George P. Morris, had already reprinted two of Pinkney's 1825 poems in its columns.[4] And now the staff of the *Mirror* sent Pinkney a letter informing him, "that a number of the admirers of American genius, had resolved to publish engraved likenesses

[1] We have made up this list from the *Notebook*, *The Marylander*, and quotations and *clear* allusions in the poet's writings. All writers of whom we feel sure are named, but many more cannot be traced. Melton, *South Atlantic Quarterly*, xi, 333, suggests he knew Petrarch—of whom there certainly were accessible versions in English.

[2] *See* our notes to *The Voyager's Song* l. 4; *Lines from the Port-folio of H.*, I, 26; *Rodolph*, I, 37 (Böttcher was interested in the philosopher's stone), 169, 179; *Cornelius Agrippa*, etc.

[3] *The Marylander* Jan. 12, 1828, Vol. 1, No. 12, p. 2. "R. D." was probably Rufus Dawes, then beginning his literary career in Baltimore.

[4] *A Health*, July 15, 1826; *Song* "Those Starry Eyes," Apr. 28, 1827.

accompanied with biographical sketches of the five greatest poets of this country, and requested that, as they considered him of that number, he would suffer his miniature to be taken." [1]

Pinkney acceded to the request, and when, on January 26, 1828, the plate was issued with the *Mirror*, there were portraits of *nine* poets, including the author of *A Health*.[2] The plate was inscribed, "Eminent Living American Poets. Copies from Original Portraits; taken expressly for the New York Mirror, and Ladies' Literary Gazette. Designed, heads drawn from original portraits and engraved by James Eddy, Boston. Printed by Wm. D. Smith, N. Y." An accompanying advertisement stated that, "A few proof impressions on fine India paper," were for sale at a dollar each. The original miniature became the property of the editor of the *Mirror*, who in May lent it to the American Academy of Fine Arts, where it was No. 2 in their third annual exhibition. In his magazine it was noted:—"As a painting it possesses no very particular value, [but] it is allowed by all who were acquainted with its lamented subject, to be a faithful and striking resemblance of his features. The name of the artist is not known." [3] Widespread inquiries have brought to light no further information about the original miniature, or the artist, but from Eddy's engraving our frontispiece is copied, and may be assumed to be a fair likeness, especially as it shows a marked resemblance to the portraits

[1] *The Marylander* obituary is quoted exactly, as it seems to paraphrase the letter, not now known to survive.

[2] N. Y. *Mirror,* January 26, 1828, Vol. V, No. 29. The other poets were Halleck, Bryant, Sprague, Percival, J. G. Brooks, Pierpont, Woodworth, and Washington Irving.

[3] N. Y. *Mirror,* May 31, 1828, Vol. V, p. 374.

of the poet's father. It also accords well with the pen picture drawn by the writer of *The Marylander* obituary (given in part above) and with the words of Frederick W. Thomas in later years. Thomas, best known as the friend of Poe, and in the late twenties an acquaintance of Poe's brother in Baltimore, wrote Griswold, "I knew [Pinkney] slightly. He was a very handsome man, punctilious to a fault, wayward and Byronic, chivalrous and enthusiastic." [1]

The accompanying sketch was by William Leggett, who had been, like Pinkney, a midshipman in the navy before turning to literature. While enthusiastic enough in praise of the poet, the sketch was very slight, and indeed a good story of the composition of all nine notices is told by General James Grant Wilson.[2] Leggett, on being requested to write the sketches by General Morris, consented readily, "if Morris would supply him with the facts." "Damn the facts," said Morris; "write the lives and omit the facts." In all fairness it must be added that after Pinkney's death, Leggett on the basis of the *Marylander* obituary, and some verbal information, revised his sketch and printed it in *The Critic*, New York, January 31, 1829,[3] in a very correct form.

In December, 1827, Pinkney printed two of his songs

[1] MS., Thomas to R. W. Griswold, Washington, Sep. 23, 1841, in Boston Public Library. *See* also *Passages from the Correspondence of R. W. Griswold,* Cambridge, 1893, pp. 66 and 97.

[2] *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck,* N. Y., 1869, p. 330. The article was accompanied in the *Mirror* by a reprint of *A Picture Song.* Leggett's unrevised sketch was reprinted in the 1844 edition of Pinkney's *Poems.* The *Mirror* sketches seem to have been copied in the newspapers of the day, *e.g., The Merchant's Telegraph,* N. Y., Jan. 26, 1828.

[3] Vol. i, No. XIV, p. 219f. We are indebted to Dr. N. F. Adkins of Yale for pointing out this article.

in *The Marylander*, and seems to have written the *Carrier's Address* to be distributed on New Year's day to the patrons of the paper in the form of a broadside, the fifth separate publication of the poet. Many famous men (including Longfellow and Whittier) have written copies of verses to be used by the boys who carried newspapers as reminders of the expected holiday gratuity from subscribers, but few have been more successful than Pinkney. Wisely he chose not to write, as was usual, in the person of the messenger; though his choice of meter was the conventional heroic couplet. The poem begins and ends as we might expect, with wishes of good fortune; but, mentioning the future, the poet alludes to the witch of Endor and to unhappy prophecies, hinting vaguely, in a passage of great gallantry mingled with hidden pathos, at his own belief that he was soon to die. The poem was again printed in *The Marylander* of January 5th and is now at length collected.[1]

If Pinkney was conscious that he could not live long, he kept his feelings to himself, and entered heart and soul into the campaign, which led him into yet one more affair of honor, his last.[2]

One of the leading organs of the Jackson party was *The Philadelphia Mercury*, edited by Stephen Simpson,

[1] *See* Bibliography, No. 5.

[2] In passing we may note that in *The Marylander* for Feb. 6, 1828 (No. 19), is the following reference to a duel:

Baltimore, Feb. 5th, 1828.

The undersigned, having heard a report which they believe to have been widely circulated, that Dr. Isaac Cole was in some degree the cause of a late fatal duel, consider it an act of justice to say, that at his request, they have carefully examined into the particulars of the transaction, and find reason to acquit him of all blame with regard to it. *Henry Pinkney, John P. Kennedy, J. J. Nicholson, G. L. Dulany, Edward C. Pinkney.*

who had been previously a Baltimorean, and is said to have been the real publisher of *Randolph*.[1] Between this paper and *The Marylander* there was naturally little sympathy, and as early as December 26, 1827,[2] we find in Pinkney's columns a denunciation of Simpson for wishing to ruin the country. Pinkney's references were always free from everything offensive; he had a gift for what may be called courteous severity, but his opponent, setting out to attack a rival, did so with little regard for truth and courtesy, though with a degree of violence no greater than was common at the time, and pretty surely without real thought of personal malice. However, in *The Marylander* of February 9, appeared the following:[3]

We reprint from the Bond of Union,[4] published at Bellair, Md., the following article characterising our paper and us. Its vulgar and insolent abuse we can afford for *the present* to pass over; nor shall we notice the wretched style in which it is written. It is now our sole object to contradict almost every one of the statements of fact made therein. Mark how plain a tale shall put them down.[5] Read it in our Notes upon the piece.

THE MARYLANDER

Under this outrageous misnomer (for how can he be a Marylander who is not a patriot) a paper devoted to the Hartford Convention Candidate, as John Binns[6] in 1824 called him, the Tory

[1] John Neal, *Wandering Recollections*, pp. 229, 236. The paper was a weekly, published at 99 South Second Street. There are partial files in the Library of Congress and in the N. Y. Historical Society.

[2] *Marylander*, Vol. I, No. 7, p. 3.

[3] *Marylander*, I, No. 20, p. 3.

[4] *The Bond of Union* has not been located, but is noted as printed at Belle Air (at present Bel Air), in contemporary notices, Mr. Clarence S. Brigham informs us.

[5] "Mark," etc.; Pinkney is quoting. *See* Shakespeare *I, Henry IV*, II, iv, 281.

[6] John Binns (1772-1860), an Irishman, and one of the leading Democratic journalists of Philadelphia, opposed the election of Jackson in his

candidate, has recently issued in Baltimore. It is edited with ability, but deformed by principles that an American revolts at; whose touch leaves a stigma on all who advocates his cause; at the expense of truth, morality and freedom; blindly devoted to the usurpation, and zealously engaged in sustaining the slanders, forgeries and infamies of Binns, it presents a prostitution of talents that every friend to his country must deplore. (1) *Bitter in its spirit, malignant in its temper, proscriptive in its course, it searches into every crook and corner of the unbounded field of calumny and falsehood.* Thousands of the impressions of this nefarious sheet are daily scattered over the country, but chiefly circulated thro' Maryland and Delaware; free of cost to those who receive them, *and no doubt at the expense of the contingent and money of the people.* (2) We have this fact from a respectable citizen of Delaware, and in a shape every way unexceptionable. Even the *mail* bears these papers free of postage, (3) and every farmer's home is violated by a daring intrusion of treasonable and vile slanders against the best men of the country, and the noblest cause that was ever consecrated by liberty to redeem the prescribed rights of the people. It is for them to ponder on this flagrant infraction of their liberties—it is for them to *correct such procedure.*

Philadelphia Mercury [1]

(1) It is untrue that we have ever published any of Mr. Binns' forgeries, if such there were.

(2) It is true that thousands of our sheets are circulated through Maryland and other states; but it is not generally true that they are circulated "free of cost to those who receive them." Many of them, however, are certainly distributed gratuitously. It is wholly false that *The Marylander* derives support or assistance from the "*contingent*," or any other public fund. It is circulated entirely at the expense of its proprietors and subscribers. With respect to Delaware, we send there but two papers, exclusive of those exchanged with the editors of other journals; and those two

Democratic Press in 1828, though he had opposed Adams in 1824. Binns' *Recollections,* Phila., 1854, tell nothing of Pinkney.

[1] This appeared in the *Mercury,* January 19, 1828, Vol. I, No. 17, p. 67.

are sent to subscribers. So much for the respectable citizen of Delaware.

(3) The mail does no such thing.

We will now take our leave for awhile both of the article and its author, promising to speak more, ere long, of the latter. Our reason for not doing so now, and for treating the gentleman so courteously, shall be made known to our friends hereafter.

Pinkney lost no time in journeying to Philadelphia, and the next incident in this quarrel may best be told in the words of Simpson,[1] slightly abridged and modified in the light of all the evidence now accessible:

"Sitting in my publication office on the morning of the 19th of February a young man of cadaverous complexion, and pallid lip, apparently of the age of five and twenty, with a bludgeon in his hand, and attired in a dark grey [2] frock coat, entered and enquired 'if Mr. Simpson was within.' I answered—'Yes, my name is Simpson—be seated, sir.' 'My name,' said the intruder, 'is Edward C. Pinkney, editor of *The Marylander*—I am compelled to introduce myself. You have insulted me—the object of my visit is simply to know, whether you will *fight me*.' To this I replied—'I cannot charge myself with having insulted any man—nor am I prepared to answer your question. If you have a friend in the city I will cheerfully see him.' 'I think you have insulted me—I am the only judge of that—and I never suffer insult without *satisfaction*. I allow no friend to interfere with me in such

[1] Simpson published a long statement *To the Public* dated February 19, 1828, in *The Philadelphia Gazette* of the 20th (?), which was copied in the *United States Gazette*, on Feb. 21. We have cut out some of Simpson's verbiage, but his grammar (!) is preserved. What he attempts to say by innuendo is omitted; there are in the original two or three sentences cleverly framed to suggest what the writer dared not say. Of course, Simpson cannot be blamed for being terrified, but he can hardly have been so bold as he tries to make out. The conversation is recorded without change.

[2] Simpson says drab, but John Binns in *The Democratic Press*, Phila., March 11, tells us that Pinkney himself said the coat was dark grey and that Simpson was too terrified to know what color it was.

affairs.[1] I come to know whether you will fight me or not.' 'I should like to see *your friend*, Mr. Pinkney, if you can refer me to one—I cannot answer your question. You have placed yourself very suddenly in opposition to me, which I cannot realize. As an editor,'—He here interrupted me by the remark, that 'he was only an editor for a temporary purpose—that he never came into the usages of editors—and intended to make every thing said of him or his paper, a *personal affair*.' I replied, 'I cannot answer you without consulting my friends.' 'Sir, *you must* answer me—I shall not leave you till you say you will *fight* me.' 'Mr. Pinkney, that man does not live upon earth, who ever received an answer from me on compulsion—I never answer to *must!*"

(Here our knight of the quill carefully explains his confidence that no professed duelist would *extort* his consent, and can find no terms harsh enough to apply to Pinkney for "calling his bluff." Afterwards Simpson returns to his narrative.)

Mr. Pinkney continued—'You have the character of a man of courage [2]—*I should prefer that you would fight*—and you must answer me.' I still continued to decline. He continued, 'You *must* also give me your pledge as a man of honour, not to resort to the law in the dispute between us.' To this requisition, I still opposed a negative, and requested him to procure a friend to wait on me. He then said—'I have come on here for the sole purpose of getting satisfaction—and mean to have it before I leave the room.'—'Then, Mr. Pinkney, we shall both remain longer here, than will be agreeable to either of us.' He answered, 'I shall not remain long.'—He then arose, I did the same. 'Is it your intention to resort to club law?'—I inquired. He said—'No—I deem that the weapon of blackguards.' [3] He then drew from his

[1] Simpson's report is probably inaccurate here, and one suspects he refused to apologize. It is only fair to say Simpson did not regard editorials as personal.

[2] Simpson was a veteran of the war of 1812.

[3] He afterwards in the street raised his bludgeon at Henry Simpson, who was unarmed and defenceless!! (Simpson's note.)

Courtesy of Miss Harriet P. Marine

ONE OF PINKNEY'S PISTOLS

pantaloon pockets a brace of Pistols,[1] crossed them on his hands, in front of my breast, and said, 'Either promise to *fight me*, or I will compel you to defend yourself—take one of these pistols—we will fire at the length of the room, and soon settle the business.'

Simpson relates at some length how he uttered the exclamation, 'most extraordinary,' and describes in great detail just *why* he said, 'Mr. Pinkney, I will meet you, *under these circumstances*.' 'My friend,' said he, 'is Mr. Chew. He will wait upon you. And now, sir, your pledge that you will not resort to the Law.' . . . 'This pledge I wrote.' "

Simpson claimed that he wrote with the muzzle of Pinkney's pistol pointed at his head, but as the poet denied [2] this specifically there is no reason to doubt that Simpson, who was terrified, merely imagined that part of the story. It is to be noticed that Simpson never offered *to apologize* for his conduct, which was certainly unbecoming, and despite his remarks on his danger, there is no more reason to believe he was in danger of assassination than was John Neal. But to the sequel, in Simpson's words, in part,

"It will be observed, that to avoid assassination, I agreed to receive a challenge—but had not concluded to accept it.[3] . . . That was a point . . . which circumstances to me unknown, and astonishing, he prevented me from discussing. Some of my friends, to whom I had imparted the outrage and the challenge, actuated more by their zeal and friendship, than sound discretion, or a true regard for my honor and reputation, conveyed the in-

[1] Pinkney's pistols are now owned by Miss Harriet P. Marine of Baltimore. She received them from her father, the late Hon. William M. Marine, to whom they were given by the poet's brother Frederick. The pistols are marked one, I. BOLTON & CO. LONDON, R. H., the other H. NOCK LONDON. One is illustrated.

[2] See John Binns' article, *Democratic Press*, March 11, 1828.

[3] John Neal in *The Yankee*, Boston and Portland, March 5, 1828 (Vol. i, pp. 78-79), points out the discrepancy between this and Simpson's own words above, in an article on this extraordinary affair.

formation to Henry Simpson, my brother, who . . . resorted to the *civil authority*."

Simpson offers to produce affidavits that this was without his knowledge or consent, and there is no reason to doubt that he intended to decline Pinkney's challenge, which was a very sensible way out of his trouble; although it does not seem to have occurred to him—at least he says nothing of it in his statement, that a simple withdrawal of the *personalities* in his article might have given Pinkney satisfaction, and preserved Simpson's "reputation unsoiled and untarnished," as he protests he wished it to be, especially since he says he did not "aspire to the character of a *Duelist*."

Resort to the civil authority resulted in the issue by the Mayor at half-past one o'clock on the 19th, upon the information of Henry Simpson, of warrants[1] against Pinkney and Stephen Simpson. The parties were arrested by Constable Kennedy, and at half-past three o'clock the Mayor held the two hostile editors in $2000 each, conditioned that they keep the peace towards each other, and to all the citizens of the Commonwealth, until the end of the next Mayor's Court, one surety each in the same sum for compliance with the conditions of their recognizances.

After his return to Baltimore, Pinkney sent the following communication to two of the Philadelphia papers:—

A CARD—Those of the public who may have lent any attention to some very scurrilous statements made by Mr. Stephen Simpson, Editor of the *Philadelphia Mercury*, respecting me, and a recent interview between him and myself, are requested to suspend, for a time, whatever opinions, to my prejudice, it may be possible to found thereon.

[1] Phila. *U. S. Gazette*, February 20, 1828, "Editorial Movements."

I will only add, for the present, that I am under a heavy recognizance to appear at the next Mayor's Court to be held in Philadelphia, *if need be*, and in the mean time to keep the peace, etc.[1]

Respectfully,

Baltimore, Feb. 27, 1828. Edward C. Pinkney.

A little later, in *The Marylander* of March 12, the poet copied an attack by the Washington editor, Duff Green, and replied to it in particular and his critics in general, as follows.

From the U. S. Telegraph[2]

"THE FRIENDS OF GOOD ORDER."

"Such is the title by which the friends of the elder and the younger Adams call *themselves*. Among other papers established to write the people into a support of the "*good order*" dy-*nasty*, is *The Marylander*. This paper, it is said, is supported by a fund contributed for the purpose, and distributed gratis—(*dog cheap*). As it was to support "good order," the editor selected was said to be remarkable for *fighting*, as well as writing powers. He had not been long at sea, before he fell in with our fellow labourer, Mr. Stephen Simpson, of the *Philadelphia Mercury*, who gave the fighting friend of "good order" a small *simsoniad*.

"The nerves of Pinkney thereupon immediately became excited to such a degree, that, after taking several weeks to deliberate, he took passage for Philadelphia, and the first salutation which Mr. Stephen Simpson received, was a pistol at his head. Under such vile durance he made a kind of promise to meet the good orderly gentleman after the fashion of gentlemen, from which he was prevented by the interposition of the police. Mr. Pinkney has appealed to the public to suspend their opinion, to which polite request our friend of the *New York Enquirer* says, "how long

[1] *The Democratic Press,* February 29, Vol. XXI, No. 7424; and see also *U. S. Gazette* of the same date (Vol. lxvi, No. 9954), where the card is dated February 26.

[2] *U. S. Telegraph,* March 10, 1828.

Mr. Pinkney?"[1] We suppose Mr. Pinkney would say, "to some future period more propitious than the present to calm and dispassionate consideration, and when there can be no misinterpretation of motives."

It is by no means my intention to be forced by such as Mr. Green, into a violation of my recognizance respecting Mr. Simpson. I shall, at a proper time, lay before the readers of *The Marylander*, and such others of the public as may feel an interest in the matter, an account of the interview between Mr. Simpson and myself. In the mean time, it will be well for Mr. Green to publish (as of his own knowledge) as few falsehoods as may consist with his character. I shall only add, that in several parts of the foregoing piece, he lies deeply, as he has often lied before.

E. C. PINKNEY.

Later echoes of the battle were few. Simpson, on the basis of the publication of Pinkney's card in *The Democratic Press*, charged its Editor, John Binns, with defending assassination. This brought forth from Binns the statement we have quoted, as to Simpson's terror, and the poet's denial that he had *threatened* that worthy with a pistol.[2] Binns claimed that he had not written editorially on the matter, since he could say nothing to the credit of his fellow townsman, Simpson. John Neal, in his *Wandering Recollections* gave a reference to an article of his in *The Yankee*, but no recent biographer has mentioned the quarrel. The rashness of Pinkney's action is undeniable, but the provocation was very great, and certainly Simpson showed himself neither very wise nor very brave.

And so Pinkney was once more prevented from engaging in a duel, for despite so many attempts, it is not cer-

[1] *N. Y. Enquirer*, March 3, 1828; the editor was Mordecai M. Noah, the celebrated Jewish journalist, at one time Sheriff.

[2] *Democratic Press* March 11, replying to the *Mercury* of the 8th.

tain that he ever fought one.[1] Poor fellow! he was already dying, but his courage and intellect seem to have remained unimpaired in his weakened body to the very end. Within a fortnight of his death, he addressed to the Postmaster General a vigorous letter, protesting against some political smallness on the part of a local postmaster, which gives a curious picture of some of the difficulties encountered by old time editors, and may be given in full, as published in *The Marylander*, March 29, 1828:

To the Honble. John McLean,
Post Master General, Washington.

Sir: It never has been our wish, unnecessarily, to place our grievances before the public, or to claim for them the attention of those in office; but when an injury has been done to us in our business, which also, in its consequences, affects the rights and convenience of others, we feel that it is our duty to appeal to the proper authority for redress; and influenced by a desire to end what we conceive to be an abuse of power, we proceed to lay before you the following case.

On the *fifth* of *February*, 1828, we received the following letter, dated

Ranall's Town, 4th Feb. 1828.

Sir, I am requested by Mr. Eli Little to Inform you he will not receive or pay postage of *The Marylander*, indeed all the papers received at this office is still in it with the exception of Colo. Crook's. Shall I return them to you on your postage up and down, a Hickory broom suits the people best here—

Your obt. st.
Thos. Sweeting, P.M.

On the receipt of this letter, presuming that Mr. Sweeting had communicated the truth, we discontinued five out of six papers

[1] The evidence for a duel in Mexico is unconvincing, and Neal's statements, in the *Yankee* and *Wandering Recollections,* probably are general, and refer to the attempted duels only.

that we had previously been in the habit of sending to the office of which he is post-master. In a very few days we were convinced that it was Mr. Sweeting, and not our subscribers who wished our paper stopped, as we received messages from three of them, inquiring into the cause of the non-receipt of *The Marylander*. Convinced at once that we had been deceived and injured by one, whose official station should have been a guarantee of his pursuit of a course of fairness towards us, we set an investigation on foot, which has resulted in convicting Mr. Sweeting of preventing the circulation of our paper. In proof of these facts, we beg leave to annex the following letter and certificates.

Baltimore County, Feb. 20, 1828.

Messrs. Editors—

In compliance with your request, have called on Mr. Lilly and Mr. Green, who assert that they *have paid and will continue to pay* the postage of their papers. Expect to see Col. Jessop and Col. Timanus in a few days, but will vouch for the payment of their's.

Your obd't serv't,
ROBERT WARD.

Randall's Town, Baltimore County, March 7, 1828.

We do hereby certify, that we *did not* refuse to take *The Marylander* out of the Post Office at this place, and that we did not refuse to pay the postage thereon.

Robert Ward, John Green, Abraham Jessop, George Timanus.

Freedom, Baltimore County, March 7, 1828.

I do hereby certify that I heard Thomas Sweeting, (Post Master, Randle's Town), curse *The Marylander*, repeatedly, and said there was not more than one or two persons that was willing to take it out of the office.

WARREN S. LITTLE.

It will appear obvious to you, that if Post Masters are permitted with impunity to abuse the confidence reposed in them, in

so gross a manner as this, that the benefits and convenience intended to be conferred upon the public by the mail establishment, may in times of political excitement, be converted into purposes the opposite of those originally contemplated by the promoters of the law. Having thus briefly stated the case, we beg leave to ask your attention to it, and to suggest, whether the continuance of a person in office who has acted with such marked impropriety as Mr. Sweeting has, is consistent with that purity of conduct which should characterize the agents of a Republican Government. With Mr. Sweeting's predilections for General Jackson we have nothing to do; as an American freeman, he has a right to enjoy his own opinion of the fitness of individuals for office—but while we concede that right to him, we feel that we should be culpable in the extreme, did we permit him to entrench on what we know to be our own.

Respectfully, etc.
EDWARD P. ROBERTS,
Publisher, and
EDWARD C. PINKNEY,
Editor of The Marylander.

P. S. The letter and certificates above, are copied *litteratim*, from the originals in our possession.

But, as we learn from the poet's obituary, his health became so precarious that he must have gradually transferred the conduct of the paper to other hands. In the issue of March 12th appeared his last poem, *The Beauty, a Fragment*, a lovely picture of a fair and good woman, fragmentary in form (ending in an imperfect stanza) but complete in content; a pure lyric, wholly without element of story or even any apparent movement of thought save as around the theme as a center. The poem is worthy of its author, and his subject—Georgiana—but there is in it a weariness that seems to proclaim that as the poet finishes these verses, "the pen falls powerless from his shivering hand." A few days more he conducted his

paper. The *Scraps*, as he called the extracts from his commonplace book, continued, the last appearing April 2, while on April 5 appeared a letter addressed to him as editor, without comment.[1] But then he seems to have retired to his home, and his family and friends were made sharers of the secret of his condition. "He bore with fortitude the violence of his disorder. He died with more than courage, with more than resignation—he died with acquiescence in the will of Heaven.[2] The light of his mind was unclouded as it sunk in the night of death—indeed it seemed to burn brighter as it descended—he looked upon the king of terrors with a clear and steady eye—begged his weeping relatives 'not to mourn his loss, for his death was a blessing,'—and then without a sigh or a struggle, paid the great debt of nature." [3]

Thus on the night of Friday, April 11th, 1828, at ten minutes past ten, he died aged less than twenty-six. In a few years he had lived a life of constant activity, suffering much, accomplishing much, and laying a secure basis of his future fame. He had acted the part of an officer and a gentleman, "worthy of his illustrious father" [4] and of the country in whose service he spent so much of his brief life.

[1] This letter which is obscure reads, "Communication. Mr. Pinkney—Sir: I beg leave through your columns to state, that the assertion of the *Baltimore Republican* of yesterday, that Mr. Lawson Newman is connected with Col. Stewart, is an infamous lie; there is no connection whatever between them, so that the insinuation is as base and unfounded as the heart of him who penned the article, is malignant and unprincipled. R."

[2] Pinkney's symptoms are thus described in the obituary "An affection of the liver—the disorganization of all his digestive powers, acting for a long time upon a most sensitive and irritable frame, wore down at last his nervous system and threw him upon the bed of death."

[3] *The Marylander* obituary.

[4] The epitaph suggested in *The Marylander* obituary.

He was buried in the Unitarian Cemetery, the funeral services being conducted by the Rev. William Ware of New York; and there he rested until April, 1872, when his remains were transfered to the William Pinkney burial plot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.[1]

Pinkney's death called forth many warm tributes to his memory. The resolutions adopted at a meeting of the "voters of the 12th Ward, friendly to the present National Administration," Monday evening April 14, signed by Phineas Jarvis, Chairman, and George R. Warner, Secretary, and published in *The Marylander* of the 16th, as well as those of the General Committee of the Friends of the National Administration, adopted at a meeting in Franklin Hall, on Wednesday April 16, and published in *The Marylander* on the 19th might have been expected. And the long four column obituary which appeared in the poet's own paper (which, by the way, continued until after Adams was defeated by Jackson) need not surprise us, unless by the careful accuracy with which it is composed.[2] But Pinkney had more than a local or partisan tribute of praise. In *The Merchant's Telegraph*[3] of New York, also on April 16, there appeared a notice, evidently from the pen of the editor, John I. Mumford. Mumford not only reveals a genuine admiration for Pink-

[1] Boyle, *Biog. Sketches,* p. 232. The cemetery records confirm this. On Dec. 31, 1923, one of the editors, in company with Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs, visited Lot 42, Area D in Greenmount Cemetery to view the grave of Edward Pinkney. Headstones were found standing for Wm. Pinkney, his father; Ann M. Pinkney, his mother; and for a sister, but no monument marks the poet's grave. May one soon be erected!!

[2] *The Marylander* April 16, 1828. The notice was reprinted, according to Melton (*South Atlantic Quarterly* xi, 330) in the *Baltimore American,* April 17; and it is given in part in the N. Y. *Mirror,* April 26.

[3] Vol. i, No. 72.

ney's work, but seems to have had some first-hand knowledge of the poet. Pinkney's former enemies, Neal [1] and Simpson,[2] spoke well of his talents; the New York *Mirror* of April 19 said, "as a poet, Mr. Pinkney ranked amongst the first of the sons of song that America can boast—as a scholar few surpassed him—as a man he was loved and respected by all who knew his genius and his worth," and this was copied by a paper in Montreal, Canada.[3] The New York *Morning Courier* paid Pinkney a tribute which was copied in *The Mirror* of June 27.[4] Col. William L. Stone, editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, however, gave what is perhaps the most just notice of the poet. He wrote, "We record with regret the death of one of the first poets in the country . . . he has left some remains, which will last as long as the language, and are inferior, in their kind, to none of the most inspired effusions of contemporary genius. Without disrespect to those who have gone before him, we believe he is the first American poet of whom this can be said with perfect truth." [5] These sentences deserve the careful consideration of every historian of American literature, and every lover of poetry, and with them we may conclude our account of the obituaries of our poet.

At least two copies of verses were written in memory of Pinkney; one, a rather fine poem, preserved in manuscript in the Album and signed by W. A. M. [uhlenberg] does not seem to have been printed until N. C. Brooks

[1] *Yankee,* April 23, 1828, vol. I, no. 17, p. 134; even before Pinkney's death Neal praised *A Picture Song* in the *Yankee* of February 6, 1828.

[2] *Phila. Mercury,* April 19, 1828.

[3] Clipping in the *Album* with Mrs. Pinkney's note.

[4] *Morning Courier,* April 15, 1828, Vol. 1, No. 295, p. 2, probably from the pen of the poet James G. Brooks; *N. Y. Mirror,* June 27, 1828.

[5] N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser,* April 16, 1828.

included it in his annual, *The Amethyst*, Baltimore, 1831;[1] the other, a slight production signed "Rascrea" appeared first in the *Boston Sentinel*. Both poems have been reprinted in an Appendix to this volume, since they are practically inaccessible elsewhere.

During the year of Pinkney's death, two or three more of his poems were printed. Rufus Dawes inserted in *The Emerald* an *Ode*, and the verses called *Melancholy's Curse of Feasts;* and an early production called *The Grave* probably first saw the light about this time, though this last may have been in print before the poet's death. But, if we except two or three reproductions of early manuscript versions of poems previously published in revised form by Pinkney, nothing else new of his seems to have appeared until the present time.

Samuel Kettell included four of Pinkney's poems in his *Specimens of American Poetry*,[2] and from that time on, few anthologies of American verse have appeared without some selection from his writings, though scarcely as many of his poems have been selected as their merits would warrant. On February 21, 1835, the *London Athenaeum* noticed Pinkney as having composed some of the prettiest of American poems.[3]

In 1838 a new edition of the *Poems*[4] was issued

[1] *The Amethyst,* Baltimore, 1831, pp. 81-84. The MS. is not in Muhlenberg's hand.

[2] *Specimens,* Boston, 1829, vol. iii, 82 f; Cheever, *Commonplace Book of American Poetry,* 1831, often reprinted, includes only the didactic *Evergreens.*

[3] *Athenaeum,* No. 382, p. 149; article on *American Literature in the 19th Century.* In the same year Victor Chasles mentioned the poet in a survey *De la littérature dans l'Amérique du nord* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* IV, 3 Ser. p. 169.

[4] See Bibliography No. 6.

at Baltimore by Joseph Robinson who said it was printed from a copy of the 1825 volume corrected by the author; but no verbal corrections appear, although a number of bad misprints are introduced, and it seems certain that Pinkney's corrections, if such there were, were confined to spelling, punctuation, and misprints. The only notable change is the modernization of a few obsolete spellings, and while using the 1825 volume as the most certain basis for the present edition, this modernization has been retained by the present editors.[1]

In 1841, Rufus Wilmot Griswold (later Poe's literary executor) was preparing his monumental work, *The Poets and Poetry of America*, which he published the next year. Through Poe he seems to have been put in touch with F. W. Thomas,[2] whom he wished to have write the article on Pinkney, but for some reason, although Thomas agreed to produce the sketch of one whom he said he had "always considered the most original of our poets," the scheme fell through, and Griswold himself wrote the notice.[3] This is moderately long and in the main accurate, while the selection of poems is extensive and judicious. Although Griswold's criticism was by no means wholly favorable, he nevertheless thought seriously of editing a new and complete

[1] The editors have modernized the spelling of *musick,* and *Stoicks,* since Pinkney's 1825 volume also contains *magic* and *music; chrystal, unrol,* and *recal* while intentional are somewhat unsightly and have been modernized, the present note serving the need of the scholar; the *u* of such words as honor is omitted, since the use is not uniform in the poet's MS., but Afghaun is retained. *Twighlight* is modernized.

[2] Thomas to Griswold, June 8 and Sept. 23, 1841. See *Passages from the Correspondence of R. W. Griswold,* Cambridge, 1893, pp. 66 and 97.

[3] R. W. Griswold, *Poets and Poetry of America,* 1st ed., Phila., 1842, p. 231 f.

edition of Pinkney, as the following letter,[1] now first published, shows.

Wilmington [Del.] Oct. 17, 1842.

Dear Sir: I am authorized by Mrs. Pinkney to answer a letter written by you on the subject of publishing the poems of her late husband. She would feel much obliged if you would communicate with the publishers you mention in reference to the matter and let her know the result. The greater part of these poems have already been published but the edition was a small one and has been completely exhausted. Those which have not yet been made public are for the most part mere fragments. The whole together would make but a very small volume, not more than one hundred pages, thirty lines to a page. You express a willingness to prepare a memoir of the poet; for your kind offer she bids me return her sincere thanks, and assure you that materials will be readily furnished. Should a publication of the poems be determined on she will send one or two poems for Graham's Mag[azine]. In conclusion she returns her sincere thanks for the interest manifested by you, who, though personally an entire stranger was yet well known through his efforts on behalf of the Poets of America.

P. S. JOHNSON.

Rufus W. Griswold,
Philadelphia, Pa.

This letter is important from several points of view. First of all it tells us, what a clipping in her *Album* confirms, that Georgiana, who remained true to the memory of her "poet-husband" as she called him,[2] after his death lived for several years in Wilmington. Secondly, it shows the interest Griswold took in the poet. Finally, it gives us an estimate of the extent of Pinkney's poetical remains from which we may calculate how

[1] MS., Griswold Collection, Boston Public Library. P. Sheward Johnson, an attorney is listed in Wilmington directories of 1845 and 1853—as a justice of the peace living at 129 Market St. in the former.

[2] Boyle, l. c. p. 232.

fully they have been recovered in the present edition. Happily we may base upon it the assumption that very little, if anything, has been lost, since we may assume that she took as her standard a copy of the 1825 edition. That edition, containing 1280 lines of verse, occupies "76" pages, and if our collection, which includes 1750 lines, were printed in the same style, it would fill about one hundred pages. The two chief manuscript sources now known to exist were doubtless in her possession at the time; they are first of all a large quarto blank-book, called *Notebook No. II*,[1] and second, Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*. The former contains a few mathematical notes giving the "horary angles" for horizontal and vertical sun dials to be set up in Baltimore. Of more literary character are a few extracts, some copied in manuscript, others actually cut from periodicals, and finally several original compositions in prose and verse, the latter in many cases on separate sheets of paper inserted between the leaves. Most of this material belongs pretty surely to the poet's later years. A few items have been removed; one short poem has been cut out and transferred to the *Album*,[2] by Mrs. Pinkney.[3] The *Album* is a

[1] The *Notebook* is now preserved in the Library of Yale University, where it forms part of the magnificent collection of American literary books and manuscripts formed by the late Owen Franklin Aldis, who presented this volume in 1911. It contains the broadside *Carrier's Address*. There must have been a "Notebook No. I" at some time; we know it contained a list of *Plagiarisms*, which was continued in No. II. Perhaps it was used for copy when the 1825 edition was published, since Notebook No. II contains nothing printed therein—and perhaps the leaves from a smaller book, now inserted in Notebook No. II are indeed pages of the older volume.

[2] See notes on *Self Esteem*, the MS. of which fits into a lacuna in the *Notebook*.

[3] The *Album* seems to have been passed from Mrs. Pinkney to the well known Brantz Mayer, and was inherited by his granddaughter,

beautifully bound quarto notebook, and contains in addition to some of Pinkney's poems a good many tributary verses to Mrs. Pinkney (and to her husband's memory) from others, together with a number of inserted clippings, pictures, etc., mostly relating to the poet, and a few scraps of the poet's manuscript evidently gathered from other sources, including the *Notebook*. Both of these volumes give evidence in the shape of lacunæ, and traces of wax fastenings, of having at one time contained a few more items, but considering that certain of them have been transferred from one volume to the other, that at least three specimens of manuscript are preserved elsewhere,[1] and that two poems were printed in 1828 from manuscripts which are not now known to exist, it does not seem likely that much is lost. In the present edition all of this manuscript material (except the extracts) is reproduced. There can be no doubt that Pinkney would himself have presented most of these poems to the public, and his wife was ready to permit their publication in 1842. Most of this new material represents the later work of the poet, some

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Mrs. Chester S. (Fannie Albert) Smith, and in August, 1923, acquired through a dealer by one of the present editors. It contains a copy of the John Neal broadside. Two pages from the *Album,* the MS. of *The Indian's Bride,* were reproduced in lithographic facsimile in a volume called *Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors,* Baltimore, Cushings & Bailey, 1864, at pages 190 and 191. This book, which is a large quarto, lithographed throughout, was compiled by John P. Kennedy and Alexander Bliss, and consists of facsimiles of autograph MSS. of many American writers. The Preface is dated April 19, 1864.

[1] A prose fragment, in the Aldis Collection copy of 1825, a few lines of extracts from Churchill in Pinkney's MS. in the Pennsylvania Historical Society (Etting Collection), and a MS. of *The Smile that now is Bright'ning* in the collection of Mr. Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago, the two latter having almost certainly once formed parts of the Yale *Notebook.*

of it is of great interest, and we may indeed smile indulgently on the two or three early or careless fragments of a writer who produced so little as Pinkney, in return for the light they may throw on his personality and methods of work.[1]

Griswold was a thorough editor (if a wretched biographer) and would have done Pinkney's fame good service. But his scheme fell through, and when a new edition appeared it was a mere reprint of the 1825 volume with the Leggett sketch and an introduction by N. P. Willis, issued in 1844 by the *New York Mirror*, as *The Rococo* No. 2, in the series of pamphlet extra numbers, called collectively The Mirror Library.

The royal octavo pamphlet contained 16 pages; the poetry was printed in two columns.[2] It had a very wide circulation, although relatively few copies survive, owing to the somewhat perishable form chosen. Willis wrote for it a short and very characteristic introduction, beginning, "What poetry would be in a world where Toil were not the Siamesed twin of Excellence—(in other words, where man had not fallen)—'is a curious question, coz.' " But the rest of his criticism is less gro-

[1] Pinkney suppressed *The Grave,* probably, while *The Lover's Dream* and *To a Friend* are early drafts of *To ——— ('Twas eve)* and *The Beauty.* The epigrams and one or two rough fragments were hardly meant for the public eye, but *de minimis nil curat lex.* Of Pinkney's prose, a certain amount is probably lost. In the Yale *Notebook* is a curious note reading simply "On Death/—Knowledge/—Duelling." Possibly the poet contemplated writing essays on those subjects, but more probably these words were the beginning of a rough index.

[2] See Bibliography No. 7. The pamphlet came out about Feb. 24, 1844, being advertised in the *Mirror* of that date, vol. II, p. 336. The "shilling" mentioned as the price in the introduction is of course a New York shilling of twelve and a half cents.

tesque. Remarking on Pinkney's fragmentary poetry, Willis continues, "Pinkney's genius . . . . . has all the impulsive abandonment which marked his character and course of life. He was born a poet with all needful imagination, discrimination, perception, and sensibility; and he had besides the flesh-and-bloodfulness necessary to keep poetry on terra firma . . . . . two or three . . . . . of Pinkney's "entire and perfect chrysolites" should be re-graven with his name, for the world owes his memory a debt for them . . . . . [The volume] contains a delicious bundle of heart-touching passages, fresh, peculiar, and invaluable more especially to lovers, whose sweetest and best interpreter Pinkney was . . . . . the very essence-flowers of passionate verse."[1]

Poe meanwhile had been taking notice of Pinkney's work. He pointed out that George Hill had imitated Pinkney's *Health*.[2] And when Poe recited that poem in his lecture on *American Poetry* he paid a glowing tribute to the author whom he seems to have considered "the first of American lyrists." [3]

[1] Willis reprinted his notices of Pinkney with slight revision in his *Ephemera*, see his *Prose Works*, pp. 666-667.

[2] Poe (Harrison's edition, xvi, 143) noted the similarity in Hill's poem *Leila*, but he might have found echoes in many other poems of Hill. See, in his *Ruins of Athens*, Boston, 1839, such poems as *To the Memory of a Young Lady*, and *To a Miniature*.

[3] This lecture was delivered during the forties. The version known as *The Poetic Principle*, which is to be found in any edition of Poe, dates from 1847. *See* Harrison's edition, XIV, 280 f. Poe's denunciation of the *North American Review* in this connection was prompted not by any attack on Pinkney, but by what he regarded as an unjust neglect of the memory of so important a writer as Pinkney in particular, and the lack of sympathy with the artistic productions of Southerners in general, sometimes displayed in its columns.

The phenomenon of being imitated [1] is, in a way, a criterion of a poet's power, and in Hill, Pinkney found as close an imitator as Poe found in Henry B. Hirst,—for Hill's verses are literally saturated with Pinkney. Another poet impressed strongly by Pinkney was Rufus Dawes, his contemporary in Baltimore, whose poems *Love Unchangeable*,[2] *Wilt Thou Go Far Away*, and the *Stanzas* beginning "And canst thou not accord thine heart" are all in Pinkney's manner. General George P. Morris wrote some *Lines On a Poet* [3] which are redolent of Pinkney, and his *Venetian Serenade* contains the lines

> "And shame the bright stars
> With the light of thine eyes."

Nor should we omit mention of Amelia B. Welby of Kentucky, for the imitation which F. V. N. Painter has pointed out[4] in her most admired poem *Musings*,

> "The twilight hours like birds flew by,
> As lightly and as free."

[1] In general the poems most imitated by Pinkney's followers are *A Health, Serenade, A Picture Song* and *Lines from the Portfolio of H—.*

[2] This poem was selected for Stedman's *American Anthology*, p. 195. All three poems cited are to be found in Dawes' *The Valley of the Nashaway*, Boston, 1831, and reprinted in his *Geraldine, Athenia of Damascus, and other Poems*, N. Y., 1839.

[3] Probably Willis was the poet in his mind. *A Venetian Serenade* first appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book*, August, 1841; see also in editions of Morris, *The May Queen* (first published in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1842) and *I love thee still. Woman*, a poem by F. W. Thomas, in *Snowden's Ladies' Companion*, N. Y., January 1841 (xiv, 141), shows the influence of Pinkney.

[4] *Poets of the South*, N. Y. [1903], p. 213. See also in *Poems by Amelia*, N. Y., 1847, etc., *Lines—to a Lady, I have a Fair and Gentle Friend* and several other poems.

is by no means a solitary echo, as the reader of her *Lines written on a Miniature* and *The Golden Ringlet* can testify.

It has been suggested that Lanier [1] owed something to Pinkney, but Prof. Edward Mims writes us that he recalls no actual reference to the earlier poet in Lanier's published or unpublished writings, the parallels are not very striking, and it may well be doubted that any debt, conscious or unconscious, existed.[2]

The most important follower of Pinkney was, however, no less a person than Edgar Allan Poe himself, who was sixteen, and already a lover of poetry when Pinkney's volume was published and who would naturally have felt a deep interest in the Baltimore poet. Hard as it is to state definitely whence a great genius obtains his style, there are qualities in the early poems of Poe, especially in *Al Aaraaf*, and the fine imaginary landscapes, *The City in the Sea*, *The Valley of Unrest*, which probably could not have been just what they are without Pinkney. At least two echoes seem certain—of *A Health* in Poe's poem [3] beginning

> "The bowers whereat in dreams I see
> The wantonest singing birds

[1] Wm. L. Weber, *Selections from the Southern Poets*, N. Y., 1901, p. 206, suggests a connection between *A Picture Song* and *My Springs*. A conceit, "Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird" from Lanier's *Sunrise* is similar, but not convincingly similar to the lines of Pinkney and Poe cited below.

[2] In the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, xi, 333 f., are given certain supposed "parallels" to Tennyson and Browning, even more remote and wholly unlikely to be really connected.

[3] *To—*, first published in Poe's 1829 volume, whence also come the lines from *Al Aaraaf* (I, 64-65). That whole poem probably owes something of its manner to Pinkney's *Rodolph*, as well as the common sources, Moore and Byron.

Are lips—and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words."

and of a couplet of *To* [*Georgiana*] ("'Twas eve")

"But noise had furled its subtle wings
And moved not through material things"

in Poe's *Al Aaraaf*

"Yet silence fell upon material things,
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls, and angel's wings."

Since Poe not only followed Pinkney as a youth, but praised him highly as a mature man, we may conclude that his admiration was in this case enduring. His attitude indicates no slight appreciation of Pinkney in a highly gifted poetical mind, of extremely keen discrimination, and in this case entirely unswayed by personal intimacy or enmity. Poe's judgment in this case may be regarded with great respect; at any rate, in Pinkney's own peculiar province no American has excelled him. His claims on this basis to rank as foremost among his immediate contemporaries, as one of the four chief poets of the South, and as one of the dozen bright stars among the poets of his native land, are strong.

Musicians have continued to pay tribute to the almost perfect phrasing of the *Serenade;* at least three musical settings,[1] (besides the original one of 1823), have been published. One, printed in Chicago at the close of the Civil War, shows that the composer knew nothing of the author, but took the words from a New York newspaper of the day, Wilke's *Spirit of the Times*, which had copied them anonymously. Another setting

[1] All of these musical settings are described in full in the *Bibliography,* nos. 9-11.

dates from 1907; but the most notable is one by J. Lewis Browne, the well-known Chicago organist and composer, published in 1902, and still kept in print.

Of *A Health*, strangely enough, no musical setting has been found, but a version of the *Song* [1] "Day departs this upper air," was published in Baltimore in 1844, shortly after the issue of Willis's edition of Pinkney's *Poems*.

Pinkney's reputation abroad has been slight, although as early as 1841, Eugene A. Vail [2] included a French translation of *A Health* under the title *Ode à la Santé d'une Jeune Fille* in a book on American Literature. It is also possible that translations of *A Health* occur in foreign versions of Poe's *Poetic Principle*, but that essay is not included in any translation of Poe we have examined, though we cannot pretend to have seen even a majority of those that exist. But the first three stanzas of the poem *Evergreens* have been honored by a Latin version, in Sapphics, made by the late Rev. J. J. Ryan, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, and sent by him in a letter of November 21, 1912, to Father Devitt of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.[3]

Historians of literature and the more recent critics have written rather less about Pinkney than might be expected—perhaps largely on account of the inaccessibility of the text of his poems. The anthologists have usually included him, it is true, and the authoritative Histories of American Literature give him some notice, though much of the important work upon him has really

[1] *See* Bibliography, No. 8.

[2] In his *De la littérature et des hommes des lettres des États Unis d'Amérique*, Paris, 1841, p. 583, noted by Dr. Nelson F. Adkins.

[3] See Appendix for this version.

been done by the local historians of Maryland. Duyckinck's *Cyclopedia of American Literature*[1] in 1855 gave a good notice of the poet, but it was not until 1877 that Miss Esmeralda Boyle gave the first modern treatment of the poet[2] in her *Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Marylanders*, relying largely on *The Marylander* obituary and personal reminiscences of Judge Campbell White, Pinkney's nephew, and perhaps other Baltimoreans then living. Others who have added to the store of facts are, notably, Eugene L. Didier, who, again relying on traditions to some extent told much of Pinkney in an article called *The Social Athens of America*,[3] published in June 1882, and later wrote a sketch of Pinkney for the *New York Times*.[4]

Miss Louise Manly gave some notice of the poet in her book on *Southern Literature*[5]; in May 1896 Charles Hunter Ross contributed an appreciative article to the *Sewanee Review*[6]; and later George C. Perine wrote a short sketch of Pinkney in his *Poets and Verse Writers of Maryland*.[7] Other notices deserving some mention are those of William L. Weber,[8] and Henry E. Shepherd.[9] Prof. William Peterfield Trent has at least twice treated of Pinkney, calling him[10] the "best of Southern poets before Poe" and remarking that "few American

[1] Vol. ii, pp. 338-341.
[2] *Biographical Sketches*, etc., Baltimore, 1877, pp. 228-233 ("332").
[3] *Harper's Magazine*, lxv, p. 20 f.
[4] *N. Y. Times*, January 11, 1902.
[5] *Southern Literature*, Richmond, 1895, pp. 231-232.
[6] *Sewanee Review*, iv, 286.
[7] *Poets and Verse Writers of Maryland*, Cincinnati, 1898, pp. 50-52.
[8] *Selections from Southern Poets*, N. Y., 1901, pp. xxxiv-xxxv.
[9] *The Representative Authors of Maryland*, N. Y., 1911, pp. 22-29.
[10] *A History of American Literature*, N. Y., 1903, p. 281.

lyrists are surer of immortality." [1] And a keenly analytical criticism of Pinkney has been given by Charles William Hubner,[2] who well emphasizes the poet's rich and fervid imagination, his command of rhythmic music, and classic elegance of diction.

The article on Pinkney for the *Library of Southern Literature* [3] was written by Prof. Wightman F. Melton of Emory University, Georgia, who had the honor of rediscovering *The Beauty*, for despite constant assertions that Pinkney wrote poems for his newspaper nobody seems to have named any of them from 1831 to 1909. Prof. Melton also contributed an article in October 1912 to the *South Atlantic Quarterly* [4] in which he argued for spelling the poet's middle name Coote (before we discovered the autograph signature) and noted certain parallels to Pinkney's lines in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth* and in Wordsworth and Marlowe.[5]

In 1905 Mr. Wm. Abbatt of Tarrytown, New York, announced his intention [6] of reprinting Pinkney's poems with an introductory sketch by Didier, but for some reason the volume was never issued; and at least three other gentlemen have told us that they have at different times since then considered reprinting the poems of Pinkney, so deep an interest did they feel in them.

Pinkney's work is here placed before the world, and can, in a sense speak for itself, but a few words may

[1] *Southern Writers,* N. Y., 1905, p. 161.
[2] *Representative Southern Poets,* N. Y., 1906, pp. 166-176.
[3] Vol. ix, pp. 4063-4078.
[4] *South Atlantic Quarterly,* xi, 328f.
[5] Especially those recorded in our notes to *Lines from the Portfolio of H,* I, 16; II, 47; *To*—('Twas eve) l. 19; and *Rodolph* II, 219, 268.
[6] *The Magazine of History,* January, 1905.

be added of the author whose romantic and tragic life has been recorded. Dimmed somewhat by the years, the figure is still distinct; the sincerity, the passion, the nobility, the rashness stand out most clearly. There is in it a mixture of good and evil, and of the individual who wrote, in *Self Esteem*,

> "The man
> To whom experience betrays
> The sordor of Life's miry ways
> Feels that the hope is oh, how vain
> To tread them through without a stain,"

Miss Boyle [1] has well said, "Let us be gentle, he is dead. If amid the sublime virtues of our heroes and heroines some sin glares out, it is but the baleful mark of humanity."

But Pinkney also wrote of himself, in the lines *To a Friend*, that

> "None that bitterly hates shame
> Is more indifferent to Fame
> Which gathers round the shroud."

Whether all his actions meet with our approval or not, Pinkney's very faults were those of a great spirit, and we may well join Mumford[2] in applying to Pinkney what men said of the knight Bayard, and say of the poet, "he has died as he has lived, without fear and without reproach."

[1] Boyle, l. c., p. 232.
[2] *Merchant's Telegraph*, N. Y., April 16, 1828.

POEMS,

BY

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

Baltimore:
JOSEPH ROBINSON,
Circulating Library.
1825.

POEMS COLLECTED IN 1825

ITALY

[The poem owes its form to Mignon's Song beginning "Kennst du das Land" in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, or more probably Byron's imitation of it at the beginning of *The Bride of Abydos*, but its content to the poet's recollections of the Mediterranean and its shores. A copy in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album* (not in the poet's autograph) is annotated by her "E. C. P. on G[eorgiana]" and the poem may well have been written about the time of their wedding in 1824. The quatrain beginning "The winds are awed" has received the highest praise from Leggett and the later critics.]

ITALY

I

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernant trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

6 [vernant, a rare word for green or flourishing, is used also in *The Old Tree*, l. 28.]

II

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! towards that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

III

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair:
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heav'n their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

IV

There Art too shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire

12 [cf *To*—('Twas eve) l. 1 9.]
18 [The Italian fishing boats carry tar-flares at the prow.]
27 [cf *To a Friend* III.]

To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame
—The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE

[Pinkney in writing this reflective piece, which is much in the Eighteenth Century manner, seems to have been inspired by the romantic marriage on June 27, 1824 of John Ridge, a Cherokee Indian, who had studied at the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, Conn., to Miss Sarah Northrup, a lady of that place. The affair attracted much attention in the newspapers at the time—some of it unfavorable. But Ridge was a man of great ability, who later became Secretary of the Cherokee National Council; and a delegate to confer with Congress. The marriage was a happy one, though scarcely of the idyllic kind Pinkney dreamed of, for Ridge had considerable property, and seventeen servants, and was at last assassinated in a political struggle. (See Theodore S. Gold's *Historical Records of the Town of Cornwall*, Hartford, 2nd edition 1904, pages 31-34 for two poems on the subject, *The Indian Song* by Emily Fox of Cornwall, and *To the Indians of Cornwall* by Silas Hurlbut McAlpine; and p. 350 for a letter of Ridge, not included in the 1st edition of 1877). Further details of the affair may be found in the forthcoming *History of Cornwall* by the Rev. Edward C. Starr, who kindly supplied us with an account of this once famous romance.

An autograph version of the poem dated 1824 is preserved in the *Album* of Mrs. Pinkney, where it is preceded by a motto "This *is* love" taken from Thomas Moore's poem *Youth and Age* in *Legendary Ballads*. We add the variants of the MS., which has been reproduced in *Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors*, Baltimore, 1864. *See* also page 222.]

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE

I

Why is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
  For civil halls designed,
Yet with the stately savage walks
  As she were of his kind.
Look on her leafy diadem,
Enriched with many a floral gem:
Those simple ornaments about
  Her candid brow, disclose
The loitering Spring's last violet,
  And Summer's earliest rose;
But not a flower lies breathing there,
Sweet as herself, or half so fair.
Exchanging lustre with the sun,
  A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile,
  On nature's face she plays.
Can none instruct me what are these
Companions of the lofty trees? —

II

Intent to blend with his her lot,
Fate formed her all that he was not;

Motto added before title in MS: "This *is* love"—Moore.
3 mien and shape/shape and mien;
10 candid brow/snowy brows;

13 [cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost,* iv, 269-270/"Proserpine gathering flowers/Herself a fairer flower."]
15 [cf. *Rodolph* II, 163.]

And, as by mere unlikeness thoughts
  Associate we see,
Their hearts from very difference caught
  A perfect sympathy.
The household goddess here to be
Of that one dusky votary,—
She left her pallid countrymen,
  An earthling most divine,
And sought in this sequestered wood
  A solitary shrine.
Behold them roaming hand in hand,
Like night and sleep, along the land;
Observe their movements:—he for her
  Restrains his active stride,
While she assumes a bolder gait
  To ramble at his side:
Thus, even as the steps they frame,
Their souls fast alter to the same.
The one forsakes ferocity,
  And momently grows mild;
The other tempers more and more
  The artful with the wild.
She humanizes him, and he
Educates her to liberty.

III

Oh say not, they must soon be old,
Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold!

25 1825 misprints caugh;
31 in this sequestered wood/within this ancient wood, *the last word being written over an erased word, probably* (shr)i(ne);
42 momently/hour by hour;

29f [cf. *Fragment* no. IV, and *To*—— "'Twas eve," l. 31 etc.]

Yet envy I that sylvan pair,
  More than my words express,
The singular beauty of their lot,
  And seeming happiness.
They have not been reduced to share
The painful pleasures of despair:
Their sun declines not in the sky,
  Nor are their wishes cast,
Like shadows of the afternoon,
  Repining towards the past:
With naught to dread, or to repent,
The present yields them full content.
In solitude there is no crime;
  Their actions are all free,
And passion lends their way of life
  The only dignity;
And how should they have any cares?—
Whose interest contends with theirs?—

IV

The world, or all they know of it,
Is theirs:—for them the stars are lit;
For them the earth beneath is green,
  The heavens above are bright;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
  And decorate the night;
For them the branches of those trees
Wave music in the vernal breeze;
For them upon that dancing spray
  The free bird sits and sings,

65 how/*written over erased* why;
The Ms ends abruptly at 66, Pinkney adding the words Cet[era] Des[unt] *and his initial* P.
76 *1825 misprints* birds

And glitt'ring insects flit about
  Upon delighted wings;
For them that brook, the brakes among,
Murmurs its small and drowsy song;
For them the many colored clouds
  Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
  Th' expression of the sky.
For them, and by them, all is gay,
And fresh and beautiful as they:
The images their minds receive,
  Their minds assimilate,
To outward forms imparting thus
  The glory of their state.
Could aught be painted otherwise
Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes?
He too, because she fills his sight,
  Each object falsely sees;
The pleasure that he has in her,
  Makes all things seem to please,
And this is love;—and it is life
They lead,—that Indian and his wife.

87 [A similar thought is expressed in *The Beauty*, l. 29 f.]
90 [Compare Shirley's famous song beginning/"The glories of our blood and state/Are shadows, not substantial things."]
97 [The line echoes the manuscript version's motto from Moore.]

THE VOYAGER'S SONG

[This magnificent ode treats of the imagined joys of a happy, though earthly immortality—a theme to be contrasted with that of *The Immortal.*]

THE VOYAGER'S SONG

"A tradition prevailed among the natives of Puerto Rico, that in the Isle of Bimini, one of the Lucayos, there was a fountain of such wonderful virtue, as to renew the youth and recall the vigor of every person who bathed in its salutary waters. In hopes of finding this grand restorative, Ponce de Leon and his followers, ranged through the islands, searching with fruitless solicitude for the fountain, which was the chief object of the expedition." [*William*] *Robertson's* [*History of*] *America* [Book III.]

I

Sound trumpets, ho!—weigh anchor—loosen sail—
The seaward flying banners chide delay;
As if 'twere heaven that breathes this kindly gale,
Our life-like bark beneath it speeds away.
Flit we, a gliding dream, with troublous motion,
Across the slumbers of uneasy ocean;
And furl our canvass by a happier land,
So fraught with emanations from the sun,
That potable gold streams through the sand
Where element should run.

9 ["aurum potabile" was much referred to by the alchemists, and is indeed that elixir by which they hoped to prolong life to a thousand years.]

10 [element here means water, one of the "four elements."]

II

Onward, my friends, to that bright, florid isle,
The jewel of a smooth and silver sea,
With springs on which perennial summers smile
A power of causing immortality.
For Bimini;—in its enchanted ground,
The hallowed fountains we would seek, are found;
Bathed in the waters of those mystic wells,
The frame starts up in renovated truth,
And, freed from Time's deforming spells,
Resumes its proper youth.

III

Hail, better birth!—once more my feelings all
A graven image to themselves shall make,
And, placed upon my heart for pedestal,
That glorious idol long will keep awake
Their natural religion, nor be cast
To earth by Age, the great Iconoclast.
As from Gadara's founts they once could come,
Charm-called, from these Love's genii shall arise,
And build their perdurable home,
Miranda, in thine eyes.

12 [cf. Shakespeare, *Richard II,* II, i, 46. "This precious jewel set in the silver sea."]
22 [See *Exodus,* xx, 4.]
26 [cf. *To* —— (with Wordsworth) l. 11 and *The Old Tree* l. 9 f.]
27 [According to Eunapius, *Vitae Philosophorum,* etc. (Ed. Boissonade, p. 459) (28, 29) the philosopher Iamblichus raised Eros and Anteros (true & false love) from out their fountain dwellings at Gadara. The direct source was doubtless Byron's note to *Manfred* II, ii, 92-93, but Pinkney mentions Eros and Anteros in *Rodolph* I, 60.]
29 [perdurable-everlasting.]
30 [Miranda means "admired, marvelled at."]

IV

By Nature wisely gifted, not destroyed
With golden presents, like the Roman maid,—
A sublunary paradise enjoyed,
Shall teach thee bliss incapable of shade;—
An Eden ours, nor angry gods, nor men,
Nor star-clad Fates, can take from us again.
Superior to animal decay,
Sun of that perfect heaven, thou'lt calmly see
Stag, raven, phenix, drop away
With *human* transiency.

V

Thus rich in being,—beautiful,—adored,
Fear not exhausting pleasure's precious mine;
The wondrous waters we approach, when poured
On passion's lees, supply the wasted wine:
Then be thy bosom's tenant prodigal,
And confident of termless carnival.
Like idle yellow leaves afloat on time,
Let others lapse to death's pacific sea,—
We'll fade nor fall, but sport sublime
In green eternity.

VI

The envious years, which steal our pleasures, thou
May'st call at once, like magic memory, back,

31 [Tarpeia, according to Livy (I, xi) admitted Titus Tatius and the Sabines into Rome, bargaining for "what they wore on their left arms," meaning their golden bracelets, but receiving their shields which they threw upon her and crushed her.]
36 [cf. *Elysium* l. 24.]
39 [These animals are proverbially long lived.]
47 [cf. *Lines from the Portfolio,* I, 16.]

And, as they pass o'er thine unwithering brow,
Efface their footsteps ere they form a track.
Thy bloom with wilful weeping never stain,
Perpetual life must not belong to pain.
For me,—this world hath not yet been a place
Conscious of joys so great as will be mine,
Because the light has kissed no face
Forever fair as thine.

SONG (We break the glass)

[This piece is quite in the Caroline manner. It was especially a favorite with N. P. Willis, and is probably one of Pinkney's three best known poems. The custom of breaking glasses after a health is drunk is an old and solemn one, familiar enough to most readers. The lines are probably addressed to Mary Hawkins.]

SONG

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart, that poured
Its tide of feelings out to thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old empassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain,

5 [cf. *Song* (I need not), ll. 13-14.]
9-16 [cf. *A Health,* ll. 5-8.]

And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,
And airy gems, thy words.

A PICTURE SONG

[The subject of this is probably a miniature of the poet's early sweetheart, Mary Hawkins. Mrs. Pinkney can hardly have been referred to thus by the poet, as some have suggested, nor did she include a copy of the lines in her *Album*, where she usually preserved everything addressed to herself by her husband.]

A PICTURE SONG

How may this little tablet feign the features of a face,
Which o'er-informs with loveliness its proper share of space;
Or human hands on ivory enable us to see
The charms, that all must wonder at, thou work of Gods, in thee!

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile familiar stories tells,
And I should know those placid eyes, two shaded crystal wells;
Nor can my soul, the limner's art attesting with a sigh,
Forget the blood, that decked thy cheek, as rosy clouds the sky.

They could not semble what thou art, more excellent than fair,
As soft as sleep or pity is, and pure as mountain-air;

2 [cf. *Rodolph* II, 159-160.]
8 [cf. *Song* (The smile etc.) 1, 15 f.]

But here are common, earthly hues, to such an aspect wrought,
That none, save thine, can seem so like the beautiful of thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like, is painful mimicry
Of something better, which is now a memory to me,
Who have upon life's frozen sea arrived the icy spot,
Where men's magnetic feelings show their guiding task forgot.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun, are gone—forever gone;
And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,
Like Janus when his gates were shut, looks forward and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, awhile upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, a breaking harp-string's tone;

15 [This rather labored conceit, based on the unreliability of the compass near the Magnetic Poles, is not surprising from a poet with Pinkney's naval training.]

19-20 [When Rome was at peace, the temple of Janus, two faced god of gateways, etc., was closed. The poet regards past and future with indifference.]

21 [At the building of Megara, see Pausanias, I, xlii, 2; and Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VIII, 14 f., the latter cited by Weber (loc. cit., p. 206) but less full than Pinkney's story.]

And thus my heart, though wholly now from early
softness free,
If touched, will yield the music yet, it first received of
thee.

LINES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF [MARY] H[AWKINS]

[These two poems, which are treated as separate in the original edition and vary in structure, have a single theme, the poet's vain love for Mary Hawkins. Done in Pinkney's learned and philosophic manner they also contain one or two passages of superb simplicity and passion. The stanzaic form of the second ode is similar to that of Byron's *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, but the poems have little else in common.]

LINES

From the Port-Folio of H——.

NO. I

We met upon the world's wide face,
When each of us was young—
We parted soon, and to her place
A darker spirit sprung;
A feeling such as must have stirred
The Roman's bosom when he heard,
Beneath the trembling ground,
The God, his genius, marching forth
From the old city of his mirth,
To lively music's sound.

6 [At Alexandria, before Mark Antony's defeat by Octavian, there was heard a sound of music as of a Bacchic procession leaving the city, and it was thought his patron god was deserting him. See Plutarch, *Antony*, lxxv, 3-4.]

A sense it was, that I could see
  The angel leave my side—
That thenceforth my prosperity
  Must be a falling tide;
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time the yellow leaf
  Had fallen on my hours;
And that all hope must be most vain,
Of finding on my path again,
  Its former, vanished flowers.

But thou, the idol of my few
  And fleeting better days—
The light that cheered when life was new
  My being with its rays—
And though, alas!—its joy be gone,
Art yet, like tomb-lamps, shining on
  The phantoms of my mind—
The memories of many a dream
Floating on thought's fantastic stream,
  Like storm-clouds on the wind!

Is thy life but the wayward child
  Of fever in the heart,

16 [cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth,* V, iii, 22,/"My way of life/Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf." And Byron's fine use of the same image in *This day I complete my 36th Year,* l. 5f/"My days are in the Yellow leaf,/The flowers and fruits of love are gone,/The worm, the canker and the grief/Are mine alone."/See also *The Voyager's Song* l. 47.]

26 [It was believed in the Middle Ages that eternal lamps were to be found burning in ancient sepulchres. See Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* II, xvii and his note. Pinkney alludes to this also in *Rodolph* I 44.]

In part a crowd of fancies wild,
  Of ill-made efforts part?
Are such accurst familiars thine,
As by thee were made early mine?
  And is it as with me—
Doth hope in birthless ashes lie,
And seems the sun an hostile eye
  Thy pains well-pleased to see?

I trust, not so:—though thou hast been
  An evil star to mine,
Let all of good the world has seen
  Hang ever upon thine.
May thy suns those of summer be,
And time show as one joy to thee,
  Like thine own nature pure:
Thou didst but rouse, within my breast,
The sleeping devils from a rest,
  That could not long endure.

The firstlings of my simple song
  Were offered to thy name:
Again the altar, idle long,
  In worship rears its flame.
My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many hecatombs of tears,
  No happier hours recall—
Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever loved thee more
  Than fickle fortune's all.

I 33 *1825 misprints* crow'd.
38 [Hope having burnt itself up, is not like the Phoenix, reborn from its ashes.]

And now, farewell!—and although here
  Men hate the source of pain,
I hold thee and thy follies dear,
  Nor of thy faults complain.
For my misused and blighted powers,
My waste of miserable hours,
  I will accuse thee not:—
The fool who could from self depart,
And take for fate one human heart,
  Deserved no better lot.

I reck of mine the less, because
  In wiser moods I feel
A doubtful question of its cause,
  And nature, on me steal—
An ancient notion, that time flings
Our pains and pleasures from his wings
  With much equality—
And that, in reason, happiness
Both of accession and decrease
  Incapable must be.

LINES

From the Port-Folio of H——.

NO. II

By woods and groves the oracles
  Of the old age were nursed;
To Brutus came in solitude

1 [The oracle of Zeus at Dodona was perhaps the most famous of groves among the Greeks.]

3 f [See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* IV, iii and his source, Plutarch, *Caesar* lxix 5-7; *Brutus* xxxvi 3-4.]

The spectral warning first,
When murdered Caesar's mighty shade
The sanguine homicide dismayed,
And fantasy rehearsed
The ides of March, and, not in vain,
Showed forth Philippi's penal plain.

In loneliness I heard my hopes
Pronounce, "Let us depart!"
And saw my mind—a Marius—
Desponding o'er my heart:
The evil genius, long concealed,
To thought's keen eye itself revealed,
Unfolding like a chart,—
But rolled away, and left me free
As Stoics once aspired to be.

It brought, thou spirit of my breast,
And Naiad of the tears,
Which have been welling coldly there,
Although unshed, for years!
It brought, in kindness or in hate,
The final menaces of fate,
But prompted no base fears—
Ah, could I with ill feelings see
Aught, love, so near allied to thee?

12 [Marius, when an exile in Africa sent word to the governor "Say that you have seen Caius Marius seated amidst the ruins of Carthage," indicating that the fall of the city paralleled his own—see Plutarch, *Marius,* xl, 4. The poet's heart being broken, his mind lived on without hope.]

17 [The Stoics aimed to be free from pleasure, pain, hope and fear.]

20 [Naiads, water nymphs; the lady's phantom ruled his tears. See also *The Beauty* l. 26.]

The drowsy harbinger of death,
  That slumber dull and deep,
Is welcome, and I would not wake
  Till thou dost join my sleep.
Life's conscious calm,—the flapping sail,—
The stagnant sea nor tide nor gale
  In pleasing motion keep,—
Oppress me; and I wish release
From this to more substantial peace.

Star of that sea!—the cynosure
  Of magnet-passions, long!—
A ceaseless apparition, and
  A very ocular song!—
My skies have changed their hemisphere,
And forfeited their radiant cheer:
  Thy shadow still is strong;
And, beaming darkness, follows me,
Far duskier than obscurity.

Star of that sea!—its currents bear
  My vessel to the bourne,
Whence neither busy voyager
  Nor pilgrim may return.
Such consummation I can brook,
Yet, with a fixed and lingering look,
  Must anxiously discern

37 [cynosure—the North Star by which sailors used to steer their course, and to which magnets point approximately in the Northern hemisphere. Pinkney was evidently deeply impressed by the different stars in the Southern hemisphere which he saw while a midshipman.]
40 [cf. *Rodolph* II, 209.]
47 *f* [cf. *Hamlet,* III, i, 79/"The undiscovered country from whose bourne/No traveller returns."]

The far horizon, where thy rays
Surceased to light my night-like days.

Unwise, or most unfortunate
  My way was; let the sign,
The proof of it, be simply this—
  Thou art not, wert not, mine!
For 'tis the wont of chance to bless
Pursuit, if patient, with success;
  And envy may repine,
That, commonly, some triumph must
Be won by every lasting lust.

How I have lived imports not now
  I am about to die,
Else I might chide thee that my life
  Has been a stifled sigh:
Yes, life; for times beyond the line
Our parting traced, appear not mine,
  Or of a world gone by;
And often almost would evince
My soul had transmigrated since.

Pass wasted powers; alike the grave,
  To which I fast go down,
Will give the joy of nothingness

II 63 every lasting/*Willis, 1844 edition, misprints* everlasting.

68 f [The poet continues his conceit of figuratively crossing the Equator, then tells of a curious intellectual reaction; since losing his beloved, he not only feels as one who has come into a new part of the world, but as one whose soul has passed from one body into another; so radical a change has been wrought in his personality, that he recalls the past as wholly cut off from the present.]

73 f [cf. *To a Friend* l 21 f.]

To me, and to renown:
Unto its careless tenants, fame
Is idle as that gilded name,
Of vanity the crown,
Helvetian hands inscribe upon
The forehead of a skeleton.

List the last cadence of a lay,
That, closing as begun,
Is governed by a note of pain,
Oh, lost and worshipped one!—
None shall attend a sadder strain,
Till Memnon's statue stand again
To mourn the setting sun,—
Nor sweeter, if my numbers seem
To share the nature of their theme.

80 [In Grisons, and the Alpine parts of Austria it was the custom to place the name, or family mark and other decorations, often gilt, on the exhumed skulls of relations. *See* Marie Andree-Eysn, *Volkskundliches. Aus dem bayrisch-österreichischen Alpengebiet,* Braunschweig, 1910, p. 147 f.]

87 [The statue of Memnon (as the Greeks called one of the twin colossi of Amenhotep III at Thebes in Egypt) was supposed to salute his mother Eos, the Dawn, with musical tones, until Cambyses, suspecting a trick, broke the statue. Pinkney doubles the negative force by making reference to the setting sun. See also *Rodolph,* II, 99.]

TO [GEORGIANA] ("'Twas eve")

[This charming poem is an expansion of an earlier piece called *The Lover's Dream* (q.v.). In its present form it seems to have had no little influence on the work of Poe, who at times was a follower, as well as an admirer of Pinkney;—the similarity to much of *The City in the Sea* and *The Valley of Unrest* has long impressed one of the editors. The whole poem should be com-

pared with *The Lover's Dream*, of which it is a revised and expanded version.]

TO ————

'Twas eve; the broadly shining sun
Its long, celestial course, had run;
The twilight heaven, so soft and blue,
Met earth in tender interview,
Ev'n as the angel met of yore
His gifted mortal paramour,
Woman, a child of morning then,—
A spirit still,—compared with men.
Like happy islands of the sky,
The gleaming clouds reposed on high,
Each fixed sublime, deprived of motion,
A Delos to the airy ocean.
Upon the stirless shore no breeze
Shook the green drapery of the trees,
Or, rebel to tranquillity,
Awoke a ripple on the sea.
Nor, in a more tumultuous sound,
Were the world's audible breathings drowned;
The low strange hum of herbage growing,

5 [The loves of the Angels for mortal women, spoken of in *Genesis* VI, 2 and 4 and much enlarged upon in Eastern literature, furnished subjects for Byron, Moore, and many other contemporaries of Pinkney—who perhaps had in mind Croly's *Angel of the World.*]

9 [cf. *Italy,* l. 12.]

12 [Delos, the smallest of the Cyclades, was a floating island without fixed place which was made stationary when it afforded Leto a birthplace for Apollo and Artemis, after which it was free even from earthquakes. *See* Callimachus' *Hymn to Delos.*]

19 [Melton (*South Atlantic Quarterly,* xi, 333) points out a similarity to Wordsworth's *Idiot Boy,* l. 285, "The grass you almost hear it growing."]

The voice of hidden waters flowing,
Made songs of nature, which the ear
Could scarcely be pronounced to hear;
But noise had furled its subtle wings,
And moved not through material things,
All which lay calm as they had been
Parts of the painter's mimic scene.
'Twas eve; my thoughts belong to thee,
Thou shape of separate memory!
When, like a stream to lands of flame,
Unto my mind a vision came.
Methought, from human haunts and strife
Remote, we lived a loving life;
Our wedded spirits seemed to blend
In harmony too sweet to end,
Such concord as the echoes cherish
Fondly, but leave at length to perish.
Wet rain-stars are thy lucid eyes,
The Hyades of earthly skies,
But then upon my heart they shone,
As shines on snow the fervid sun.
And fast went by those moments bright,
Like meteors shooting through the night;
But faster fleeted the wild dream,
That clothed them with their transient beam.
Yet love can years to days condense,
And long appeared that life intense;

20 *1838 misprints* vice.

20 [cf. Byron, *Parisina* I, 5-6, "And gentle winds and waters near,/Made music to the lonely ear." The whole of this poem is much influenced, seemingly, by the first few lines of *Parisina*.]

29-34 and 41-48 [Reworkings of *The Lover's Dream*, ll. 5-16, and 17-20.]

31 f [cf. *The Indian's Bride*, ll. 29-32, and *Fragment* IV.]

38 [The Hyades are the stars that usher in the rainy season.]

It was,—to give a better measure
Than time,—a century of pleasure.

ELYSIUM

[Elysium, or The Elysian Fields is the name given by the ancients to the dwelling place of the blessed dead—it is described by Homer, Hesiod and Vergil with varying details. No conjecture about the nature of the rest of the unfinished poem can be made on the slight basis here afforded. It is however worth remarking that Tennyson's *Sleeping Beauty* is of later date.]

ELYSIUM

(From an unfinished Poem.)

She dwelleth in Elysium; there,
Like Echo, floating in the air;
Feeding on light as feed the flowers,
She fleets away uncounted hours,
Where halcyon Peace, among the blest,
Sits brooding o'er her tranquil nest.

She needs no impulse; one she is,
Whom thought supplies with ample bliss:
The fancies fashioned in her mind

2 [Echo, a nymph, vainly loving Narcissus, pined away until only her voice remained, which unseen returned an answer to all.—*See* Ovid, *Metamorphoses* III, v. Possibly however, Pinkney had in mind the following passage from Montaigne's *Essays*. "There are countries where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields, and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo." This is cited by Thomas Moore in a footnote to *At the Mid hour of Night,* in his *Irish Melodies*.]

3 [Light of course acts as an agent in the nourishment of plants.]

5 ["But when the halcyon brings forth, about the winter solstice, the whole ocean remains calm," Plutarch (*Water and land Animals,* 35). See also *Dedication to Rodolph* l. 2.]

By heaven, are after its own kind;
Like sky-reflections in a lake,
Whose calm no winds occur to break.

Her memory is purified,
And she seems never to have sighed:
She hath forgot the way to weep,
Her being is a joyous sleep;
The mere imagining of pain,
Hath passed, and cannot come again.

Except of pleasure most intense
And constant, she hath lost all sense;
Her life is day without a night,
An endless, innocent delight;
No chance her happiness now mars,
Howe'er Fate twine *her* wreaths of stars.

And palpable and pure, the part,
Which pleasure playeth with her heart;
For every joy that seeks the maid,
Foregoes its common painful shade,
Like shapes that issue from the grove,
Arcadian, dedicate to Jove.

EVERGREENS

[Here a moral reflection is turned into a graceful compliment. The first two stanzas are apparently an expansion of the following saying of Mr. Southcote, recorded in Rev. Joseph Spence's *Anecdotes* (London 1820, p. 361), a book which Pinkney seems

24 [cf. *Voyager's Song* l. 36.]

28f [Whoever entered the sanctuary of Zeus on Mt. Lyaeus in Arcadia was supposed to lose his shadow and die within a year.—(Pausanias, VIII, xxxviii, 6; Plutarch, *Quaest. Gr.*, 39; Polybius, XVI, xii, 7—and Frazer's *Golden Bough* iii, 88.)]

to use elsewhere (see *Life*, p. 40); "The brighter evergreens, which are the shades in summer, are the lights in winter." The poem is a favorite with the anthologists, and has been translated into Latin —see the Appendix.]

EVERGREENS

TO ———

When Summer's sunny hues adorn
  Sky, forest, hill and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
  In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of Autumn have
  Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows,
  Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth
  Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
  May be bright hopes to-morrow.

And thine unfading image thus
  Shall often cheer my sadness,
Though now its constant looks reprove
  A momentary gladness.

SERENADE

[The clear, melodious quality of these lines has been recognized by no less than four composers, who have set them to music. They were probably written in 1822 before Pinkney felt that his love for Mary Hawkins was hopeless. The variants are those of the first edition of the poem, of which two issues are known, published as a song with the title "Look Out Upon the Stars, My Love, A Serenade" in Baltimore, January 1823.]

SERENADE

Look out upon the stars, my love,
  And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
  There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
  Of blending shades and light;
Then, Lady, up,—look out, and be
  A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye,
  Within my watching breast:
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
  Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, Lady, from thy slumbers break,
  And make this darkness gay,
With looks, whose brightness well might make
  Of darker nights a day.

4 hang/hangs *1st issue only.*
6 shades/shades of shades *1st issue;* hues of shades, *2nd issue.*
13 Nay/Then
14 make/make, O make

2 [cf. *Rodolph* I, 63.]

SONG ("I need not name")

[The lady addressed was no doubt Mary Hawkins, and the probable date is 1823.]

SONG

I need not name thy thrilling name,
  Though now I drink to thee, my dear,
Since all sounds shape that magic word,

That fall upon my ear,—Mary;
And silence, with a wakeful voice,
Speaks it in accents loudly free,
As darkness hath a light that shows
Thy gentle face to me,—Mary.

I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul,
With scarce one hope, and many fears,
Mixed, were I of a melting mood,
With many bitter tears,—Mary—
I pledge thee, and the empty cup
Emblems this hollow life of mine,
To which, a gone enchantment, thou
No more wilt be the wine,—Mary.

13 [cf. *Song* (We break the glass) l. 5f.]

A HEALTH

[This, the most famous of Pinkney's poems, was almost certainly addressed to his wife, who wrote beside a copy in her Album "E. C. P. on G[eorgiana] McC[ausland]" and the date "Aug. 10, 1824." See the *Life*, pages 43 f. and 85 f., for further discussion of the poem's inspiration, etc.]

A HEALTH

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given,
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning
birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her
words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips
each flows
As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the
rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her
hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness, of young
flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past
years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the
brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long
remain,
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's
but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more
of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

5f [cf. *Song* (We break the glass, ll. 9-16.]
11 [cf. *The Beauty* l. 33.]
13 [cf. *The Beauty* ll. 19-20.]

PROLOGUE

[This address was written to be spoken before some theatrical entertainment for the benefit of the Greeks, then engaged in a war for independence from Turkish rule, during which American and English sentiment greatly favored the patriots. The problems raised by the date and motto have been discussed in the *Life.*]

PROLOGUE,

Delivered at the Greek Benefit, in Baltimore—1823

"Ille, non ego"

I

As one, who long upon his couch hath lain
Subdued by sickness to a slave of pain,
When time and sudden health his strength repair,
Springs jocund to his feet, and walks the air;
So Greece, through centuries a prostrate land,
At length starts up—forever may she stand—

II

Since smiling Liberty, the sun thrice blest,
That had its rising in our happy west,
Extends its radiance, eastward, to that shore,
The place of Gods whom yet our hearts adore;
And, hailed by loud acclaim of thousands, hath
Been worshipped with a more than Magian faith,

Motto [This may be translated "He, not I" or, if a parody on the phrase "Ille ego" with which Vergil began the cancelled opening of the *Æneid,* "I am not the man." Neither the source nor the significance of the motto is perfectly known to us, however.]

12 [The Magi were sun worshippers of ancient Persia.]

With slain Barbarian hosts for sacrifice,
And burning fleets for holocausts of price:
Shall we, who almost placed it in the sky,
Fail to assist the magnanimity,
With which, regardless of much pressing want,
They greet their fair and heavenly visitant?
Forbid it, Justice! we detest the state,
Which, knowing that mortality must rate
By mere comparison things dark or bright,—
Would make its fame as painters form a light,
By circumjacent blackness—we are free,
And so could wish the total earth to be.
Greece *shall*,—Greece *is*,—each old, heroic shade,
Draws, with her living sons, his spectral blade,
And combats, proud of times so like his own,
Like Theseus' ghost at storied Marathon.

III

"The Last of Grecians,"—is become a phrase,
Improper in these new triumphant days:
The swords well wielded against Turkish bands,
Are not unworthy of those mighty hands,
Which overthrew the haughty Persian, when
Pausanias and Leonidas were men.

28 [The phantom of Theseus was said to have led the Greeks at the battle of Marathon according to Plutarch, *Theseus* 35; and Pausanias, I, xv, 2.]

29 [This was the sobriquet of Philopoemen the Arcadian, who died B. C. 183.]

34 [The Spartan commanders, heroes respectively of the battles of Platea (B. C. 479) and Thermopylae (B. C. 480). See also notes on Pinkney's *Cleonice*.]

IV

Tonight, the useful and the pleasing claim,
Still more than commonly, to seem the same;
For, pleasing you, we aid, "in our degree",
A struggling nation's strife for liberty,—
The strife whose voice from this great world demands,
What mine of you beseeches—"clap your hands!"

35 [cf. Horace, *Ars Poetica,* l. 343, "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."]
37 [Pope, *Essay on Man,* ii, 231-232.]

SONG (Day Departs)

[This is perhaps the most spirited of Pinkney's poems; tenderness and gallantry are admirably blended in the closing lines. The variants are those of a musical version published in 1844, which are recorded for the sake of completeness, though scarcely due to Pinkney.]

SONG

Day departs this upper air,
  My lively, lovely lady;
And the eve-star sparkles fair,
  And our good steeds are ready.
Leave, leave these loveless halls,
  So lordly though they be;—
Come, come—affection calls—
  Away at once with me!

Sweet thy words in sense as sound,
  And gladly do I hear them;

3 And the eve star/The star of eve now
1 [cf. *The Grave* l. 15.]

Though thy kinsmen are around,
  And tamer bosoms fear them.
Mount, mount,—I'll keep thee, dear,
  In safety as we ride;—
On, on—my heart is here,
  My sword is at my side!

11 are/be

THE WIDOW'S SONG

[This song is probably impersonal, but may commemorate the affection of the poet's mother for his father.]

THE WIDOW'S SONG

I burn no incense, hang no wreath,
  On this, thine early tomb:
Such cannot cheer the place of death,
  But only mock its gloom.
Here odorous smoke and breathing flower
  No grateful influence shed;
They lose their perfume and their power,
  When offered to the dead.

And if, as is the Afghaun's creed,
  The spirit may return,

2 On/*Misprinted* Of 1825.

9 ["(The Afghans) have all a great reverence for burial grounds, which they . . . call . . . Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes, and enjoy the odors of the garlands which are hung on their tombs, and of the incense which is burned by their surviving relations."—Mountstuart Elphinstone, *An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul*, London, 1815, Book I, Chap. V.]

A disembodied sense to feed,
  On fragrance, near its urn—
It is enough, that she, whom thou
  Did'st love in living years,
Sits desolate beside it now,
  And falls these heavy tears.

16 [Pinkney here is using an intentional archaism—in its review of the 1825 volume the *North American Review* for October 1825 gives examples of "falls" as a transitive verb in old authors.]

TO [GEORGIANA], WITH WORDSWORTH, ETC.

[An earlier version of this poem, in Pinkney's autograph signed "P" and entitled *A Likeness*, is in his wife's Album, where she has added the note "On G(eorgiana)" and the date 1823. In this version, of which the variants appear in the footnotes, Pinkney's lines are preceded by the following selections, from Wordsworth's *She Was a Phantom of Delight*, and the 1822 version of *The Three Cottage Girls*, which are given here as almost an integral part of Pinkney's poem:

"She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes like stars of twilight fair,
Of twilight, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else, about her, drawn
From Maytime, and the cheerful Dawn;—
I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit,—yet a woman too;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay;—
A creature not too pure or good
For human nature's daily food,
For common feelings, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

"—A very shower
Of beauty, was thine earthly dower—
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from thee,
For, in my fancy, thou dost share
The gift of immortality!"—— Wordsworth.]

TO ————

With Wordsworth's, "She was a phantom of delight," etc.

Accept this portraiture of thee,
Revealed to Wordsworth in a dream—
One less immortal stays with me,
Whose airy hues thine own may seem:
Mental reflection of thy light,
A rainbow beautiful and bright;
A shining lamp of constant ray,
To which my fancy shall be slave;
A shaping that cannot decay,
Until it moulder in my grave.—
The image-breaker, Time, may mar
All meaner sculpture of my mind,
But in its darkness, like a star,
Thy semblance shall remain enshrined:
Nor would I that the sullen thing
Its place in being should resign,
While, like a casket rich with gems,
It treasures forms so fair as thine.

8 Which Fancy waits on as a slave.
18 It doth contain such forms as Thine.

7-8 [Alluding to Aladdin's lamp in the Arabian Nights.]
11 [cf. *The Voyager's Song* l. 26 and *The Old Tree* l. 9 f.]
15 [Pinkney perhaps has in mind the portrait enshrined in the lead casket in *Merchant of Venice,* III, ii; he means that he would not wish for death to destroy his mind, since living, it is conscious of the lady's beauty.]

SONG (Those Starry Eyes)

[This elegiac song owes something to Wordsworth's Lucy poems.]

SONG

Those starry eyes, those starry eyes,
  Those eyes that used to be
Unto my heart, as beacon-lights
  To pilgrims of the sea!—

I see them yet, I see them yet,
  Though long since quenched and gone—
I could not live enlumined by
  The common sun alone.

Could they seem thus, could they seem thus,
  If but a memory?—
Ah, yes! upon this wintry earth,
  They burn no more for me.

12 for/*Misprinted* or 1825.

7-8 [cf. *The Old Tree* l. 33.]

ON PARTING

[Of this epigram, there is an earlier version preserved in the poet's autograph and signed "P." in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*, which she has annotated "On G[eorgiana] 1823." The earlier title is simply "*To* — —" (i.e., To Georgiana McCausland) and has as motto, "Alas, departing of our companíe!"—Chaucer (quoted from *The Knight's Tale*, A 2774).]

ON PARTING

Alas! our pleasant moments fly
  On rapid wings away,
While those recorded with a sigh,
  Mock us by long delay.

Time,—envious time,—loves not to be
  In company with mirth,
But makes malignant pause to see
  The work of pain on earth.

RODOLPH

[*Rodolph*, the longest of Pinkney's poems, has because of its bulk attracted an undue share of attention from the critics, to the neglect of some of the more valuable lyrics. We have discussed the poem rather fully from the literary standpoint in the *Life* and it perhaps suffices here to say that it is in a style made popular by Byron, Moore, and Scott; and that in adding rather copious notes the editors hope somewhat to lessen the chief fault of the poem, its occasional obscurity.

Pinkney printed *Rodolph* twice, first in the anonymous pamphlet of 1823, again in the *Poems* of 1825; in the second version, which we reproduce, enlarging the poem greatly, but changing few lines of the original version. Even in its present form he still regarded it as a "fragment" and in this volume we have printed under the title *Fragments probably connected with "Rodolph"* a number of verses preserved in MS. in the *Yale Notebook* which indicate that the poet planned to enlarge his work to tell Rodolph's story in full.

In the first edition there was no division into two cantos, but the whole poem was split up into the Dedication and twenty-four parts, which do not exactly coincide with the present divisions. The first version contained 406 lines, while the 1825 version has 554 lines in all.

To avoid confusion in our textual notes the variations of numerals have been disregarded, but all verbal changes and additions of 1825 are recorded in the footnotes, together with the readings of eighteen lines of the piece included in Pinkney's autograph in his wife's *Album* under the title *An Extract.* All Pinkney's notes from both editions are recorded with indication whether he used them in one or both versions of his poem. Notes in brackets are due to the editors.]

Rodolph.

A FRAGMENT.

BALTIMORE:
JOSEPH ROBINSON.
Circulating Library.
1823.

RODOLPH

A FRAGMENT

"Call these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound."
Fletcher [*The Chances*, V, iii, 44-45.]

"There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness,
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of withered, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."
Lord Byron [*Manfred*, III, i, 138-148.]

DEDICATION

Sweet Promiser!—if now to thee
(No halcyon on the wintry sea
Of troubled feeling yet)
I dedicate this idle rhyme,
Woven to cheer the laggard time,
Though wisdom would forget;

Mottoes are not in 1823.

1 [The promiser is Georgiana McCausland, whom Pinkney had not yet married when he published the first edition of *Rodolph*.]

2 [According to a Greek myth, Alcyone, daughter of Æolus and wife of Ceyx, mourning her husband's death cast herself into the sea; the gods in pity changed the pair into kingfishers, and made the sea calm at their nesting time for seven days before and seven days after the shortest day. See Ovid, *Metam.* xi, 410 f and Pinkney's other allusion, *Elysium,* l. 5.]

Learn that when as a funeral train
The mournful moments crossed my brain,
I could not but remember hours,
Which wore bright coronals of flowers,
And came successively to me,
Like notes of heart-felt melody.
Learn further, that with these was shown
A phantom fairer far—thine own—
An apparition none can know,
Or guess of, saving only *thou*.
As for this story of an age
That saw life fanciful as dreams,
Thy gem-like eye will scan its page;
And if, with sounds of sleepy streams,
Thy voice make music of my lays—
Could they obtain a dearer praise?

RODOLPH

Part I

I

The Summer's heir on land and sea
Had thrown his parting glance,
And Winter taken angrily
His waste inheritance.
The winds in stormy revelry
Sported beneath a frowning sky;
The chafing waves with hollow roar
Tumbled upon the shaken shore,

12 heart-felt/pleasant

1 [Summer's heir, Autumn.]

And sent their spray in upward showers
To Rodolph's proud ancestral towers,
Whose station from its mural crown
A regal look cast sternly down.

II

At such a season, his domain
The lord at last arrived again,
Changed to the sight, and scarce the same
Grown old of heart, infirm of frame.
His earlier years had been too blest
For anguish not to curse the rest:
Men, like the Dioscuri, dwell
Alternately in heaven and hell.
Let those whose lives are in their prime,
Use to the uttermost the time;
For as with the enchanted thrall
Of Eblis and his fatal hall,
When a short period departs,
The flame shall kindle in their hearts.

9 *1825, 1838, and 1844 misprint* shower
10 *1844 changes* towers *to* tower *but "its" in l. 11 refers to "station," 1823 is correct in both lines 9 and 10.*
17-26 140-149 *of present version* (*q.v.*) *in* 1823.

14 [The transitive use of "arrived" is archaic.]

19 [One of the Dioscuri, children of Zeus and Leda, was mortal, the other deathless; when the mortal brother, Castor, came to die, his twin Polydeukes (Pollux) obtained permission to share with him his immortality, and the pair passed alternate days in Hades and Olympus.]

23 [The poet alludes to the closing parts of Wm. Beckford's splendid oriental romance *Vathek,* where those who have sold themselves to Eblis (the Devil) are first allowed to enjoy for a time all his treasures; but soon a flame kindles in their hearts, and they rush away, oblivious of everything save their agony and hatred of those who have been instrumental in their damnation.]

Thou only, mighty Love!—canst will
Much herald good, much after-ill;
Thou holdest human hearts in fee,
And art the Second Destiny.
He loved—he won—and whom?—he sighed
First *for*, next *with*, another's bride:
To both extremes of feeling,—strong
Or feeble,—the same signs belong,
And sighs may the expression be
Of ecstasy or agony.

* * * * * * * *

III

Like rarest porcelain were they,
Moulded of accidental clay:
She, loving, lovely, kind, and fair—
He, wise, and fortunate, and brave—
You'll easily suppose they were
A passionate and radiant pair,
Lighting the scenes else dark and cold,
As the sepulchral lamps of old,

27 canst/could'st 1823.
28 His herald-good, his after-ill 1823
31-36 *are not in* 1823.
44 sepulchral/perpetual

32 [The figure is called zeugma.]

37 [This refers to the origin of Dresden ware. John Frederick Böttcher, who was seeking a receipt for true porcelain, one day found that his valet had purchased a heavier powder than usual for his wig. Testing it, he found it the material (kaolin) he sought, and traced its discovery to one Schnorr, an ironmaster, who had found the clay clinging to his horses' hooves. Verbally this seems to echo Churchill's *Epistle to Hogarth,* ll. 630-632 (a passage copied by Pinkney in his *Notebook)*/"those/Who're fashioned of some better sort of clay,/Much sooner than the common herd decay."]

44 [cf. *Lines from the Portfolio of H.* I, 26 and our note there on sepulchral lamps.]

A subterranean cave.
'Tis pity that their loves were vices,
And purchased at such painful prices;
'Tis pity, and Delight deplores,
That grief allays her golden stores.
Yet if all chance brought rapture here,
Life would become a ceaseless fear
To leave a world, then rightly dear.
Two kindred mysteries * are bright,
And cloud-like, in the southern sky;
A shadow and its sister light,
Around the pole they float on high,
Linked in a strong though sightless chain,
The types of pleasure and of pain.

IV

There was an age, they tell us, when
Eros and Anteros dwelt with men,
Ere selfishness had backward driven
The wrathful deities to heaven:
Then gods forsook their outshone skies,
For stars mistaking female eyes;
Woman was true, and man though free

*53** The Magellan clouds. [Pinkney's note 1823 and 1825 refers to two groups of stars, much resembling the Milky Way in texture, seen in the Southern hemisphere, where the poet cruised while in the Navy.]
57 [sightless, invisible.]
59f [During the Golden Age, gods and men met familiarly, but human viciousness drove the gods away, the last to leave being Astraea, or Justice *(see* Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* I, 149f; *Fasti* I, 247f.) And note Eros and Anteros in *The Voyager's Song* l. 27.]
63 [cf. *Serenade,* l. 2; the loves of the Greek gods for mortals are alluded to.]

Was faithful in idolatry.
No dial needed they to measure
Unsighing being—Time was Pleasure
And lustres, never dimmed by tears,
Were not misnamed from lustrous years.
Alas! that such a tale must seem
The fiction of a dreaming dream!—
Is it but fable?—has that age
Shone only on the poet's page,
Where earth, a luminous sphere portrayed,
Revolves not both in sun and shade?—
No!—happy love, too seldom known,
May make it for awhile our own.

V

Yes, although fleeting rapidly,
It sometimes may be ours,
And he was gladsome as the bee *
Which always sleeps in flowers.
Might this endure?—her husband came
At an untimely tide,
But ere his tongue pronounced her shame,
Slain suddenly, he died.
'Twas whispered by whose hand he fell,
And Rodolph's prosperous loves were gone.

71 must/can 1823
73 Is it but/But is it 1823
88 prosperous *is not in* 1823

67-68 [cf. *To*—('Twas eve), ll. 47-48; *The Lover's Dream,* ll. 17-18; and *Life,* p. 82.]
69 [lustres are periods of five years, supposedly the name is derived from *lustrare,* illuminate.]
72 [i. e., a dream within a dream.]
*81** The Florisomnis [Pinkney 1823 and 1825.]

The lady sought a convent-cell,
And lived in penitence alone;
Thrice blest, that she the waves among
Of ebbing pleasure staid not long,
To watch the sullen tide, and find
The hideous shapings left behind.
Such, sinking to its slimy bed,
Old Nile upon the antique land,
Where Time's inviolate temples stand,†
Hath ne'er deposited.
Happy the monster of that Nile,
The vast and vigorous crocodile;
Happy, because his dying-day
Is unpreceded by decay:
We perish slowly—loss of breath
Only completes our piece-meal death.

VI

She ceased to smile back on the sun,
Their task the Destinies had done;

95-104 *are not in* 1823.
104 *1838 misprints* one

95 [Legends of the spontaneous generation of monsters by the sun in Nile mud are common, e. g. Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* II, vii, 31.]

97† The Pyramids [Pinkney, 1825 only.]

100f [Mr. S. Foster Damon tells us that according to *Sterne's Koran* III, 51 (really the work of Richard Griffith, and a book which Pinkney quoted, in *The Marylander)* "Pliny says that the crocodile increases in strength in its latest age, and dies in full vigor." This is of course based on Pliny's *Natural History* VIII, 25, where it is said of the crocodile "quamdiu vivat, crescere." Prof. Edward Bensly tells us that J. C. Scaliger argued "if so, the animal could not die a natural death" (*Exotericae Exercitationes de Subtilitate ad Cardanum,* cxcvi, 7). The story is not true, it may be added.]

105 [cf. *The Indian's Bride* l. 15.]

And earth, which gave, resumed the charms;
Whose freshness withered in its arms:
But never walked upon its face,
Nor mouldered in its dull embrace,
A creature fitter to prepare
Sorrow, or social joy to share:
When her the latter-life required,
A vital harmony expired;
And in that melancholy hour,
Nature displayed its saddest power,
Subtracting from man's darkened eye
Beauties that seemed unmeant to die,
And claiming deeper sympathy
Than even when the wise or brave
Descend into an early grave.
We grieve when morning puts to flight
The pleasant visions of the night;
And surely we shall have good leave,
When a fair woman dies, to grieve.
Whither have fled that shape, and gleam
Of thought—the woman, and the dream?—
Whither have fled that inner light
And benefactress of our sight?—
Nothing in answer aught can show,
Only thus much of each we know—
The dream may visit us again,

117 man's/the 1823
122-139 *are not in* 1823

112f [cf. the lines from Wordsworth's *She was a Phantom of Delight* quoted by Pinkney, as motto for *To Georgiana,* with Wordsworth.]
118 [cf. Pinkney's motto to *The Beauty.*]
126f [cf. Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,* IV, 21-22 "Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"]

She left for aye the sons of men!—
Death may in part discharge its debt,
Half render back its trust—
Life may redeem her likeness yet,
Reanimate her dust;
But both will bear another name,
Nor, like the dream, appear the same.

VII

While Hope attends her sacred fire,
All joy rejoices in its pyre:
Once quenched, what ray the flame renews?
What but calamity ensues?
When ill-report disgraced his name,
And turned to infamy his fame,
Bearing from home his blighted prime,
He journeyed to some distant clime,
Where babbling rumor could not trace
His footsteps to a resting place.
Meanwhile, the quest of happiness
He made, despairing of success;
Unhoped, but not pursued the less,
It urged around the world its flight
Away from him, like day from night.
There are, who deem of misery
As if it ever craved to die:
They err; the full of soul regard,
More than the calm, their graves with hate;
The loss of such a life is hard,
And, ending their eventful fate,
From so much into nothing must

140-149 *In 1823 these lines follow I, 16 but in 149* resting/dwelling.

The change be pain—from *this* to dust!—
To fill the chasms of the breast,
'Tis happiness they seek, not rest;
Wishing for something to amend
Existence, they must shun its end;
And this the princely will betrays
To many sufferings and days.

VIII

As sunk, avoiding mortal touch,
The Cabalist's discovered treasure,
So met his sight, escaped his clutch,
Many appearances of pleasure,
Deceitful as that airy lie,
The child of vapor and the sky,*
Which cheats the thirsty Arab's eye,
Only the palm, heat-loving tree,
Or bird of happy Araby,

163 the breast/each breast

170 [The Cabalist's treasure seems to be the philosopher's stone, which would turn baser metals into gold and was much sought by the alchemists; as Mr. Archibald Sparke points out to us in *Notes and Queries,* cxlviii, 350, the alchemists dealt much in the Kabbala (q. v. in Jewish Encyclopedia), and hence were called Cabalists. The editors feel that the exact story in Pinkney's mind has not yet been found but see also *Notes and Queries,* cxlix, 50.]

*174** The Mirage [Pinkney, 1823 and 1825; the line echoes Byron's description of the rainbow, *Don Juan,* II, xcii, 2 "The airy child of vapor and the sun."]

177 [In 1823 Pinkney added to "bird" a footnote "The Phoenix" but omitted it in 1825—the bird was supposed to immolate itself in the flames of its altar at Hieropolis in Egypt, and arise from its ashes with renewed youth. Pinkney in *Lines from the Portfolio of H* I, alludes to the bird; which dwelt, in Arabia Felix, of which geographical name "happy Araby" is a literal translation.]

May burn, and not to die:
Philosophy has lost the power †
From ashes to reform a flower;
Magic and alchemy no more
Men's primal strength and youth restore,
Nor could those great and dream-like arts,
While flourishing, revoke their hearts:
The feelings rise regenerate never,
But, once consumed, are gone forever.

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

RODOLPH

Part II

I

How feels the guiltless dreamer, who
With idly curious gaze
Has let his mind's glance wander through
The relics of past days?—
As feels the pilgrim that has scanned,
Within their skirting wall,
The moon-lit marbles of some grand
Disburied capital;
Masses of whiteness and of gloom,
The darkly bright remains

179† Palingenesy [Pinkney, 1825 only. The old philosophers, or alchemists, claimed to be able to raise an apparition of a flower, by applying heat to a vial, in which its ashes were contained—see Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature,* article *Dreams at the Dawn of Philosophy.*]

Of desolate palace, empty tomb,
And desecrated fanes:—
For in the ruins of old hours,
Remembrance haply sees
Temples, and tombs, and palaces,
Not different from these.

II

But such mere musings could not now
Move Rodolph's lip, or curl his brow:
His countenance had lost its free
And former fine transparency,
Nor would, at once, his spirit pass
Its fleshly mask, like light through glass.
In his sad aspect seemed to be
Troubled reflections of a life,
Nourished by passion, spent in strife—
Gleams, as of drowned antiquity
From cities underneath the sea
Which glooms in famous Galilee.

III

In the calm scene he viewed was aught,
That might disturb a froward thought?—

21 at once, his/as once, the 1823

20f [Pinkney refers to the idea that a beautiful spirit makes a like body; see also *Song* ("Oh Maiden Fair") l. 7f and *The Beauty* l. 30f, and cf. the phrasing of the cancelled reading of *Song* ("The smile that now is bright'ning") l. 6.]

28 [In 1823 Pinkney adds footnote "The Dead Sea"—his reference is to the ruins of Sodom, Gomorrah, and other cities which travellers have claimed to have seen by looking on calm days into its depths. See Josephus, *Bell.Jud.* IV, viii, 4.]

He saw, new-married to the air,
The tranquil, waveless deep,
Reposing in a night as fair
As woman's softest sleep:
Peaceful and silent, were met all
The elements in festival,
And the wide universe seemed to be
One clear obscure transparency.
Could such a quiet Fancy wake?
And doth she from her slumbers break,
As drowsy mortals often will,
When lamps go out, or clocks fall still?
No less than when the Wind-God's breath
Blackens the wilderness beneath,
Until contrasted stars blaze bright
With their own proper heavenly light,
And almost make the gazer sigh,
For our unseen mythology.
Motion or rest, a sound, a glance,
Alike rouse memory from its trance.

IV

Perhaps, presentiment of ill
Might shake him—hearts are prophets still

50 its/her 1823.
51 presentiment/presentiments 1823

29 [A profound passage on the inception of thought.]
38 [The poet translates chiaroscuro literally, cf. Byron's *Parisina*, I, 11.]
39 ["Could quiet awake thought?" The lines seem to echo the opening of the old translation of the *Coplas de Manrique*/"O let the soul its slumbers break,/Arouse its senses and awake etc."]

What though the fount of Castaly
Not now stains leaves of prophecy?—
What though are of another age
Omens, and Sibyl's boding page?—
Augurs and oracles resign
Their voices—fear can still divine:
Dreams and hand-writings on the wall
Need not foretell our fortune's fall;
Domitian in his galleries,*
The soul all hostile advents sees,
As in the mirror-stone;
Like shadows by a brilliant day
Cast down from falcons on their prey;
Or watery demons, in strong light,
By haunted waves of fountains old,
Shown indistinctly to the sight
Of the inquisitive and bold.

54 stains/stain 1823.
56 Omens/Omen 1823
66-69 *are not in* 1823.

53 [When the Emperor Hadrian went to consult the Fountain of Castalia according to Ammianus Marcellinus (XXII, xii, 8) as the custom was, he plucked a bay leaf and dipped it into the sacred well, the color etc. being considered a basis for prognostication. Moore has a reference to this in a note on his poem *The Leaf and the Fountain* in *Legendary Ballads,* which is probably Pinkney's source.]

56 [A reference to the Sibylline books; said to have been sold by the Cumaean Sibyl to Tarquin the Proud; they were consulted by the Romans in times of national danger.]

59 [For the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, see *Daniel,* V, also note Pinkney's reference in *Melancholy's Curse of Feasts* l. 11.]

*61** Vide Suetonius. [Pinkney 1825, "See Suetonius" 1823; the soul is compared to the Emperor Domitian (killed A. D. 96) who had a gallery lined with polished stone that he might perceive the approach of an assassin—*See* Suetonius *Lives of the Twelve Caesars, Domitian,* xiv.]

The mind is capable to show
Thoughts of so dim a feature,
That consciousness can only know
Their presence, not their nature;
Things, which, like fleeting insect-mothers,
Supply recording life to others,
And forthwith lose their own.

V

He backed his steed, and took his way
Where a large cemetery lay,
Beaming beneath the star-light gay,
A white spot in the greenery,
Semblant of what it well might be—
A blossom unto which the earth
As a spring-favor yielded birth.
They looked for his return in vain,
Homeward he never rode again.
What boots it to protract the verse,
In which his story I rehearse?—
He had won safely through the past,
The growing sickness smote at last:
His vassals found him on the morn,
Senseless beside his lady's urn;
And they beheld with wonderment
His visage—like a bow unbent,
From the distorting mind unstrung,
By painful thought no longer wrung,
It offered once more to their gaze

91 his/the 1823

71f [An interesting passage on the subconscious.]
74 [Several kinds of insects die immediately after reproduction.]

The cheerful mien of former days,
And on it the fixt smile had place,
Which lights the Memnon's marble face.

VI

Hot fever raged in Rodolph's brain,
Till tortured reason fled,
And madness a delirious reign
Asserted in its stead;
And then he raved of many crimes,
Achieved in shadows of all climes;
Of Indian islands, tropic seas,
Ships winged before the flying breeze;
Of peace, of war, of wine, of blood,
Of love and hate, of changing mood
Or changing scenery;
And often on his language hung
The accents of an alien tongue,
But still they circled one dark deed,
As charmed men that magic weed,
The herb of Normandy.*
He spoke of one too dearly loved,
And one unwisely slain,
Of an affection hardly proved
By murder done in vain—
Affection which no time could tire,

99 [For another reference to this statue, see *Lines from the Portfolio of H.* II, 87 and our note thereto.]

104 [Note here Rodolph's kinship to Byron's *Lara,* who in his madness speaks a foreign language.]

*115** "L'Herbe Maudite." [Pinkney's note 1823, and 1825, referring to a fabulous plant, of unknown form, which, it is an old and

Constant as emeralds in fire,
Like that which weds insanity
To the sole truth that earth may see.
Some fragments of his speech my rhyme
Shall rescue from the grasp of time,
As trophies, by the march of song,
In tuneless triumph borne along.

VII

"The evil hour in which you traced
"Your name upon my heart, is passed,
"And hidden fires or lightning-flashes
"Have since reduced it into ashes;
"Yet oft will busy thought unroll
"That fragile, scorched, and blackened scroll,
"And shrink to find the spell, your name,
"A legend uneffaced by flame.

VIII

"Who spoke that lawless, sounding word,
"So early hushed, so long unheard?—
"Its syllables came o'er my brain,

---

widespread popular belief in France, will cause a person who treads upon it to become confused and wander about retracing his steps until the spell be broken by some simple means. The term Pinkney gives is usually applied in Saintonge to what is also called *l'herbe des Tournes, l'herbe à adirer;* and in Normandy, *l'Egaire. See* Paul Sébillot, *Le Folk Lore de France,* Paris, 1906, iii, 467.]

121 [Pliny, Sr., *Nat. Hist.* xxxvii, 16 says of the smaragdus or emerald that "neither sunshine, shade nor artificial light effects any change in its appearance," but more probably Pinkney confused this with the carbuncle or ruby, which Pliny (l. c. 25) distinctly says is not affected by fire.]

"Like the last trumpet's call;
"And, starting from their graves again,
"My buried thoughts, in fear and pain,
"Are gathering one and all.
"The pictured memories hid by grief
"Come forth in beautiful relief,
"Freed from their former thrall—
"As, through the torch-touched rust of years
"A waxen painting reappears
"On a sepulchral wall.

IX

"Thy face revives the face of one,
"That *lived* in other days—
"Whose fading phantom had begun
"To fail my fancy's gaze;
"Though shadowed forth too long and well,
"As my sad history may tell.
"Thy face revives the face of one,
"That *loved* in other days—
"Of whom or thought or speech was none,
"Less passionate than praise:
"So much she beautified the place

145 Freed/Free 1823
149-166 *are not in 1823, but are preserved as a separate poem of three stanzas entitled "An Extract" in Pinkney's hand in his wife's Album. 1825 misnumbers sections* IX-XV, *as* VIII-XIV.
157 Of whom/*In MS written over* Whose *erased*
159 much/*In MS written over* very (?) *erased.*

139 [The imagery here is perhaps too simple to need comment, but the power of a name in magic ceremonies should be remembered by the reader—the poet compares it to the last trump for which see *I. Cor.* xv, 52.]
157 [cf. Halleck's *Lines on . . . Drake* (1821) ll. 3-4,/"None knew thee but to love thee, None named thee but to praise."]
159f [cf. *A Picture Song* l. 2.]

"Replete with her in time and space.
"Thy face revives the face of one,
"That *died* in other days—
"Who bought, not borrowed, from the sun
"Its scarcely needed rays;
"And thousand charms could not concur
"To make thee fair,—yet unlike her.
"It is herself!—the gods in pity
"Restore her from the silent city!—
"Now, where are they, that falsely said,
"Her form in stirless dust was laid?
"Who reared the lying pyramid,
"Whose epitaph, and lamp, and flame,
"Told that her heavenward home lay hid
"In its sky-pointing frame?
"She is not dead—behold her eye,
"That portion of a summer-sky:
"She is not dead—her cheeks are rife
"With rosy clouds of blooming life:
"She is not dead—the shining hair
"Is wreathed about her forehead fair,
"As when I saw in better hours
"Her gentle shape of living mirth,
"And trod with her upon all flowers
"Worn by the festive earth.
"Time interposed—it was not Death,
"He could not stop her spicy breath—
"But hearts and hands have met once more;
"We will be happy as before;

164 Its/His MS; *Pinkney wrote these words much alike, 1825 may misprint.*
163-194 *in 1823 are placed after 222*
175-176 and 177-178 *interchanged 1823, but in* 175 behold/look on 1823.
163 [cf. *The Indian's Bride,* l. 15.]
171-174 [cf. Milton, *On Shakespeare,* ll. 3-4 "relics . . . hid/Under a star-ypointing pyramid."]

"And my crime-sullied memory
"Like a re-written code * shall be,
"Full of the poetry of truth,
"The annals of a second youth,
"Illuminations blazoned bright
"With sun-born tints of golden-light.

X

"If, memory, on thy silent shore
"The stream of time hath left
"Some broken hopes, plans quick no more,
"And thoughts of breath bereft;
"The strong belief in happiness,
"It could but half destroy;
"The now-dead generous carelessness,
"That hung around the boy;
"And feelings which the subtile wave
"Bore not through later years—
"Such wrecks the smiles of wisdom crave
"Not less than passion's tears.—
"But thou, the sweetest of Eve's daughters,

195 silent/shadowy 1823.
202 hung around/lingered round 1823.

*190** Codex rescriptus [Pinkney 1823 and 1825—referring to a palimpsest or manuscript where one text is written over another erased.]

195f [Alluding to a passage in Wordsworth's *Excursion,* VII, 26f. /"And when the stream which overflowed the soul was passed away,/A consciousness remained that it had left,/Deposited upon the silent shore,/Of Memory, images and precious thoughts,/That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."]

202 [cf. Wordsworth, *Ode on the Intimations,* v, 9-11. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!/Shades of the prison house begin to close/ Upon the growing Boy" etc.]

"Genius* of that shore, and those waters!—
"A music visible, a light
"Like lamps unto an infant's sight!—
"A temple of celestial soul,
"Too lovely for aught ill to mar,
"Which Love from Beauty's planet stole,
"The morn and evening star!—
"Come thou, and pass away with me
"From haunts unworthy of thy smile,
"And find in some far, sunny sea,
"A lonely, laughing isle,
"Where we may through all pleasures rove,
"And live like votaries of love,
"Drinking the sparkling stream of years,
"Pure, and unmixt with worm-wood tears.

* * * * * * * * * * *

XI

"Why have I, speaking thus to thee,
"Vague sense that these things may not be?—
"Strange flitting fires each other chase,
"Like meteors, through a cheerless space:
"My sight grows heavy, and my breast
"By something mountainous is prest;
"And, in my veins, the lazy blood

211 The temple of unearthly soul 1823.
222 *After this line place* 169-194 *in 1823.*

*208** Genius loci [Pinkney 1823-1825. Probably an echo of Milton's *Lycidas* 1. 183 "Henceforth thou art the genius of that shore."]
209 [cf. *Lines from the Portfolio of H.* II, 40.]
215 [cf. *Italy* III, and *The Voyager's Song* for similar thoughts.]
219f [cf. Marlowe, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love,* ll. 1-2, /"Come live with me and be my love,/And we will all the pleasures prove, etc."]
226 [See also *To* [*Georgiana*] ("'Twas eve,") l. 42.]

"Is not that eager, rushing flood,
"It was when thou wert nigh,
"Nor will my limbs avail to bear
"My feeble, sickly body, where
"Thou standest moveless by.
"I feel a weary wish to close
"Mine eye-lids in a long repose;
"But fear that thou wilt fly,
"And let me wake alone to sigh
"That one so beautiful *could* die!—

XII

"Author of my unhappiness!—
"Let me thy lip and small hand press.
"Since love increases when the day
"Its object's presence makes is done,
"And takes from night a warmer ray,
"As did the Fountain of the Sun,*
"Thine, so long absent, should forgive
"The death of one I slew for thee—
"Resentment cannot bid him live,
"Pardon perchance may me.
"Obdurate Lady, even thine eye
"To my fond prayer makes no reply;
"And hast thou come then from afar,
"A coldly reappearing star?—

230 that eager rushing/the rushing eager 1823
231 nigh/by 1823
251 prayer/words 1823

245 "Fons Solis" [Pinkney 1825—referring to the fountain which Zeus gave to Bacchus in Africa—according to Herodotus, IV, 181, it was cold at noon, grew warmer through the afternoon; was hot at midnight, and gradually cooled with day's return.]

"Thou never lov'dst:—thy constancy
"Would answer else aright to mine:
"In one so lovely, love must be
"Preserved still fresh, like grapes in wine.
"Thy smiles were but a shining mask,
"Thy vows no more than vocal air,
"If thou canst let me vainly ask
"Relief from this despair.
"By all that I have borne and bear,
"She fades to unsubstantial air!—

* * * * * * * * * * *

XIII

"The perturbation of my soul
"Subsides as I approach the goal;
"Yet dreamt I one was here but now,
"Whose brow was like her ivory brow.
"When shall we two meet again,
"And not, as last, to part in pain?—
"Spring shall leave to rear the flowers,
"And Autumn to let fall the showers;
"Summer shall forbear to glow,
"And Winter doff its veil of snow;
"Man shall know no more to mourn,

254-261 *are not in* 1823
262 By all my pangs, my past despair 1823
264-338 *are not in* 1823

263 [cf. Shakespeare, *King Lear* IV, i, 8 "Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace."]
268 [cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth,* I, i, 1-2/"When shall we three meet again,/In thunder, lightning or in rain?"]
270 [Such lists of impossibilities, called the Adynata, are more common in ancient than in modern poetry.]
274 [cf. Burns' song *Man was made to mourn.*]

"The age of miracles return;
"Woman shall forget to range,
"And fortune and the moon to change;
"Tears and tides shall cease to flow,
"The sea and life their storms forego;
"Opportunity shall stay
"The wings on which it flies away;
"Memory the past shall scan,
"Yet see not, like a drowning man,
"Fast upon the bitter wave
"The ship depart, that ought to save;
"Noon and midnight shall have met,
"The stars have risen where they set;
"Ere, though but in sleep, we twain
"Can dream one hope to meet again.—
"She lies amid the sluggish mould,
"Her ardent heart has long been cold:
"Above it wave the idle weeds,
"On it the sordid earth-worm feeds.
"Mine too is buried there—her knell
"Served also for its passing-bell:
"It died—and would have known 'twas time,
"Without that melancholy chime.
"That knell!—I feel its strokes again,
"Like stunning blows upon my brain;
"I listen yet the dissonant laughter
"Of the same bell, some moments after;
"And now the frequent ding-dong hear,
"With which it mimics hope and fear.

283 [cf. Cowper's poem *The Castaway.*]
290-295 [cf. *The Grave* l. 1 f.]
300 [Here "listen" is transitive.]

XIV

"Ay, wrapt around a whiter breast,
"The shroud her body doth invest;
"But in that other world, her grave,
"My soul and body both inter,
"There to enjoy the rest they crave,
"And, if at all, arise with her:
"Never may either wake, unless
"To her, and former happiness!—
"Yet how am I assured that rest
"Will ever bless the aching breast,
"Which passion has so long possessed?—
"At baffled Death's oblivious art
"This love perchance will mock,
"Deep-dwelling in my festering heart,
"A reptile in its rock:
"The warm and tender violet
"Beside the glaciers grows,
"Although with frosty airs beset,
"And everlasting snows;
"So, lying in obstruction chill,
"This stronger flower may flourish still.
"Oh, in the earth, ye Furies, let
"My thoughtful clay all thought forget:
"Suffer no sparkles of hot pain
"Among mine ashes to remain:
"Give, give me utterly to prove
"Insentient of the pangs of love!—
"——Why waver thus these forms?—there lies

304 [i.e., whiter than the shroud.]
318 [Alluding to living toads said to be found in rocks.]

"A palpable blackness on mine eyes;
"And yet the figures gleam
"With the impressive energy,
"Which clothes the phantoms that we see
"Shown by a fever-dream.
"How the air thickens——all things move——
" 'Tis night—'tis chaos—my lost love!—"

XV

He perished. None wept o'er his bier,
Although above such things we weep,
And rest obtains the useless tear,
Due rather to the state of sleep;—
For why?—because the common faith
Of passion is averse from death;
Yet Jove, the sages all declare,
Granted the Argive mother's * prayer.

*346** Cydippe. See Herod[otus I, xxxi (Pinkney 1825 only), referring to the story of Cleobis and Biton who yoked themselves to a heavy car in the absence of the proper draught animals, and drew their mother Cydippe, priestess of Hera at Argos, in a sacred procession. As a reward for their piety, she prayed Zeus to give them "what was best for mortals," and they fell asleep in a temple, never to awaken—whereby it was thought Zeus indicated an *honorable* death was the greatest boon to mortals. See Frazer's note to Pausanias II, xx, 3 for a list of ancient authorities—Herodotus does not give Cydippe's name, though other writers do, but he places this story in the mouth of Solon, one of the "sages."]

THE OLD TREE

[Placed last in the original edition, as if added as an afterthought, is this poem, no doubt written in memory of the same tree about which Bishop Pinkney tells the following story concerning the poet's father (*Life of William Pinkney*, N. Y., 1853,

p. 374): "He was passionately fond of nature. . . . On one occasion, . . . he observed that a favorite tree, one of the monarchs of the forest, had been cut down, and it stirred his soul to the highest degree of eloquent rebuke. He inveighed against the deed, and . . . affirmed 'that the growth of centuries was ever venerable'."]

THE OLD TREE

(From the Note-book of a Traveller.)

I

And is it gone, that venerable tree,
The old spectator of my infancy!—
It used to stand upon this very spot,
And now almost its absence is forgot.
I knew its mighty strength had known decay,
Its heart, like every old one, shrunk away,
But dreamt not that its frame would fall, ere mine
At all partook my weary soul's decline.

II

The great reformist, that each day removes
The old, yet never on the old improves
The dotard, Time, that like a child destroys,
As sport or spleen may prompt, his ancient toys,
And shapes their ruins into something new—
Has planted other playthings where it grew.
The wind pursues an unobstructed course,
Which once among its leaves delayed perforce;
The harmless Hamadryad, that, of yore,

9f [cf. *Voyager's Song* l. 26 and *To*— (with Wordsworth) l. 11f.]
17 [Hamadryads, nymphs connected with trees, were supposed to die when their particular trees were cut down.]

Inhabitated its bole, subsists no more;
Its roots have long since felt the ruthless plow—
There is no vestige of its glories now!
But in my mind, which doth not soon forget,
That venerable tree is growing yet;
Nourished, like those wild plants that feed on air,
By thoughts of years unconversant with care,
And visions such as pass ere man grows wholly
A fiendish thing, or mischief adds to folly.
I still behold it with my fancy's eye,
A vernant record of the days gone by:
I see not the sweet form and face more plain,
Whose memory *was* a weight upon my brain.
—Dear to my song, and dearer to my soul,
Who knew but half my heart, yet had the whole,
Sun of my life, whose presence and whose flight
Its brief day caused, and never ending night!
Must this delightless verse, which is indeed
The mere wild product of a worthless weed,
(But which, like sun-flowers, turns a loving face
Towards the lost light, and scorns its birth and place,)
End with such cold allusion unto you,
To whom, in youth, my very dreams were true?
It must; I have no more of that soft kind,
*My age is not the same, nor is my mind.

23 [The epiphytes.]
28 [vernant; this rare word is used also in *Italy,* l. 6.]
33 [cf. *Song* (Those starry eyes) ll. 7-8.]
37-38 [cf. Thomas Moore, *Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms,* ll. 15-16./"As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,/The same look which she turn'd when he rose."]
42* Horace. [Pinkney's note: *Epist.* I, i, 4 reads "Non eadem est aetas, nec mens."]

POEMS COLLECTED FROM PERIODICALS

SONG (The Smile That Now is Bright'ning)

[This poem is preserved in at least four versions, of which the earliest (A) bearing date "June —th, 1826," was published after Pinkney's death in some newspaper, from which Mr. Aldis obtained a clipping which *he* inserted in the Yale *Notebook*. A fair draft (B) somewhat later than this was apparently once written by Pinkney in the Yale *Notebook*, but was cut out by Brantz Mayer, who gave it to Judge Campbell White—this autograph copy later was in the collection of Lewis J. Cist of Cincinnati, then in that of Charles F. Gunther, and is now owned by Mr. Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago. A copy of this MS., barring cancellations, is preserved in an unknown hand in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*, as "By E. C. Pinkney, unpublished," but the poet in the first issue of *The Marylander*, December 5, 1827 (vol. i, no. 1, p. 3) printed a revised version of the poem (C) without his signature, and his wife inserted in her *Album* a clipping with the poet's MS. corrections and her own note "on Georgiana." The corrected clipping is the basis for our text—the variants being recorded with the letters A, B, and C to distinguish the different texts. The omission of the last stanza in the later versions was no doubt due to its similarity to portions of Coleridge's *Love* (sometimes called *Genevieve*).]

SONG

The smile that now is bright'ning
  Thy tender cheek and lucid eye,
Is like the summer light'ning
  Which flashes o'er this evening sky;

1 that now is/which I see A
2 tender cheek/lip and brow A
3 summer/rosy C
4 that flashes o'er a shining sky A; this/his C

So innocently does it grace
Thy gentle, pensive, modest face.

The frown which passing over
  Thy features, scarcely dims their day,
May even please thy lover,
  For like a sunny cloud in May,
Although it change, it cannot chase
The glories of that heavenly face.

The blush that now adorning
  Thy cheek, sheds beauty on my sight,
Is like the rosy morning
  That dawns upon a lovely night;
For so this last charm takes the place,
The former held in thy sweet face.

6 Thy fair transparent tender face A; *B reads as text but shows two cancelled readings for* modest, *1st* heavenly, *2nd* tender.
7-12 13-18 Interchanged A, B.
8 their/the A
14 sheds beauty on/delights anew my A; *The Marylander text reads* shed *for* sheds *and Pinkney did not correct it, but considering that this text was badly printed, and that all the other verbs are in the present tense the Editors have adopted the reading of the autograph MS B.*
16 That/Which A, B.
17 this/thy C
18 thy/that A
After 18 A B add

May never tears of sorrow
  From thy warm heart ascend, to fall
Like rains that bright suns borrow
  From favoured lands to pour on all;—
But Love or Pity's can disgrace,
  Profane, or harm, no female face.

6 [cf., with first cancelled reading, *Rodolph* II, 20.]
13 [cf. *A Picture Song* l. 8.]

SONG (Oh, Maiden Fair)

[Pinkney published this over the signature "Editor" in *The Marylander* of December 29, 1827 (vol. i, no. 8, p. 2) and Mrs. Pinkney preserved a clipping of it in her *Album* with a note that it was "By E. C. Pinkney on Georgiana." The *Album* also con-

tains a transcript of the poem, not autograph, and in the *Yale Notebook* is a slip of paper with the title and first five words of the poem. None of these versions show any verbal variants.]

SONG

Oh, maiden fair, thy pure and peaceful breast
  Glows not like some we too oft trust in vain,
As erring sea-birds fondly stoop for rest
  When winds are strong, upon the restless main:
Yet, maiden fair, thine eyes shed cheerful light,
  Like that of those twin-stars which still the storm,
For thro' them looks the soul that makes them bright,
  Mild as thy speech, and lovely as thy form.

Oh, maiden fair, to those auspicious eyes
  No evil passions e'er have sent a tear,
Nor envious, nor repining thoughts, with sighs,
  Disturbed thy quiet bosom's native cheer:
So, maiden fair, though richly colored rays
  In yon unclouded sun's clear beams combine,
More happy gleams compose the light that plays
  Gently in that calm thoughtful glance of thine.

6 [The constellation of Gemini, the Heavenly Twins, Castor and Pollux.]

7 [A thought also found in *The Beauty* ll. 29-30, and *Rodolph* II, 20.]

11f [cf. *The Grave* l. 218 and *To Infelicia* l. 5.]

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

[In the old days, when New Year's Day was much celebrated in America, even more than Christmas, the carrier of the paper distributed to his patrons copies of a pamphlet or broadside with some complimentary verses, and received from each a small gratu-

ity. Pinkney's characteristic verses, surely some of the best ever penned for such a purpose, were first published as a broadside, dated at the bottom January 1, 1828; and later reprinted in *The Marylander*, January 5, 1828 (vol. i, no. 10).]

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE MARYLANDER

Health, Patrons, and prosperity!—once more
Time, like the snake that was in days of yore,
His symbol, casts the old year as it were
His slough, and in the new, shows fresh and fair.

As rose the prophet * at the witch's call,
His visage mantled in a gloomy pall,
Today th' enchantress Fancy, bids arise
The shadowy future to our eager eyes.
Let Fear to others paint the face beneath,
In hues of sadness, misery, and death:
For you may cheer of mind and hope portray
A smiling aspect brilliant as the day,
Replete with promise of auspicious hours,
And lives like path-ways strewed with fragrant flowers.

The past is *past*—its pains should merely seem
The unimportant shadows of a dream:
If to its parted pleasures memory sends
A thought, regard them but as absent friends.
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,"
So let the old-year vanish to its rest.
Not with it will depart your honest zeal

2 [See *Encyclopædia Brit.*, article *Serpent-worship*.]
5 *Samuel [Pinkney's note referring to the story of Saul and the Witch of Endor, *I Samuel*, xxvii.]
19 [Quoted from Pope's Homer's *Odyssey* XV, 84.]

THE

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

MARYLANDER.

Health, Patrons, and prosperity!—once more
Time, like the snake that was in days of yore,
His symbol, casts the old year as it were
His slough, and in the new, shows fresh and fair

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His visage mantled in a gloomy pall,
To-day th' enchantress Fancy, bids arise
The shadowy future to our eager eyes.
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The past is *past*——its pains should merely seem
The unimportant shadows of a dream:
If to its parted pleasures memory sends
A thought, regard them but as absent friends.
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,"
So let the old-year vanish to its rest.
Not with it will depart your honest zeal
In his behalf, whose weal is public weal,
Th' illustrious Statesman, whose contested cause
Is that of union, liberty, and laws,—
The cause, at which, it will be prov'd again,
Slander's fell vipers hissed and hiss in vain.

But this is New-Year's day—unwilling we
To mar its wonted, old festivity!—
Bright be each hearth, and plentiful each board,
Upon its throne sit light each bosom's lord;
And may no generous hand by cold distress
Be closed to him who bears this poor address!!
Enjoy not, oh! the festival alone,
But make his New-Year merry as your own.

*Samuel.

January 1, 1828.

In his behalf, whose weal is public weal,—
Th' illustrious Statesman's, whose contested cause
Is that of union, liberty, and laws,—
The cause, at which, it will be prov'd again,
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And may no generous hand by cold distress
Be closed to him who bears this poor address! !
Enjoy not, oh! the festival alone,
But make his New-Year merry as your own.

23 Statesman's/Statesman *in Broadside, but corrected by Pinkney's hand in the Yale copy, and printed correctly in The Marylander.*

23 [John Quincy Adams, whom Pinkney called 'the illustrious statesman" in the *Prospectus* of *The Marylander.*]

30 [cf Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet,* V, i, 3 "My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne."]

THE BEAUTY

[In *The Marylander* of March 12, 1828 (vol. i, no. 29, p. 3) Pinkney published his last poem. A clipping of a reprint from the New York *Merchants' Telegraph* of March 17, and a transcript not in Pinkney's hand are preserved in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*—the former with a note, "E. C. P. on G[eorgiana]." Beyond obvious misprints, these other versions show no variants and *The Marylander* text is followed exactly.]

THE BEAUTY—a Fragment

"Qua puella nihil umquam festivius, amabilius, nec modo longiore vita, sed prope immortalitate dignius vidi."—Pliny [Jr., *Epistolae*, V, xvi, 1].

All history is but a smoky column
  By heated minds sent up into the past;
Vain, unsubstantial, mutable, and solemn,
  It soars, to terminate in clouds at last;
It is unsolid at its very base—
What should it be in any loftier place?

I turn away, then, and disdain to borrow,
  Thou authorized romance, a theme from thee,
False record of true folly, guilt and sorrow,
  That have been, are, and shall not cease to be!
And lingering Memory, led by Time along,
Reverts to one deserving of my song.

Amid the common crowd, she seemed a grain
  Of gold among the sands of life's dull stream;
She cheered this sleep, perturbed and full of pain,
  Which men call life, like some delightful dream;
So, as I see such seldom, she was not
Calmly beheld, nor soon to be forgot.

I speak not of the form that blest the sight
  Of her beholder—for it fills *his* mind,

Motto [Pliny Jr. says of Fundanius' daughter "I never saw anything more happy and lovable than this girl, nor more worthy not only of longer life but even of immortality."]
1-4 [cf. *To a Friend* l. 11 f.]
13 [common crowd—cf. "profanum vulgus" Horace, *Carmina* III, i, 1.]
19f [cf. *A Health* l. 13.]

And verse to others about charms so bright,
  Were like discourse on sunbeams to the blind;
Suffice it then to say, no fairer one
Hath ever cast a shadow from the sun.

In her fine fancy lovely thoughts disported
  Like Naiads playing amid classic waters:
Nature gave her the mental grace that's courted
  Vainly from art, by earth's less gifted daughters;
Lodged in the beauteous person of this woman,
The soul, "at Rome," conformed and was a Roman.

The signs of genius on her face were seen,
  That dangerous but fascinating boon,
And gentle passions ruled her, as a queen
  Rules in the east—for as the shining moon
Dims the thick stars that gem a summer's night,
Her modesty obscured these lights with light.

Her voice was sweet as she was—with one lay
  She stilled the spell-bound phantoms of the main,
As Indian wizards used to charm away

26 [Naiads, sea-nymphs, mentioned also in *Lines from the Portfolio of H* II, 20.]

29 [cf. *The Indian's Bride* l. 87.]

30 [This rather ill made out conceit plays on the proverb "When at Rome do as the Romans do" and means that her soul was beautiful as was fitting for so beautiful a body—compare the idea in *Song* (Oh, maiden fair) l. 7 f., and Rodolph II, 20.]

33 [cf. *A Health* l. 11.]

34 [Perhaps in imitation of Sappho, *Fragment* iii "The stars about the lovely moon hide their shining when coming near them she illuminates the world."]

39 [Georgiana sang beautifully, it may be remembered; the custom of charming snakes by means of music is well known. The poet suggests that the lady's singing drove away despair, and perhaps premonitions of evil, the phantoms which oppressed him.]

Less baneful reptiles from their native plain;
For ev'n in speech her soft tones could delight
Like music heard in visions of the night.

Enough;—on graver subjects I have mused
Too much, as was my pleasure, pain, or duty—
My heart and harp have been too long disused,
To celebrate aright this perfect beauty.

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

43-46 [The final asterisks are Pinkney's. Lines 43-46 were reprinted; *South Atlantic Quarterly,* xi, 333, October 1912.]

THE GRAVE

[The full circumstances attending the publication of this poem are not known—it exists in two versions, and was pretty certainly an early production. The first version is preserved in a clipping from an unknown newspaper in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album* where it is described as "By E. C. Pinkney, 1822" and is corrected in what may be the poet's own hand—certainly by someone who knew what the text should be. The other version was published shortly after Pinkney's death, and is described as "By the late Edward C. Pinkney, Written in 1822." Its first appearance is untraced, but reprints have been located in the Whitehall (N. Y.) *Republican* of August 5, 1828, and the Baltimore *Emerald*, February 21, 1829. The variants of this second version are given in the footnotes. The occasion of the writing of the poem seems clearly to have been the death of a lady with whom the author was but slightly acquainted, and hence no attempt can be made to identify her.]

THE GRAVE

"Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!"
—[Byron,] *Don Juan* [III, lxix, 8].

Beneath these rankly spreading weeds,
This lowly mound, and dreary stone,
The sordid earth worm darkly feeds
On one men loved to look upon:—
Of gentle race and beauty rare,
The land delightingly she ranged,
And now she slumbers deeply there,
Ah! the heart aches to think how changed.

I saw her once in life, and said
So beautiful a thing could not
But breathe awhile, and then be made
To share in death the common lot;—
'Twas idly thought!—her form so fair
Is buried in this narrow cave;
But late she lit this upper air,
And now—I look upon her grave!

I mourn for her, though nought to me
In kindred, or indeed in heart;
Save something that I liked to see
And wished not ever to depart:—

Motto omitted.
2 mound/mould
7 *Clipping reads* here, *but rhyme requires reading of other texts.*
11 Breathe long on earth—but soon be made
12 death/earth
13 'Twas/Was't

1f [cf. *Rodolph* II, 293.]
12 [*The Common Lot* is the title of a poem by James Montgomery to which Byron wrote an Answer.]
15 [cf. *Song* (Day departs) l. 1.]

A pleasant sight—a creature I
Gazed on, in no unquiet mood,
And turned from most unwillingly
To glance on things of meaner blood.

A selfish grief! she lies within
A place of solitary rest;
Where care shall never entrance win,
Nor anguish wring her lovely breast!
Light hearted girl! I would that thou
Could'st change thy state with me,
That I might sleep the tomb below,
And sunlight shine again on thee.

30 thy/thy lonely
32 sunlight/*The reading of the correction in the Album, all printed texts read* the sun

28 [cf. *Song* (Oh, maiden fair) l. 11 f and *To Infelicia* l. 5.]

ODE TO THE TWELFTH-NIGHT QUEEN

[This poem, occasioned no doubt by some local celebration of the end of the Christmas festivities on Twelfth Night, was first published in *The Emerald*, of Baltimore, November 8, 1828 (Vol. I, no. 30, p. 240), and was discovered by Dr. Nelson F. Adkins. It is there preceded by the following introduction, signed *Editor*, by Rufus Dawes.

"The following beautiful stanzas were written by the lamented Edward C. Pinkney, whose genius has imparted such lustre to our national literature. We take this opportunity of expressing our obligations to the individual who has permitted us to adorn our columns with the unpublished emanations of so brilliant an imagination."

The stanzaic form is that of *Lines from the Portfolio of H—*, No. I; the second stanza being very characteristic of the poet's work.]

ODE

To the Twelfth-Night Queen

Hommage à la beauté

Though beauty's gentle royalty
  Doth need no coronation,
We place a diadem on thee,
  And hail thine elevation.
Unchallenged—for "the right divine,"
To homage in such forms as thine,
  Surrounding eyes must own,
From our subjected hearts, fair Queen,
We gladly bless thine opening reign,
  And bow before thy throne.

That throne should be as one of flowers,
  Free from the thorns that lie
Thickly about the painful hours
  Of common sovereignty.
The pleasurable cares that wait
Upon thy shortlived queenly state,
  To those of monarchs are,
As the light crown thy brows have graced
To that on regal temples placed,
  More heavy—not so fair.

Titania of this fairy-eve!
  Rule happily thy year;

5 [Pope, *Dunciad,* iv, 188, "The right divine of kings."]
21 [Titania was of course Queen of the Fairies, as we recall from *Midsummer Night's Dream.*]

Thy power no human heart can grieve,
  Nor cost like most a tear.
And when is done thy gentle reign,
Become one bosom's queen again;
  And deem, as many deem,
The kingdom upon earth most blest
Is that made in one loving breast,
  And floating down life's stream.

MELANCHOLY'S CURSE OF FEASTS

[Under this title Rufus Dawes printed the following lines in *The Emerald and Baltimore Literary Gazette* of November 15, 1828 (vol. i, no. 31, p. 248) with a note signed "Ed." to the effect that they were "Never before published," and "By Edward C. Pinkney." There can be little doubt that Dawes obtained the poem from the Pinkney family direct, but there is a chance that he added the title himself, since the classical setting, and references to the East in the third stanza suggest that the poem may be connected with *Cleonice*, of which fragments are published in this volume. The verses are among the most powerful that Pinkney ever wrote.]

MELANCHOLY'S CURSE OF FEASTS

Pale, funeral flowers
  His drinking garlands twine;
The star, named "Wormwood", fall
  On the grape's tears, his wine!

3 [cf. *Revelation,* viii, 10-11, "there fell a great star from heaven . . . upon the fountains of waters; And the name of the star is called Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter." See also Byron's *Ode from the French,* I, 17 f.]

A lacrymary glass
  To him his goblet be;
Along the lighted board,
  No gladness let him see!

Hang shadowy skeletons
  In his Egyptian halls;
Be dark handwritings traced
  On his Assyrian walls!

Let each vase semble well
  A cinerary urn;
Its fruit, to ashes like
  The dead sea apples, turn!

Thus into wretched mirth
  Of hours, his life compress,—
A miserable mass
  Of grief and drunkenness.

5 [Small glass vases found in ancient tombs were believed to be for holding the tears of mourners.]

9 [The skeleton at the feast is alluded to—the Egyptians at banquets introduced a reminder of Death, probably really in the form of a mummy case.]

11 [See *Daniel,* v, for the handwriting at the feast of Belshazzar, the Assyrian king of Babylon, and cf. *Rodolph* II, 59.]

16 [The apples of Sodom were fabled to be fair to view, but to turn to ashes when bitten—the story is very widespread.]

17 [Contrast *To*—('Twas eve) l. 47.]

POEMS COLLECTED FROM MANUSCRIPTS

CLEONICE

[The three following fragments, found in Pinkney's autograph, with two changes, on two sheets of paper inserted in the *Yale Notebook*, show that he had planned to write a poem on an unfamiliar but striking classical story to which attention is called by one of Byron's notes to *Manfred* II, iii, and which is told fully in several ancient sources, Pinkney's being Langhorne's version of Plutarch, *Cimon*, vi; and is briefly as follows:

When Pausanias the Spartan, victor at Platea over the Persians, came to Byzantium, he entered into negotiations with the Great King of Persia, promising to desert the Greeks, and bargaining for the position of satrap of a Persian province and the hand of one of the daughters of his new master. But while he was but maturing these plans, being enamoured of Cleonice, a freeborn virgin of Byzantium, he summoned her to come to him upon a certain night. She arrived as he lay dozing, in the dark, and by some misfortune upset the lamp, so that he, starting from sleep in confusion, and thinking his enemies upon him, snatched up a sword, and slew the girl. Thereafter he was much troubled by her ghost, so that he could sleep little, and at length after propitiatory rites he summoned up her shade at Heraclea, and inquired when she would cease to disturb him. She replied, "After his return to Lacedaemon," thereby foreshadowing his death which occurred shortly after his return home.

We have little doubt that the foregoing lines, *Melancholy's Curse of Feasts*, were meant to be spoken by Cleonice's shade also; they might easily be arranged as heroic couplets. It may be added that these fragments show an ease and tragic force, a richness of imagery, and an originality in choice of subject, which deserve the highest praise, and perhaps show promise of a truly magnificent poem—which must now remain an unfinished, but still a splendid monument to the poet. John Hoole's play of the same title deals with an entirely different story; and the only recent treatment noted is one pointed out to us by Prof. T. M. Parrott of Princeton, in Bulwer's novel, *Pausanias the Spartan* (1876).]

CLEONICE (fragments)

He starts, he strikes—whose life-blood wets his blade?
Alas, 'tis that of the Byzantine maid!—

Despair, false satrap!—what avail thee now
Platea's laurels wreath'd about thy brow?—
They may perchance avert the lightning's force,
But not the fiery arrows of remorse.
To guard thy haunted solitude from pain,
Those Median and Egyptian slaves are vain;
Thine oriental feasts and Persian state,
The pomps Barbaric which around thee wait,
Appease not, cannot unto sleep persuade
Unhappy Cleonice's angry shade.
Seek if thou wilt the blooming royal bride,
To thine ambitious fancy long allied;
Describe a woman once divine and fair
Now ashes, and a sprite with dabbled hair
Say that, repeating with vindictive air,—
"Go to the doom that pride and lust prepare,"
It nightly comes to trouble thy repose
Till Gods, men, fiends, appear alike thy foes;
Let the great King, thy master and her sire,
Its absence from thy midnight couch require;

6 arrows/anguish

14 [The laurel was a symbol of victory, but the tree was also reputed never to be struck by lightning (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xv, 40) and Suetonius says in his life of Tiberius (66) that the Emperor commonly put on a laurel wreath during a thunderstorm.]

16 [cf. Horace, *Carmina,* IV, vii, 16, "Pulvis et umbra sumus."]

18 [Langhorne's version of Plutarch so translates the hexameter said to have been uttered by the phantom of Cleonice.]

Then, if his voice be unavailing, lie
With Cleonice yet—despair and die!

— The moon had set
But countless stars, like strange unpitying eyes,
Looked down, and feasted on my miseries.

25 had set/was down

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA

[During the last months of his life, Pinkney was at work upon a serio-comic poem, of which a prose introduction and fifteen stanzas are preserved in the *Yale Notebook*. Although his attention was probably directed to Cornelius Agrippa by Scott's reference, the source of his information was undoubtedly Bayle's *Dictionary*, since both his prose introduction and the verse narrative follow closely Bayle's account, with one minor error, and the story of the boarder which was to be the chief incident of Pinkney's poem is quoted by Bayle from the *Disquisitiones* (II, 29, par. 1) of Martin Del Rio, an opponent of Agrippa. Slightly condensed, this account is as follows:

"Agrippa had a boarder at Louvain who was very inquisitive. One day Agrippa was going out of town, and ordered his wife to let no one enter his closet; nevertheless, this boarder obtained the key of it, went in, and read a book of conjurations; whereupon there was a great knocking at the door, which he heard two or three times without ceasing to read. It was the Devil who knocked . . . and demanded who it was called him and what he wanted. But the boarder was too terrified to answer and the Devil strangled him. Agrippa, returning, found spirits dancing on the top of his house and from them learned what had happened. He went in, ordered the Devil to enter the body, and walk a short distance before leaving it, which he did, so that the boarder appeared to fall down dead in public. All would have gone well, but marks of strangulation appeared on the body; time discovered all, and Agrippa was forced to fly into Lorraine."

From what remains of the poem (and there is no reason to

think more was ever committed to paper, since some of the stanzas are in a fair copy with few corrections and others in a very rough draft, as if all had been collected by the poet for further work), the general course of the work can be guessed at, and we may admire the transitions from humorous to thrilling or highly poetic passages; yet the poem must be thought of as little more than a rough sketch. The arrangement of the stanzas is partly indicated by Pinkney, partly due to conjecture. The couplet printed at the end is jotted down on the verso of the MS. of the prose introduction.]

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA

Henry Cornelius Agrippa was born of a noble family, at Cologne, Sept. 14, 1486—entered the service of the Emperor Maximilian—served in Italy seven years—became a Doctor of Laws and Physic—was knighted on the field of battle—knew 8 languages—pretended to have found the philosopher's stone [1]—wrote the "Treatise of the Excellence of Women" [2]—was pensioned by Francis Ist. Invited, A. D. 1529, by Henry VIII, Margaret of Austria, Charles V, and other sovereigns—appointed Historiographer to Charles V—promised Bourbon [3] victory, but *forgot* to predict his death.

Died at Grenoble, A. D. 1535; according to some authorities, in great misery.

For his fabulous adventure with the boarder and

[1] [The philosopher's stone was supposed to turn baser elements into gold.]

[2] [*De nobilitate et praecellentia feminei sexus,* a treatise dedicated to Margaret of Burgundy, published as early as 1532, and often reprinted and translated.]

[3] [Bourbon—this refers to the Duke of Bourbon, who was killed when his army captured Rome May 1527.]

devil at Louvain, see the "Disquisitiones Magicæ" of Martin Del Rio, and Bayle's Dict[ionary].

Hast ever read, my gentle reader, pray,
  Of one Agrippa?—Aught? you have—if not
Elsewhere, you've seen him mentioned in the Lay
  Of that more potent wizard, Walter Scott,
Who tells in numbers half as sweet as mine
How he showed Surrey his fair Geraldine.

As for his probity, I praise it not;
  For often travelling with empty pockets,
Instead of paying honestly his shot
  In angels, nobles, marks, sequins, or ducats,
He gave for board and lodging what seemed cash,
But turned as soon as he was gone to trash.

His circulating medium was some scraps,
  In fact, of paper, and had seen no mint;
And this his magic, hazarding perhaps
  At paper-currency an early hint,
Mine host deluded into the condition
(See Shakespeare) of "a scurvy politician."

1 read/heard
2 Aught/Yes
4 potent *inserted later*
9 his *inserted*

4 [See *Lay of the Last Minstrel* VI, xiii-xx and Scott's note.]
13 [Bayle records the accusation that Agrippa by magic made such trash appear to be money.]
18 [Pinkney quotes more fully in an editorial on *The Chestertown Resolutions* in *The Marylander,* Dec. 29, 1827 from *King Lear,* IV, vi, 174-176, /Get thee glass eyes/And like a scurvy politician, seem/To see the things thou dost not.]

Why should we censure him?—such acts are known
To be most common 'mongst the wise and free;
The glorious French Republic, and our own,
Paid, History saith, the costs of liberty
In like coin; since Agrippa, many a debtor
Has satisfied his creditors no better.

I marvel he, a famous man-at-arms
Imbrued, as has been stated, with humanities
Should so have lent his mighty mind to charms,
Spells, periapts, and all such sinful vanities.
For to the nineteenth century's condign praise
The best men are no conjurors now-a-days.

Yet though he was not like the common rout
Of conjurors, whose art consists in cant
As to his wisdom there is room for doubt
Since he was married twice and died in want:
His lights too, I must say, appear but dim in
The Treatise of the Excellence of Women.

* * * * * * * * * * *

So honour but appears a glassy bubble
Which a breath sullies, and a blow destroys,
A trifle won with toil, preserved with trouble,
And lost with grief by women and by boys:

25 famous man-at-arms/right good man at charms
30 The best men are no/Such men are no great
33 As to/Touching

23 [i. e. paper money.]
28 [Periapts are amulets, consisting of written or other charms wrapped about some portion of the person.]
34 [Bayle says he married three times but Pinkney's "twice" is clear.]

Yet one is the sublime of life—the other,
The beautiful—a sister and a brother!

Straying one day into the sage's cell,
A student found his book upon the table;
So down he sat him, and began to spell
The text thereof as well as he was able—
I say to spell, for sentences uncouth
In mystic characters perplex'd the youth.

It was a curious volume altogether,
Bearing an odd, grotesque, unearthly look,
With binding of some unknown sort of leather
And boards of ancient wood;—in short a book
Like those strange tomes a German stall displays
Saved from the libraries of former days.

I have seen such in convent and in college,
Amid much learned dust and classic lumber:
Taking the words of others for the knowledge
They taught, I would not break their sacred slumber,
But, certes, they did seem for nothing good,
Save proof that men could print before the flood.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I call them taps, by which I mean not such
As common knuckles make on any wood,
For these were sounds that seemed akin to touch,
Like those that shake the heart, and chill the blood,

44 his/a
47 sentences/characters
50 an odd/a st(range?)
54 former/*1st reading* other, *2nd* antique

44 [The incident of the boarder is begun.]

When dust falls dully on the coffin-lid
Beneath which something dear to us lies hid.

I hate digressions both in love and writing,
  Preferring method and a constant passion,
But when the opportunity's inviting,
  I can't help following the female fashion;
So now and then I wander from my subject,
As the soul's wishes sometimes change their object.

The mountainous earth, says Newton, Prince of Sages,
  Might be condensed into a schoolboy's marble;
Then what if I expand to many pages
  What pedants have been pleased in one to garble?
For know I take the facts of this same tale
From dull Del Rio and egregious Bayle.

Moreover that this narrative may fill
  A proper portion of our pleasant book,
I'm forced to use my ornamental skill,
  Therein resembling an expert French cook;

72 the/*2nd reading, deleted,* a
73 *First begun* This solid earth itself; *2nd* The mighty earth
75 What wonder then that I expand to pages
76 pleased in one/*First reading* left too long; *2nd reading* used too long
78 egregious/*First reading* from prosy; *2nd* from prosing
79 And that this pleasant narrative may fill *1st reading;* And *then changed to* Now.
81 *First begun* I exercise my best; *2nd* I exercise my ornamental skill
82 Therein/Herein

73-74 [These lines were first printed in *Notes and Queries,* February 7, 1925 (Vol. cxlviii, 99). The editors have not been able to ascertain what Newton said or to locate Pinkney's source for this—it is not in Spence's *Anecdotes* whence he obtained another allusion to Newton.]

78 [See introduction to this poem.]

82f [cf. *Scraps,* no. 8.]

Give whom a herring, and as I'm a sinner,
The varlet cooks it into a good dinner.

In fine, if you affect a stricter mode
  Of rhyming, and would keep your bard in fetters,
Bethink thyself that time's an episode
  In vast Eternity, where years are letters,
And life's a foolish incoherent sentence
Touching brief pleasures and a long repentance.

Agrippa was, sans question, a great man,
That is, he was a famous charlatan.

83 Whom/him
85 affect/would choose
87 Think time itself is but an episode.

89-90 [cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth* V, v, 26—"Life is a tale told by an Idiot" etc.]

THE IMMORTAL

[On three pages of MS. in the *Yale Notebook* is the much corrected draft of a poem on a subject akin to the familiar story of the Wandering Jew—the attainment by some person of a lonely and wretched earthly immortality—in contrast to the theme of the *Voyager's Song*. It is possible that the poem has some kinship to the prose *Fragment of an Unfinished Story* which makes reference to a ruined cottage, but too little was done by the poet with either to allow us to reconstruct the intended plots.]

THE IMMORTAL

I

It is the time of which we doubt
  If it be day or night;

For though the eastern stars shine out
With clear and tender light;
The skirts of the departing day
Yet brightly in the west delay,
And emblem with the air and wave,
The cheerful deathbed of the brave.
The moon grows plainer in the sky,
And seems approaching to my eye.
The trees begin to cast afar
Faint shadows from the evening-star—
That star more worth than all the rest,
The fairest earliest and best,
Whose pale, and pure, and pensive light,
Falls like a blessing on the sight—
That dewy mournful lovely one,
Which seems the widow of the sun,
And, hating to survive its mate,
Denies to shine too long or late—
That planet with the glowing grace
Of feverish beauty on its face,
Which sadly beautiful appears
As vivid eyes half quenched in tears.

I sought the old secluded hall,
Where I had left my child:

3 *Pinkney changed* shine *to* send *but a later correction of l. 4 makes it necessary to retain his first reading.*
4 A vivid clear and solemn light
6 brightly in the/in the vivid
7 emblem with/picture on
12 Faint/Their
14 The/As
17 *1st reading* That dewy sad and lovely one; *2nd reading* That star dewy lustrous and lovely one.
22 Of dying beauty's feverish face
24 Like radiant eyes that smile through tears
25 *2nd reading deleted* sought out (?)

5*f* [Pinkney perhaps echoes the opening of Byron's *Monody on the death of R. B. Sheridan.*]

The roof was bending to its fall,
  Its look was strange and wild.
The front presented to my view,
Mosses and stains of every hue;
Part of the building, overthrown,
Was but a shapeless pile of stone.

Rank weeds, in unimpeded sport,
O'er-ran the solitary court;
The dial in the midst, was hid
  By coarse and noxious flowers,—
And this was well, for what had I
  To do with sunny hours!
As I moved up the pathway wide,
A viper glided by my side
Athwart the ruined portal spread
  The fearless spider's snare—
The loathsome insect felt secure
  That none would enter there.

The tattered arras loosely shook
  Its colourless remains,
As gusts of melancholy winds
  Sighed through the broken panes,
Which once my ancient scutcheon bore—

27 The/Its
29 *1st began* The old walls offered; *2nd reading* For the old walls gave to view
33 Rank/*1st* Large; *2nd* Coarse
34 *1st beginning* Ran fo[rth]; *2nd* Ran thickly
38 *Before this line* To *is cancelled*
39 *1st reading* Moving along the pathway wide; *2nd reading for* pathway, *not deleted,* alley.
40 A/The
43 Methought the insect felt secure

38 [Referring to the common inscriptions on sundials "I only record sunny hours" ets. etc. For Pinkney's interest in sundials, see *Life,* page 82, and *Rodolph,* II, 67.]

45 [arras; draperies.]

49 [scutcheon, coat of arms.]

But which now strewed the rotting floor.
My father's picture on the hearth
  Lay low and dim with dust—
The hooks by which it hung on high,
  Had yielded unto rust.
The handless clock had ceased to chime,
As conscious I cared not for time.

All was confusion, disarray,
Neglect, gloom, silence, and decay.

53 *1st reading.* The hooks by which it used to hang; *2nd* The headless hooks etc.
55 *Originally* ll. 57-58 *preceded this.*
56 As conscious I had d[one with time(?).]

50 [The whole of this passage reminds the editors of Hood's *Haunted House,* and indeed of the earlier serious work of that poet, which appeared largely in the *London Magazine,* of which Pinkney seems to have been a reader—*See Scraps* no. x.]

FRAGMENTS, probably connected with "*Rodolph*"

[The following fragments are all preserved in Pinkney's autograph, on a single sheet of paper inserted in the *Yale Notebook*, and because, in the last fragment, "R's," which demands a trochaic word metrically, is pretty surely to be expanded to "Rodolph's" and because all the lines may be fitted into the untold portions of Pinkney's story, as narrative or reflective passages, it seems probable that they were intended for a later expansion of that poem. A prose fragment, doubtfully connected with the verses below, is given among the *Scraps*, no. vi.]

I

That each mind is the whole world, each
  As doctrine may receive,
As well as aught that wise men teach,
  Or those as wise believe;
For easy 'tis, I ween, to show
It true as any truth I know.

4 those as wise/greater fools
6 It/Its

II

Thy smile was like a burst of light.

1st reading Thy smile, a burst of light.
cf. [*Song* (The smile etc.)]

III

The cold weak precepts I deride,
That bid me forfeit this thy kiss—
Preferring wisely such as guide
The wise-one's heart to certain bliss.

3 Obeying rather such as guide *1st reading*
1 [The precept is probably that of Plato, "Beware the kiss."]

IV

Disgusted with men's idle strife,
He left them in his mood;
And sought a better way of life
In utter solitude.

3 cf. [*The Indian's Bride* ll. 29-32, and *To*—("'Twas eve") l. 31.]

V

Yon sun is but an idle light,
Since it no longer shines on thee:
This earth became an irksome sight
When thou didst cease a sight to be.

[cf. *Song* (Those starry eyes) l. 5f, etc.]

VI

Thou child of sleep (a dream)—

VII

Take love away from life,
You take away its pleasures.

VIII

self esteem,
Which is indeed your R[odolph]'s sweetest dream.

2 [*"R's" in MS expanded by editor.*]

[cf. *Self Esteem* ll. 1-2.]

TO INFELICIA

[This charming stanza, to "an unhappy" lady, is preserved in the poet's handwriting on a slip of paper inserted in the *Yale Notebook.*]

TO INFELICIA

Discard that melancholy mien,
  Suppress those rising sighs;
Nought in life's low and wretched scene,
  Deserves to dim those eyes—
To break "the calm" of such a breast,
Or rob thee of one hour of rest.

5 [cf. *Song* (Oh, maiden fair) l. 11 f. and *The Grave* l. 28.]

[ASPASIA]

[On the verso of the MS. of *Cleonice* is the following rough fragment, with several corrections, preceded by one line of writing now illegible. Possibly the author planned a poem which was to deal with the death of Pericles, the Athenian statesman, whose love for Aspasia was celebrated.]

Take in a sigh which syllables thy name
The final breath I fondly vowed to thee
Ere my lost heart grew old.
Aspasia!—Oh, Aspasia!—
(Falls and dies.)

1 which/that
2 *1st reading* The final breath I vowed to thee; *2nd reading* The foolish final breath I vowed to thee; fondly *was inserted later in pencil*
4 Falls and dies *added later in pencil*
The illegible line seems to read in part "Quake, now! Stand, by!— . . .

[SELF-ESTEEM]

[The following remarkable lines, of the deepest significance, were originally written without change by the poet and signed E. C. P. in the *Yale Notebook*, whence Mrs. Pinkney cut them and inserted them in her *Album*. On the verso of the manuscript were written the second note on *The Wedding Ring*, and *Scraps*, no. xii; part of the latter is still in the *Notebook* below a hiatus and shows the original position of the poem, which is without title or change in the MS.]

I know that perfect self esteem
Is boyhood's most seductive dream:
Like others, when my course began,
I revelled in it,—but the man
To whom experience betrays
The sordor of life's miry ways,
Feels that the hope is—Oh! how vain,
To tread them through without a stain.

1-2 [cf. *Fragments connected with "Rodolph,"* viii.]
4-5 [cf. Wordsworth, *My heart leaps up*, ll. 3-4, So was it when my life began,/So is it now I am a man.]

LINES [on a Ring]

[The following graceful poem on a snake ring is taken from an autograph MS. of the poet, inserted by Mrs. Pinkney in her *Album*. According to James Forbes, *Oriental Memoirs* (London, 1813, vol. II, 382-9), the Hindoos attributed the guardianship of treasures to an evil demon in the form of a serpent, and the modern reader may recall Kipling's use of the tradition in his tale of *The King's Ankus* in the *Second Jungle Book*. It is worth noting that Pinkney seems, like Shelley, to have been free from all repugnance toward snakes, and his allusion here, as in the *Carrier's Address*, is a pleasant one.]

LINES,

Written for a lady, to be given with a ring, fashioned as a serpent;—the motto being,—"Let memory be the Slave of the Ring."

Before we part, this mimic snake
  I charm, and send to thee,
That it may keep from Time's attack
  Thy memory of me.

Thus, amid Eastern India's lands,
  As travellers have told,
The Rajah from all hostile hands
  Protects his buried gold.

3-4 [cf. *To* [*Georgiana*] (With Wordsworth etc.) l. 11 f.]

TO A FRIEND

[These lines were written by Pinkney in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*, dated "Sunday morn" and signed "P." She has added the year "1824," but does not indicate that the verses were addressed to her; they were not included in the 1825 volume, perhaps because the poet felt that the conceit of the last line turned upon their inclusion in a lady's album and might be pointless in print. Later he reworked a striking simile in *The Beauty*. The poem is very characteristic of the writer's melancholy and fatalistic vein. The changes have been made by means of a pen-knife.]

TO A FRIEND

I

A weary lot is mine, sweet girl,
  A weary lot is mine—
A hopeless soul, a wishful heart,

Unworthy both to act their part
In fellowship with thine.

II

Much, something, nothing—whatso'er
I *must* hereafter be—
The time, that in thy presence fled,
Shall be regarded, like the dead,
With tender memory.

III

And if the smoke of heated minds
(All history, at last!),
Ending in clouds its dubious column,
At once fantastical and solemn,
Ascend into the past,—

IV

Nor yet, when I have disappeared,
Derive from any light
Spectra, which may afford one trace
Of me to those about the base,
Who gaze upon its height;—

V

Why, be it so:—I am not now
Ambitious, although proud;

7 must/may
16 disappeared/*Pinkney wrote* "disappeared" *over cancelled* pass[ed].

8 [cf. *Scraps*, no. 1.]
11 [cf. *The Beauty*, ll. 1-4.]

And none, that bitterly hates shame,
Is more indifferent to fame,
  Which gathers round the shroud.

VI

But let thy thoughts embalm my name,
  Till I "play out the play;"
Then, from its ambient spicery,
Thou too, fair lady, shalt be free
  To cast that name away.

VII

Nature is mutability;
  And thou perchance wilt laugh
To read, in future years, what I
Conclude with an unwonted sigh,—
  Our friendship's epitaph.

27 [Quoted from Shakespeare, *I Henry IV*, II, iv, 531.]

THE LOVER'S DREAM

[This poem is preserved in Pinkney's autograph in his wife's *Album* described as "By Edward C. Pinkney" and with Georgiana's usual annotation that she was his inspiration. The lines were not included in the 1825 volume, probably because Pinkney there printed "*To* —— ('Twas eve)," which is little more than a reworking of this early poem. See our notes on the former.]

THE LOVER'S DREAM

I mused, as is my wont, of thee—
  My mind was full of sadness,—
And thought was with me as with one
  Who never yet knew gladness;—

1. is *incorrectly written "in" in MS.*

But calmness o'er my spirit fell,
  And like a quiet stream
That flows into a burning land,
  There came a gentle dream.

Methought, remote from human haunts,
  With sunny skies above,
We dwelt among delightful scenes,
  And all our life was love:—
Our wedded souls, like pleasant sounds
  In music softly blending,
Together made a harmony
  That should have known no ending;
And lasting were that life intense,
  If joy might be its measure,—
For though but moments unto time,
  It was an age to pleasure!—
The rapture of such fleeting dream,
  Outweighs all known of pain,
Except its waking, which, for worlds,
  I would not feel again.

21 "dream" *is demanded by the sense though MS reads* "stream."
5-20 [cf. *To* [*Georgiana*] ('Twas eve), ll. 29-34, 41-48.]

INVITATION AND REPLY

[This trifle, which is preserved in Pinkney's autograph on a scrap of paper inserted by Mrs. Pinkney in her *Album*, was hardly even in bad taste in the poet's day, and however valueless otherwise is at least in excellent verse. It is signed *Moi*, and is immediately followed by the next epigram. The reader will of course recall the Biblical text, "Eat, and drink, for to-morrow we die" (I Cor., xv, 32) in this connection.]

INVITATION AND REPLY

(*Impromptu*)

Come, fill, my friend, the bumper bright,
  And give a parting pledge to sorrow,
Let's very merry be to-night,
  And what the Gods decree to-morrow.

If I must fill more bumpers bright,
  I give indeed a pledge to sorrow,
For I shall be dead-drunk to-night,
  And sick as death itself to-morrow.

Title Impromptu/*inserted later.*
8 itself/*inserted later*

EPIGRAM

[Written in Pinkney's handwriting on the same piece of paper with the foregoing is the following Naval epigram, after which, in the *Album*, is written "E. C. P." In the days of sailing ships it was a common punishment to send a man to the lower mast-head (that portion of the mainmast from the cap to the heel of the topmast) to remain for a certain period.]

Epigram on a Midshipman mast-headed on board of the Fr[igate] United States

Lo! I have risen by my faults or fates,
  To lofty place in the United States:
To me alone, this happy day, 'tis given
  To sit thus high, and conversant with heaven.

PINKNEY'S PROSE WRITINGS

THE NEW FRANKENSTEIN

[In the first issue of *The Marylander*, December 5, 1827, Pinkney introduced much literary material—probably to fill space, since the news and editorial conduct of the paper was scarcely under way, and among other things, he printed the following burlesque, admittedly suggested by Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818). It is the only complete tale known from Pinkney's pen, and cannot be very highly praised from a literary point of view, but since it is printed under the heading *Literary* without credit to any other source, and seems to contain personal allusions, the editors have felt no doubt as to the authorship, nor scruples about reproducing it, with silent correction of a few misprints in spelling and punctuation.]

THE NEW FRANKENSTEIN

"I hope here to be truths—"
[Shakespeare] *M*[*easure*] *for Meas*[*ure*,
II, i, 131]

The following harmless parody will easily be understood by those who have read a very powerful and romantic novel, the authorship of which has been generally attributed to Mrs. Shelley, widow of the eccentric but gifted poet of that name. We speak of "Frankenstein, or the new Prometheus." That Mrs. Shelley was its author, we do not believe: on collating the novels supposed to be hers, with the poems of her husband, it

becomes apparent that they are the offspring of one brain; nor do we think, (without intending the slightest disrespect to the better half of the human race) that a woman could have composed the work in question.[1] Frankenstein seems to be indubitably the composition of one of the masculine gender.

Fanciful people have asserted that they could often infer from the conduct, style, and manner of a wife, or of a servant, who was the husband of the one, or the master of the other. The last is perhaps somewhat truer than the first; it is, however, certain, that long association will induce habits of imitation on the part of the inferior, which end, of course, in some resemblance. The servant is most disposed to imitate, but the wife is best enabled to do so: it may be, therefore, that Mrs. Shelley caught the style of her husband, and is possibly the writer of other novels said to be "by the author of Frankenstein." This preface is rather digressive, but, we trust, not impertinent.

In the course of some long and painful travels, solely undertaken with a generous view to the advancement of science, and amelioration of society, I once became familiarly acquainted with a man, part of whose history is so singularly wild and strange, that it deserves to be recorded for the certain delectation and probable profit of my dear countrymen.

This man, or rather sage, to common eyes seemed simply a maker of watches; but a gifted and favoured few knew better things. He was the most patient stu-

[1] [Prof. Walter E. Peck tells us no modern scholars doubt Mrs. Shelley's authorship, but that Shelley did greatly influence the writings of those closely associated with him.]

dent that ever trimmed lamp, yet possessed withal a mind so incredibly vigorous, that it sank not under the oppression of universal knowledge, but stood like Atlas, bearing the whole heaven upon its shoulders; and his ingenuity, notwithstanding a memory preternaturally enlarged, subsisted in unbroken energy. Ignorant of nothing, he was most remarkable as an expert machinist; and I chiefly purpose to illustrate his excellency in this respect, leaving in the shade his other numberless attainments.

Being one day together in Westminster Hall,[1] as inattentive as possible to the difficult trifling and frivolous subtlety of the advocates, we fell into discourse concerning *androides*. Having touched upon the speaker, flute-player, and, not to mention the less wonderful conjuror and chess player,[2] many similar curiosities, something luminous appeared to strike him, and he suddenly exclaimed—"Why cannot I make a lawyer?" —"Saint Nicholas!" said I, "a lawyer?—They will have you off to Bedlam presently. It cost a certain, nameless, intelligent person,[3] a long time to transform himself into the worst in the world; and do you pretend to *make* one?—In the name of the Virgin out of what?"

"I say, a lawyer," rejoined the philosopher; "and I will make him out of senseless matter, which goes most

[1] [Westminster Hall, the seat of the chief law courts in England in Pinkney's time.]

[2] [Maelzel's automaton chess player had been exhibited in Baltimore about this time, and there was much interest in *automata*, or *androides;* the flute player was the work of Jacques de Vaucanson (17th Cent.); the speaker of Fabermann of Vienna; and the conjuror "the magician of M. Maillardet." See *Encyclopædia Britannica,* 3rd ed, *s.v. Androides;* 11th ed, *s.v. Automaton.*]

[3] [Pretty certainly Pinkney has himself in mind here.]

properly to the composition of one. Mine shall mainly consist of a little, vocal, voluble clock-work. Into his head I will convey a few cabalistical phrases, and points of learning, inscribed on slips of parchment; and you shall see them, like the paltry shreds and beads wherewith we charge a kaleidoscope, instantly assume a fine and marvellous appearance; the rest need be nought but leather and prunello.[1] I will forthwith betake me to the work. Come to my laboratory a month hence."

Aware that the ancient was profound in his art, and observing his confidence, I conceived a hope, that he would prove able to execute his project; and awaited anxiously the expiration of a month. It came, and I went.

I found the artist busily completing his Promethean[2] labours. There lay at his feet the likeness of a human body: it was the automaton, which wanted little, towards its completion. The artist hardly noticed my approach, and proceeded silently to perfect the interesting work before him. He did so, in fact, very abruptly; either some spring was casually touched, or the machinery otherwise impelled; for the figure started at once under his hand into semblable life—in rising violently overthrew my venerable friend—and terribly disfigured its own face, the substance of which had not yet hardened. Its arms being extended I placed 6s. 8d.[3] in its open palm, and was rewarded by hearing the artist accused of a battery. We left the room to consult about the dis-

[1] [Pope, *Essay on Man,* iv, 203-204. /"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,/The rest is all but leather and prunella."]

[2] [Prometheus, according to the Greek myth, created man.]

[3] [Six shillings and eight pence ($1.60), seems to have no special significance.]

posal of our legal member, and on[1] returning found it had escaped, we knew not how. Such an event, of course, produced in us no small consternation.

My philosopher and myself shortly after revisited the courts. What was my astonishment, when I saw the automaton actively engaged in the conduct of a suit!—So artful was its construction, and so cunningly did it perform all the functions of a lawyer, that it was scarcely possible to distinguish it from any incarnate special pleader. The sage was dreadfully shocked at the pernicious, juridical creature, which he imprudently loosed to prey upon society, and justly feared the popular indignation, that would inevitably ensue detection, shuddering to accuse himself of having added to so vexatious a generation.

The remainder of this melancholy tale may be told in few words. Animated by an avenging demon, or perhaps by the malignity of its own evil nature; or exasperated by the remembrance of its accidental defacement; the automaton provoked the creditors of its ingenious old contriver—persecuted him with writs, actions, executions—and finally hunted him, weary and destitute, to the gloom of a prison, which he soon changed for that of the grave, dying of restriction from his favourite pursuits. The many saw in his misfortunes only the ordinary failure of an unprosperous tradesman: thus will ignorance mistake the weight of this great clock, the world.[2] I cannot follow any further the

[1] ["on" *is misprinted* "not" *in The Marylander.*]

[2] [Clocks are of course run by weights, and the figure is appropriate since the new Frankenstein was a clockmaker. The meaning is that we do not know the real causes of events—but Pinkney rather hints at than expresses his meaning in this amazingly abrupt statement.]

creature of the new Frankenstein. The governing springs of its miscreated body in all likelihood, still act, since the dissecting-knife has not revealed its metallic anatomy, which I have reason to think was adapted to the age of man; and since of it the Parish Registers are dumb. The *automaton*, it may be, is amongst us.

FRAGMENT OF A TALE

[Inserted in the Aldis copy of Pinkney's 1825 volume is a sheet of paper, on one side of which is a much corrected draft, in the poet's autograph, of an unfinished prose work. The lower part of the sheet is blank, which suggests that the story was not completed—the opening is abrupt, but there is no proof that Pinkney completed any earlier paragraphs. From certain phrases, especially the cancelled references to the ruined cottage, we may suspect the theme of the romantic tale planned may have been similar to that of *The Immortal*. The variants are recorded in full, and show how carefully Pinkney labored over his prose as well as his verse.]

'You seem then to[a] know, my friend,' said the elder of the two,[b] 'that I have long enjoyed the favour[c] of the lovely and powerful Countess P—; but[d] you know not the tremendous[e] price at which I purchased[f] that advantage.[g] With her assistance[h] I have gradually[j]

a) seem then to/*inserted*.
b) of the two/and see
c) favour/favour and patronage
d) but/*1st reading* but that ruined cottage which; *2nd* that *changed to* the
e) tremendous/dreadful
f) purchased . . . advantage/earned it
g) advantage/blessing. *Then comes a cancelled passage first begun* The crumbling cottage before us, reminds me painfully of this *then changed to* The crumbling cottage before us, reminds me painfully of that price and if you will, you may now hear what—alas!—it was.
h) With her assistance/*1st reading* By her means *2nd* By the means of her influence *3rd* By her influence.
j) gradually/*inserted*

risen to a rank which my successive[k] services authorized[l] me to hope for but which[m] without her, I should perhaps[n] never have attained. I[o] have justified, however, in the field,[p] my elevation[q] to such rank,[r] and I can still better[s] justify the[t] exertion of her influence in my favour, by the mere relation of a plain but melancholy story.

k) successive/*inserted*
l) authorized/warranted
m) which/*1st reading as text 2nd reading rejected* but I have justified, however, my ascent.
n) perhaps/*inserted*
o) I . . . story/*Substituted for a passage first begun* The ruined cottage before us painfully recalls the *then begun again* The ruined cottage before us is painfully associated with the remembrance of our first meeting. You may, if you wish, hear its history.
p) in the field/*inserted*
q) elevation/ascension
r) rank/rank in the
s) still better/*inserted*
t) the/her

BOOK REVIEW

[Early in the winter of 1827 Sir Walter Scott published the first series of *Chronicles of the Canongate*, which contained the stories of *The Highland Widow*, *The Two Drovers*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter*. Pinkney reviewed the work in *The Marylander* of December 29, 1827 (vol. i, no. 8) as follows:]

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE

Sir Walter Scott has at length laid aside the tittle that remained to him of his incognito. Why, with so flimsy a mantle, he has relinquished his inspiration, can only be accounted for, on the supposition, that the two circumstances are connected only in time. We do not think that his powers are exhausted; the singular inferiority of the "Chronicles" to his other works—the worst of which have hitherto borne the redeeming impress of his splendid genius; the marvellous alacrity

in sinking[1] now for the first time exhibited by him; appear to have another cause. The author has indulged himself in the art of book making; affording, like Shakespeare, a memorable instance of wonderful literary ability, coupled with complete indifference to literary reputation. It is a pity that Sir Walter is "one who has had losses," [2] for which he seems over-anxious to indemnify himself. Necessity is the only plea that can excuse the prostitution of such talents: where their possessor has no justification of the kind, he is a sorry sight.

"Several men," says Swift,[3] speaking of the interview between Monsieur Boufflers and the Earl of Portland,[4] "were appointed at certain periods, to ride in great haste towards the English camp, and cry out, *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient:* then small parties advancing with the same speed, and the same cry; and this foppery held for many hours, until the Mareschal himself arrived." Swift applies this anecdote to Burnet's advertisements and well known introduction. Now, Sir Walter has been Swift's Editor,[5] and might, we think, have profited by the application. A preface and a very tedious introduction prepare us for the Chronicles in general; and a preamble of no very lively

[1] [Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, III, v, 13.]

[2] [Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, IV, ii, 87.]

[3] [Swift, *A Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction*, 1713, Temple Scott ed. iii, 132.]

[4] [The interview between the marshal of France, Louis François Boufflers (1644-1711) and Bentinck (1649-1709) took place in July, 1697, before the peace of Ryswick. See *Dictionary of National Biography*, article on William Bentinck, 1st Duke of Portland.]

[5] [Sir Walter's edition of *Swift*, 19 vols., 8vo., appeared July 1, 1814.]

character announces each particular story; which story, with deference be it spoken, is too much calculated to remind us, that the mountain was in labour, and brought forth a mouse.[1]

In short, notwithstanding our infinite admiration of the author, we cannot help considering his first two tales below mediocrity, and the last not above it. We have not space for further remarks.

[1] [Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 139 "Parturiunt montes et nascitur ridiculus mus."]

ESSAYS

I. [The following article appeared in *The Marylander* of December 15, 1827 (vol. i, no. 4). Preserved Fish was born in New Bedford in 1766, and named for his father. He became a wealthy merchant in New York, and died in 1846. See the *National Cyclopedia of American Biography* (N. Y., 1897, vol. vii, p. 188) for a refutation of a romantic account of his name and its origin.]

NAMES

We observed in a late paper a communication purporting to be from a gentleman who enjoys the egregious name of *Preserved Fish*, Esq. and is said to be one of the Greek Executive Committee. If there be such a person in existence, we beg his pardon; but his baptismal sponsors have certainly more sins than his to answer for. We beseech him to adopt some other appellation immediately, for how is it possible that anyone should lend a grain of faith to missives, however respectable otherwise, subscribed Preserved Fish?—they must

really seem worse than anonymous: their readers must at once say, with Iago,[1]—

"Fie!—there is no such man."

Nay, the most intimate correspondents of a man so unhappily denominated, must often feel some misgivings as to his reality. We are not quite such believers in the importance of names, as Mr. Shandy,[2] or Montaigne,[3] (see his chapter on them); but at times it strikes us. We wonder, for instance, that Dr. Lyall[4] should ever have thought of writing his travels; or that Captain Coward,[5] though brave, perhaps, as Caesar, could persuade himself to enter the army. But what are these names compared with that mentioned above, which is actually enough to ruin its bearer.

[1] [Shakespeare, *Othello,* IV, ii, 134.]
[2] [Sterne, *Tristram Shandy,* I, xix, etc.]
[3] [Montaigne, *Essays,* I, xlvi.]
[4] [Robert Lyall (1790-1831) British scientist, in 1824 published *Travels in Russia.*]
[5] [Captain Coward has not been traced, but doubtless Pinkney had a real person in mind.]

II. [Pinkney has two notes on the following subject, the first published in *The Marylander*, January 5, 1828 (vol. i, no. 10), the second now first printed from the verso of the MS. of the poem *Self Esteem*, originally written in the *Notebook*, but transferred to Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*. Pinkney's source for the contents of both notes is the article he mentions, in the Philadelphia *American Quarterly Review*, September, 1827, (II, 83 f).]

THE WEDDING RING

I. The use of the wedding ring may be traced to the Egyptians, who placed it, as we do, upon the fourth finger of the left hand, because they believe[d] that a

vein or nerve ran directly from that finger to the heart. The Greeks and Romans adopted their belief, and followed their example, the Jewish wives wore it on the index or forefinger. Christian usages have been very various in this respect. In the early Greek church, the ring was worn on the right hand by both husband and wife; and in some churches in the north of Europe, it was put upon several fingers successively, in the names of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—being finally left upon the fourth. The curious on this subject may consult a learned article on the law of marriage and divorce, in the A[merican] Quarterly Review for September last.

II. Selden supposes that in England, before the reformation of the order of matrimony by the Parliament under Edward VI (A. D. 1548) the ring used to be put upon a[a] finger of the right hand.[1]

a. a *written after* the *was cancelled.*

[1] [See John Selden's *Uxor Ebraica,* II, xxvii, "(annulum) digito sponsae manus sinistrae (non, ut puto ante, dexterae), quarto induat." Selden's treatise supplied much of the article *On the Law of Marriage* etc. referred to by Pinkney.]

SCRAPS

[Under this title Pinkney printed from time to time in *The Marylander* extracts from his commonplace book. Some are mere selections from other writers, some comments of his own upon such selections, some original notes of one sort or another. All that appeared in the paper that are ascribed to no source, or to "MS." which indicates the poet's authorship, are here collected; and we have added all the remaining miscellaneous jottings in Pinkney's MS. in the *Notebook* which are the original compositions of the poet. The numbers and all the contents of square brackets, as well as the footnotes, are due to the editors. Nos. 13

and 14 appeared in *The Marylander* January 5, 1828 (vol. i, no. 10); nos. 1 and 2 on February 2 (vol. i, no. 18); nos. 3 and 4 March 29 (vol. i, no. 34); no. 5 on April 2 (vol. i, no. 35) and exists also in MS. in the *Notebook*. The rest are all printed from MS. versions originally in the *Notebook*. But when Mrs. Pinkney transferred the poem *Self Esteem* to her *Album* she took with it on its verso all but the last seven words of No. 12.]

I

The past appears in memory more happy than it was, as a dead acquaintance is thought wiser and better than we esteemed him while in life. We remember only the good qualities of both; forgetting the pains and tears of one, and the follies and faults of the other.

[cf. *To a Friend* l. 5 f.]

II

Society is like the philosophical toy, called the vial of the four elements; which elements, however confounded by their first mixture, or by subsequent agitation, speedily assume their proper order.

III

The middle of life ought to be pleasurable, for both its extremes are painful. We are ushered into the world by the pains of others, and followed out of it by their lamentations. We "waul and cry" [1] when born, and groan when dying. Our birth gives great pain to others and some to ourselves—our death, on the contrary, little to them, and much to us. The first takes place always without our consent, the last generally against our will. "Oh, life thou art a melancholy jest!" [2]

[1] [*King Lear*, IV, iv, 179.]
[2] [Garbled from Byron's *Werner*, II, i, 335-336.]

IV

Black seems the fittest (though perhaps it is not the most common[1]) colour for mourning, because it requires less frequent change of apparel than any other, and best suits those whom, grief may be supposed to have rendered somewhat careless of strict cleanliness, and indifferent to personal appearances.

[1] [The author is considering the customs of *all* nations.]

V

An American[1] gentleman[a] being in St. Domingo, and having to ride to Port-au-Prince, which lay at a considerable[b] distance, engaged a horse for the purpose. When brought, it proved to be a mere dog-horse. "You rascal," said the gentleman,[c] "how is that wretched animal to carry me?" "Monsieur," replied its[d] owner, "comptez sur lui: il est au fait dans la misère." [2]

a. An American gentleman/Mr. Louis MS.
b. a considerable/some MS.
c. the gentleman/he MS.
d. its/the MS.

[1] [Nothing is known of Mr. Louis, but Pinkney cruised in the West Indies.]

[2] ["Count upon him, he is happy in his unhappiness" preserves the paradox but not the simplicity of the French.]

VI

Whom I love not, I must hate; for no veil save that cast by affection over its object, can suffice to conceal the odious attributes common to all human nature.

[This accompanies the verse *Fragments probably connected with "Rodolph"* in the MS.]

VII

Women always speak before they have thought, and answer before they have understood.

VIII

As any cook can make a good dinner out of sufficient materials, while a masterly artist is required without them;[1] so the man, who, destitute of merit, attains greatness, is more entitled to our admiration, than he who wins[a] it by means of all the qualities that deserve it.

a. wins/*2nd reading, rejected,* ar[rives at]

[1] [cf. *Cornelius Agrippa* l. 82 f.]

IX

Mr. Purviance's[1] parentheses, like a nest of boxes, or of Yankee-tubs.

[1] [See *Life,* p. 47.]

X

The London Magazine has for some time been[a] crying out against[b] cockneys. In the same manner, a detected pick-pocket, when the hue and cry is raised in pursuit of him, bawls "Stop thief!"[c] more lustily than anyone else.

a. *MS reads* being
b. against/against the *first reading, cancelled.*
c. more/bawls more *first reading cancelled.*

XI

The A[merican] Q[uarterly] Review[a] mentions that the Duke of Saxe-Weimar,[1] while in New-England, was

a "A. Q. Reviews" *inserted in MS with a caret. We have printed "Review" for the sense.*

[1] [See the review, probably by Robert Walsh the editor, of the *American Quarterly Review,* Philadelphia, December 1827 (ii, 417),

thus addressed by a stage-driver: —"Are you the *man* that's to go in the southern stage?—Well, I guess, I'm the *gentleman* that's to drive you."

of the *Travels of Lieut. De Roos.* The story was probably told by Charles Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar during his visits to Philadelphia in 1824 and 1825 when he met Walsh; as the adventure, which took place at Lebanon, Pa., does not seem to be recounted in the Duke's *Travels* (translation, Philadelphia 1828.)]

XII

Professor Pallas [1] mentions that in a certain part of the Crimea the soil is sufficiently manured by the slime of the snails that crawl over it.

[1] [Peter Simon Pallas (1741-1811) a German traveller, did much to explore Russia. His works are voluminous and not adequately indexed, and the reference has not been located.]

XIII

"The Albanians have among them persons who pretend to know the character of approaching events, by hearing sounds resembling those that will accompany the actual occurrence."—[*John*] *Galt's Letters from the Levant* [London, 1813, Letter xxi, p. 178.]

The same superstition is spoken of in the notes to "the Giaour." [of Lord Byron, l. 1077.]

XIV

"We now tied up all the dogs as Takkeelikkeeta desired, and took the child about a quarter of a mile astern of the ships, to bury it in the snow; for the father assured me that her mother would cry in her grave, if any weight of stones or earth pressed on her

infant. She herself, he feared, had already felt pain from the monument of stones we had placed upon her." —[*Sir William Edward*] *Parry's* [*Journal of a*] *second Voyage* [*for the discovery of a Northwest Passage*, London, 1824, Chapter xiii, January 26, 1823.]

This fear, on the part of the Esquimaux, was curiously classical. "Sit illi levis terra,"[1] was the common prayer of the Romans (who buried their dead much more frequently than is generally supposed) in behalf of a deceased friend or relation.

1 ["May the earth be light upon him"—in *The Marylander,* levis is misprinted levy; "is" and "y" being very similar in Pinkney's handwriting.]

XV

"Such of you, Romans, as can, conveniently, come with me, and beseech the Gods that you may have commanders like me; since from my seventeenth year to old age, you have always anticipated my years with honours, and I your honours with services." Scipio according to Livy[1] [Book 38, Sec. 51.]

A fine compliment—though paid to himself.

1 [Pinkney here, and in no XVI, uses Baker's translation.]

XVI

For the following see Livy, Book 39, Sec. 9.

"As they lived in the same neighbourhood, an intimacy subsisted between her (Hispala Fecenia, a noted courtezan) [and Æbutius] which was *far from being injurious either to the character* or property of the young man, *for she had conceived a passion for him, and had voluntarily sought his acquaintance; and his supplies*

from his friends being too scanty, he was supported by the generosity of this woman."

Nowadays this would make a man infamous. The details of the suppression of the Bacchanalian mysteries which ensue this curious statement, contain a tale of debauchery which has apparently[a] been only amplified in "Justine."[1]

[a] apparently/*written over* m[erely] *erased.*

[1] [*Justine, ou les Malheurs de la vertu,* "Londres" [Paris] 1791, 2 vols.; 2nd edition, 1797 enlarged to 4 vols.; is a highly offensive work of the notorious Donatien Alfonse François, marquis de Sade (1740-1814).]

XVII

"As in a ship those at the oar can see what is before them better than the pilot, and yet are often looking back to him for orders etc."—*Plutarch, Life of Agis*[1] [I, 2.]

I do not know that this passage has ever been noticed. It throws some light upon a "questio vexata"—namely, the manner in which[a] the classics rowed their vessels.

[a] in which *seems to have been added later by the poet.*

[1] [Pinkney uses Langhorne's translation, here and also as the source of *Cleonice.*]

XVIII

The following piece should be given to the public, as a literary curiosity.[1]

[1] [This is found, in Pinkney's handwriting and much corrected, in the Yale Notebook, the prose being written on the verso of the sheet. While poems composed by sailors were not uncommon in Pinkney's day, there is a great deal of art as well as vigor in this piece. If John Dixon, the name of whose ship is so strangely omitted, composed the song, the changes show either that Pinkney's memory was faulty, or that he treated the verses much as Burns and Scott did the popular productions which fell into their hands.]

BOAT-SONG

Composed, while chasing a pirate, by Jno. Dixon, seaman on the U. S. Schooner ——

A prize!—a prize!—
Give way, give way:—
Howe'er she flies,
She's ours to-day.
Oh, cheerily pull—Oh, cheerily pull—
Then steady; keep your luff:
Lay out—hurrah!—now keep her full,
We have the wind enough.

A prize!—a prize!—
Give way, give way:—
Howe'er she flies,
She's ours to-day.
Oh, cheerily pull—Oh, cheerily pull—
We have her on the lee
And might o'ertake the flying gull,
Upon a rougher sea.

A prize!—a prize!—
Give way, give way:—
Howe'er she flies,
She's ours to-day.
Our jolly boat's too staunch to fail
If wilder breakers roared;—
In oars—stand by your arms—down sail—
Aboard, my boys! aboard!

15 the flying gull/*1st reading cancelled* such flying gull; *2nd reading, not cancelled but alternative as text* the ocean gull.
21 Our boat is staunch and would not fail
22 breakers/tempests
24 boys/men

XIX

PLAGIARISMS

(cont[inued] from vol. 1)

"Down falls the Doctor flat in a fit of perplexity"—Foote. Devil upon two Sticks [Act II.] Stolen by W. Scott for Redgauntlet. [Conclusion by Dr. Dryasdust in a letter to the author of Waverly.][1]

[1] [Pinkney preceded Poe in collecting parallel passages, but his other notes on the subject seem to have perished with *Notebook No. I.*]

CRITICISM OF HOOD, attributed to Pinkney

[The following brief notice or introduction to Thomas Hood's poem, *A Restrospective Review*, appeared in *The Marylander* January 9, 1828, and is in Pinkney's manner. However, Hood's poem had been copied from its first publication *(The Literary Souvenir* for 1827) in *The North American* (an earlier publication of Edward P. Roberts, printer of *The Marylander)* on September 8, 1827. Pinkney seems not to have contributed to the earlier paper, and the chance that Roberts himself or some other associate of his, wrote the notice causes the present editors to reprint this piece only as "attributed" to Pinkney.]

THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES, Etc., Etc.

By Thomas Hood

We have read this volume with less pleasure than attended our perusal of Mr. Hood's "Whims and Oddities." It is chiefly composed of gravities, which are unquestionably less entertaining than his former gaieties. Perhaps we miss the delightful illustrations that were even more amusing than the text of the "Whims, etc.," but we could wish, at all events, that Mr. Hood would regard the opinion of those judicious friends, who, as he informs us in the preface to that work, were pleased to think his talent decidedly humorous. We extract the following almost solitary specimen of that talent, which enlivens the present production. [The poem follows.]

APPENDIX

Tributary Poems,—Parody, and Translation

TRIBUTARY POEMS

LINES

[The following appeared in *The Amethyst, an Annual of Literature*, edited and published by N. C. Brooks, Baltimore, 1831, 24°, at pp. 81-84, and there is a transcript dated May, 1828, in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album*. The poem is signed in each place W. A. M., probably for William Augustus Muhlenberg, the writer of "I would not live alway"—although the MS. version does not seem to be in his handwriting.]

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD C. PINKNEY

A poet, whose hand held the divining rod of the affections, and brought to light the fountains of feeling wherever their hidden waters flowed.

Once more, sweet spring, the gentle queen of flow'rs,
Hath shook her pinions o'er this clime of ours,
And wrapt in southern fragrancy, she brings
Life in her breath and "healing in her wings."

The streamlets now in milder murmurs flow,
And flocks secure their ancient pastures know,
Her halcyon garments earth assumes again
And mild blue heavens attest the balmy reign.

4 [See *Malachi*, IV, 2.]

But midst this scene and season of delight,
So rife with all that's beautiful and bright,
That pain and sorrow seem forbidden here
And death a dweller in another sphere,
From all that glads the heart, we're called to turn
And pour our sorrows over Pinkney's urn.
The strain of "beauty" shall no more be sung
The lyre of "Italy" remains unstrung,
Sealed is the fount from whence their music flow'd,
Gone is the minstrel to his long abode,
That eye which shone with intellectual fire—
That form whose bearing seemed to breathe—Aspire!
That eye hath closed in everlasting night—
That form hath fallen from its lofty height
That voice once like the nightingale's is mute,
And like the nightingale he perished by the lute
Boast of his friends, his country's rising pride
He trod in Glory's vestibule—and died.

Around his brow all hands the laurel twined,
His fame ascended as his strength declined.
Still as he sung his melancholy lay,
His eye was lit with an unearthly ray,
Presaging him that easy sacrifice,
Which aye awaits the favourites of the skies.

All poets have dominions of their own
Where reason cow'rs and fancy fills the throne.
To those retreats he loved to make repair,
When worn with life and life-consuming care.
In intellectual Arcady reclined,
He scans the beauteous visions of his mind.
There broad savannas spread before his eyes,
At either end commingling with the skies.
Far in the front 'twixt earth and heaven he sees
The all-enclosing wave—a gentle breeze
Dimples the ocean's cheek and o'er its isles,

26 [Certainly a striking image.]

A long, unvarying, fadeless summer smiles.
Seasons for him their circling change forego,—
His cloudless heavens no interruption know,—
The pure and perfect day—the peerless night—
Alternate with Latona's offspring bright—
Infinity of intermingling light.

Late was the hour, when for the Muses' lore
The gloom of midnight overhung our shore,
No solitary star of worth was seen
To cheer the longing vision with its sheen.
Oft did the gazer lift a wistful eye
In hope some nascent twinkle to descry,
And oft with disappointment turn aside
To find the heavenly visitant denied.
At length, like spangles in the vast expanse,
Some faint and flickering lights were seen to glance,
Then gradually growing clear and bright
And others bursting momently to sight,
The heavens seemed all aglow when Pinkney's star
Arose and threw its brilliancy afar.
First of his nation in the line of song,
What lofty honours to his name belong!
Like Phosphor flaming in the light of dawn
He leads the trail of kindling glory on,
Yet not like him to dwindle and decay
Before the full meridian blaze of day,
But hourly brightening in his upward march
Till gained the keystone of the azure arch.
There at its culmination he shall stand,
The beacon and the glory of his land,
Casting his radiance on his country's page,
The light of song through many a coming age.

Spirit of Pinkney! from that starry dome
Where minds like thine find an immortal home,

48 [The poet rivals Pinkney's allusions—Latona's offspring, Apollo and Diana preside over, or are identified with the sun and moon.]

Oh! that I could inhale that soul of fire
Which was the living fibre of thy lyre,
Yet as I may not win such lofty aim,
Vouchsafe a kindly glance nor yet disclaim
These flowers by one upon thy memory shed,
Who loved thee living and laments thee dead.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY

[The following, signed Rascrea, first appeared in the *Boston Sentinel*. In Mrs. Pinkney's *Album* is preserved a clipping of a reprint which bears on its verso material not earlier than February, 1829. Rascrea's real name has not been discovered, nor has the source of the Whittier quotation been found.]

EDWARD C. PINKNEY

"And they laid him in the earth, and pressed the green turf down upon his manly beauty, and the *enemies* of the living came together and wept over the dead."—*J. G. Whittier.*

"*He was not of your order*" [Byron, *Manfred*, II, i, 38].

And let them weep—and let them mourn—
  Weep till the lava drop appears;
Weep till their tears to blood shall turn—
  Weep till their blood shall turn to tears!

And let them mourn—mourn till the hue
  Of grief shall tincture every vein;
Mourn till her sad, wild, spectral crew
  Permit joy's torch to blaze again!

Mourn till the brow of manhood wears
  The brilliance of its early day;
Mourn till the *heart* of manhood bears
  Its first, last smile—its childhood ray!

Mourn till the mind of boyhood can
  Feel, as in after years it must,

The cares that mark the life of man—
  The spirit's blight—the feelings rust!

What boots it? Him ye *mourn* is dead;
  His flight is far beyond your ken;
In life he did not with you tread—
  In death profane him not ye men!

His spirit's plume was wild and free—
  The eagle creeps not, may not bend
From his high flaming destiny,
  To call each butterfly his *friend.*

The nightingale may fail to charm
  With her sweet strain the tough-eared bat,—
But fine-strung hearts will feel, and burn
  With joy no less, because of that.

Then peace to *Pinkney!*—traces still
  Of his bright track move on to fame;
Some gems, whose brilliancy doth fill
  The mind with light, adorn his name.

PARODY

[Mrs. Pinkney preserved in her *Album* a clipping of a poem reprinted from the *American Statesman* of Boston, October 28, 1825. It is signed "Jerry Sneak," but Mrs. Pinkney in a MS. note adds that it was "An answer by Mr. Thompson of Pa." As it is the only known early parody of Pinkney, we reprint it, arranging the lines as Pinkney did, not in the eight-line stanzas of the clipping.]

ANOTHER "HEALTH"

I fill this cup to one made up of ugliness and rant;
A woman of her scolding sex the peerless termagant:
To whom the jarring elements and evil stars have given
A form so bad, 'twould make me mad to think to meet in heaven.

Her every tone is discord's own, the solemn screaming owl
Doth never in his surliest mood such ominous screechings howl.
The outpourings of an evil heart, rank poisonous forth they flow—
The treacherous cat and cursed rat are squeaking ever so.

Harsh words are pleasant sounds to her, and sweetly soothe her hours;
Her feelings have the pungency of nettles washed by showers—
And furious passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
Like some old witch, as black as pitch, till comes relief in tears.

Of her dark face—time can't erase the basilisk from my brain,
And of her voice—my ringing ears the sound will long retain.
But memory such as mine of her is like an iron hot:
It burns and sears; and scalding tears still cry forget me not.

I filled this cup to one made up of ugliness and rant;
A woman—of her scolding sex the peerless termagant:
Thank heaven! she has gone at last, and never more can vex
An easy soul, who loves his bowl, sans woman to perplex.

APPENDIX

TRANSLATION

[The following Latin version of *Evergreens* by the late J. J. Ryan, S.J., of Baltimore is printed from the original MS. in the Georgetown University archives. See the *Life*, p. 89.]

SEMPERVIRÆ

Prata dum, sylvas, apicesque, coelum,
Ornat aestatis color atque splendor,—
Arbor en! semper viridis videtur
    Umbra molesta.

Ast ut autumni gravis hora venit
Marcidis regnans foliis, virentes,
Haud vicem frondes, prior umbra jam jam,
    Lumen habetur.

Sic quod ingratum est ubi ridet hora,
Quando nos moeror gravat, approbamus;
Terror et praesens, subito beata
    Spes reputatur.

Descriptions of separate publications of Pinkney (Books, pamphlets, music, and broadsides).

1823

1. Entered according to Act of Congress, the 20th day of January, 1823. /-/Look out upon the stars my love/a serenade/written by a Gentleman of Baltimore, and/Adapted to a favourite Air/ With an Accompaniment for the/Piano-Forte and Spanish Guitar,/ by/H. N. Gilles. /-/Baltimore, Published by John Cole, No. 125 Market Street.

   Folio 2 leaves, outside blank, paged, pp. (1)-2, inside, engraved words and music.

   Copy: Library of Congress, inscribed "To Miss Sarah Forrest from her brother David M. Forrest. 15 March 1823 Baltimore."

1a Variety of the above, second issue, with two words re-engraved on p. 2.

   Copy: N. Y. Public Library.

2. The undersigned, having entered into some/[9 lines of text]/ Edward C. Pinkney./Baltimore, Oct. 11, 1823.

   Small broadside (5 x 2¾ inches, text 3½ x 2 inches.) relating to John Neal.

   Copy: In possession of one of the editors—found in Mrs. Pinkney's *Album,* and doubtless Pinkney's copy.

3. Rodolph./A Fragment./Baltimore:/Joseph Robinson,/Circulating Library./1823.

   8 vo. 16 leaves, (A)-D⁴; pp. (i-iii), iv, (5)-32; p. (ii) blank. p. (i), Title; (iii)-iv, "Dedication"; (5)-32, "Rodolph." (18 lines to a full page.)

   No covers are on the only known copy, perhaps issued without them. Issued late in the year, at 25 cents a copy.

   Copy: Harris Collection, Brown University.

B3. Three letters of Pinkney first appeared in the following volume by John Neal, to be described

Errata;/or, the works of Will Adams./A tale by the author/of/ Logan, Seventy-six, and Randolph./-/"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven—A WOMAN."/Revelations 12, 1/-/In two volumes.—Vol. II./-/New York:/published for the proprietors;

and for sale at the principal/bookstores in the United States./ 1823.

12 mo, 182 leaves; unsigned leaf, A-Z, Aa-Ff^6, Gg^1; pages [1-3], 4-364. The letters, from Pinkney to Neal, appear in an Appendix at pages 354, 355-356, and 358, (all in signature Ff). Volume 1 is similar in general, but contains nothing by Pinkney. The volumes were copyrighted, November 10, 1823, in the District of Maryland, by John Neal, and according to his *Wandering Recollections,* p. 238, issued November 18.

Copy: N. Y. P. L. (rebound).

1825

4. Poems,/by/Edward C. Pinkney./Baltimore:/Joseph Robinson,/Circulating Library./1825.

24 mo., 36 leaves (1)^4, 2-6^6, 7^2 the last signature of two leaves probably the "offcut" of (1)^4. pp. (1-8)+(13)-76; pages 1, 4, 6, 8, 48, 52, 60, 74 are blanks. p. 2 contains an Advertisement of Robinson's publications; 3 the half title "Poems"; 7 "Contents"; 49 the half title "Rodolph/A fragment." 32 lines to a full page.

Issued in gray boards, with pink paper label "Pinkney's poems" on cover—end papers white, as are fly leaves. Price 62½ cents.

Copies: Yale, N. Y. Historical Society, Peabody Institute, British Museum, and others.

1828

5. The/carrier's address/ to the patrons of the/Marylander./-/ [34 lines of text]/.....January 1, 1828. (The whole in an ornamented border.)

Broadside 7 x 12¼ inches, printed at Baltimore.

Copy: Aldis Collection, Yale University, in the *Notebook*—this was Pinkney's copy, and has one correction in his autograph.

1838

6. Poems/By Edward C. Pinkney./Baltimore:/Joseph Robinson./-/ 1838.

24 mo., 36 leaves, (1)^4, 2-6^6, 7^2 (as in 1825 edition); pp. (1-8), 9-72. Pages 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 44, 48, 56, 70 are blanks. Two flyleaves at each end. Page [3] has half title "Poems"; 7, "Contents"; 45 half title "Rodolph/a fragment."

Entirely reset, but very like the 1825 edition in make-up, though the spelling has been modernized, and there are slight changes besides.

Issued in green boards, one quarter brown cloth, with paper label "Pinkney's Poems" and white end papers. No copyright notice.

Copies: Yale (Aldis); N. Y. P. L. and others.

6A. (Variety of the last.)

Issued in green stiff paper covers with cover title "Poems/by/ Edward Pinkney./-/Second Edition./-/From a copy revised and corrected by/the author./Baltimore:/Jos. Robinson." This variety has no flyleaves. Copy: N. Y. P. L.

1844

7. Price) New Mirror Extra—No. 9. (12½ cents./Mirror [cut of a mirror] Library./The Rococo:/number two./Containing/The Miscellaneous Poems/of/Edward Coate Pinkney,/with a biographical sketch,/by the late/William Leggett, Esq./and/Introductory remarks,/by/N. P. Willis./New York: Morris, Willis & Co., Publishers,/No. 4 Ann-Street,/1844./Entered according to Act of Congress (etc., 2 lines in all.)

Royal 8 vo., 8 leaves (a single sheet unsigned) pp. [1], 2-16, cover title. pp. [1]-2 contain Introductory Remarks to Pinkney's Poems by N. P. Willis; pp. 3-14, The Miscellaneous Poems of Edward C. Pinkney, (printed in double columns); pp. 15-16, Biographical Notice of/Edward Coate Pinkney,/by the late/William Leggett./(Written in 1827.) (printed in double columns.) A full column of verse would contain 66 lines, of prose, 51 lines. Issued in thin brown paper covers, on the verso of the last is a long advertisement of the Mirror Library. Published about February 24, 1844, as shown by advertisement in *The New Mirror* of that date. [See *Life*, p. 84.] The poems are reprinted from a copy of the 1825 edition, but their order is changed and the spelling modernized. Unfortunately the *unrevised* version of Leggett's sketch was reprinted. The plates of the Mirror Library were used with changes in pagination to make up a volume called *The Prose and Poetry of Europe and America*, edited by Morris & Willis, which was issued with various dates on the title page through the fifties, in New York. In this volume the Pinkney plates have been placed last, at pp. 585-600. Most libraries lack this work, though it is not really rare.

8. Day departs this upper air/Serenade/Written by/Edward Coate Pinkney Esq./Adapted and Arranged for the/Piano Forte./-/Baltimore. Published by F. D. Benteen.

Folio, 2 leaves, outside blank, heading and text on second and text on third pages only, Engraver's signature "L. W. Webb" at bottom of third page. Copyright notice at bottom of second page, 1844.

Copy: L. of C., Copyright May 29, 1844.

1864

B8. A reproduction of the early MS. version of *The Indian's Bride* appeared in a volume to be described.

Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors./[Cut, draped female figure, seated, with shield bearing device and motto "Annuit coeptur/Novus ordo seclorum"]/Baltimore./Cushings and Bailey/ 1864.

Large 4to lithographed throughout, pp. XI, [+1], + 200+ [2].

Pinkney's poem is reproduced from MS. in Mrs. Pinkney's Album, at pp. 191-192. On leaf before title is notice of Copyright by Alexander Bliss, and of "A. Hoen & Co./Lithographers, Baltimore." The Preface is signed by John P. Kennedy, and Bliss. The volume was gotten up to be sold for charity during the Civil War. A copy is in the N. Y. Historical Society.

1865

9. To/Miss Eugenie A. Kavanaugh/Look out upon the Stars/ Serenade/for Soprano or Tenor./Composed by/Ch. H. Bach./ 3/2/Chicago, Ill./Published by Ziegfeld & Willson./At/Reed's Temple of Music/69 Dearborn & 88-90 Randolph Streets./ Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1865 by Ziegfeld & Willson in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court for the Eastern Dt. of Ill./Eng^{d} at Clayton's. [Cover title. The letters A. D. are in ligature in original.]

Folio, 3 leaves, pp. (1) 2-5, (6) Title on p. 1, Music pp. 2-5, Advertisement on p. 6. Title on p. 2 as ll. 3-4 of Cover. "Words from Wilke's Spirit of the Times. Music by Ch. H. Bach."

Copy: L. of C., Copyright Nov. 22, 1865.

1902

10. Three Songs/By J. Lewis Browne./[Floral design]/1. A Serenade 4/2. Betrothal 3/3. Out from the North/an/Iceberg came 3/ The John Church Company/Cincinnati, Chicago, New York./ Leipsic, London.

[Cover title] Folio, 3 leaves, the second loosely inserted between the others, paged [1-2], 3-5, [6]; pages 2 and 6 blank. At top of page 3 is heading "To Dottie/A Serenade./Edward Coate Pinkney. J. Lewis Browne," and at bottom is three line copyright notice, 1902. Only one song is included of course—and this would be checked on the title.

Copy: L. of C., Copyright February 7, 1902.

10A The cover title varies—the copies now in print have on cover: "Songs/by J. Lewis Browne/[19 lines]/Serenade, 40/Medium Voice/[6 lines]/The John Church Company,/Cincinnati, Chicago, New York,/Leipsic, London. [all in ornamental design]" but are the same otherwise as the first issue. The price is forty cents.

Copy: In possession of the editors, through courtesy of Mr. Browne.

1907

11. Look out upon the Stars/My Love/(Serenade)/Song/by/W. H. Bontemps/Pr. 50c/Chandler-Held Music Co./439 Fulton St. Brooklin, [sic] N. Y. [in ornamental design].

Folio, 3 leaves, pp. (1-2), 3-5, (6), pages 2 and 6 blank, Cover title; the second sheet loosely inserted between the covers, p. 3 has heading "Look out upon the stars my Love/(Serenade)" and notice of Copyright MCMVII.

Copy: L. of C., Copyright Feb. 2, 1907.

All known first publications of Pinkney's works in periodicals have been referred to in the Life and Notes. The periodicals may be named briefly:—

The Marylander, Baltimore, 1827-1828.
The Democratic Press, Philadelphia, February 29, 1828.
The U. S. Gazette, Philadelphia, February 29, 1828.
The Emerald, Baltimore, Nov. 8 and 15, 1828.
Notes and Queries, London, Feb. 7, 1925.
and some newspapers still unidentified.

Only about a dozen of Pinkney's poems can be dated with accuracy —the years in which these were composed are added in parentheses after the titles in the *Table of Contents,* and in a few cases a conjectural date is given in parentheses with a query. Pinkney's known letters are also listed in the *Table of Contents.*

Original MSS. of Pinkney are to be found in the log room of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, and in the libraries of the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.; of the Historical Society of the State of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.; of the Pennsylvania Historical Society; of Yale University; of Mr. Oliver R. Barrett; and of one of the editors.

In the N. Y. Public Library is a musical composition by Czerney, "Look out upon the stars, love," dating from about 1839, but without words, mentioned only for completeness, as it seems not to relate to Pinkney. The Boston Public Library has three issues of a song, *The Last Serenade,* words and music by C. Pinkney, which is probably the composition of the poet's brother Charles.

At least one of Pinkney's poems has inspired a picture. In a copy of the seventh edition of Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America,* Phila., Carey and Hart, 1846, at page 232, is an engraving by J. Cheney, designed by Thomas Sully, to illustrate *The Indian's Bride.* Although T. K. and P. G. Collins printed the book, the plate was printed by Butler and Long.

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[The Index aims to include all names closely inwoven with Pinkney's life and works, but does not cover the *Preface, Bibliography,* or *Table of Contents,* save in special instances. Names of ships are given in italics, of Pinkney's poems in small capitals, and the page numerals which refer to texts are italicized. A few topical references have been added. Titles of newspapers and magazines are given together under "Periodicals." At the end, an alphabetical list of first lines of Pinkney's poems is appended.]

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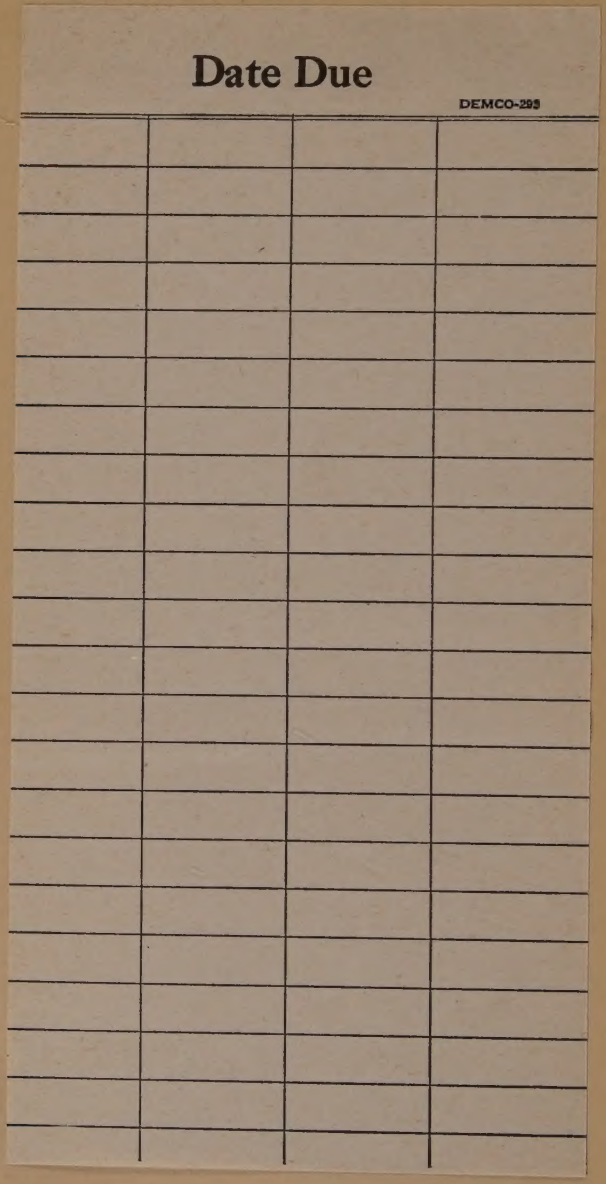

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